The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 13, 1886 PRICE THREE CENTS

BLOODY

Work in a Rock Island Express Car.

The Messenger Is Brained by Masked Robbers, After a Desperate Struggle.

The Thieves then Steal $100,000 and Flee---$10,000 Reward for Their Capture.

A DARING JOB.

An Express Messenger Killed and Robbed of $100,000.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

JOLIET, Ill., March 13.—One of the most daring and bloody express robberies ever perpetrated in Illinois occurred on the Chicago and Rock Island and Pacific west bound express last night between this city and Morris. After the train which leaves here at 12:45 had left this city, the baggageman heard a rap at the baggage car door. Thinking it was the express messenger, he opened the door and was met by masked robbers, who covered him with revolvers and demanded the key to the express car. The key was given up. Messenger H. S. Nichols opened the door when they rapped, and the desperadoes entered. The messenger fought for his life and the property in his possession from one end of the car to the other, but at last the murderous blows they rained on his head with an iron poker forced him to succumb, and he was left dead in the car. The robbers took from the safe between $25,000 to $100,000. Checks and valuable packages not containing money were scattered about the floor. Nothing was known of the occurrence until the train reached Morris. The dead messenger was married, lived in Chicago, and had been in the service of the United States Express company about ten years.

$10,000 REWARD.

CHICAGO, March 13.—The Rock Island road offers a reward of ten thousand dollars for the capture of the men who committed the express robbery this morning, and five thousand dollars for the arrest of any one of them.

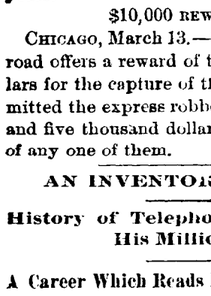
AN INVENTOR'S LUCK.

History of Telephone Bell and His Millions.

A Career Which Reads Like a Tale from the Arabian Nights--An Unknown, Penniless Teacher, Then the Famous and Wealthy Inventor and Social Figure.

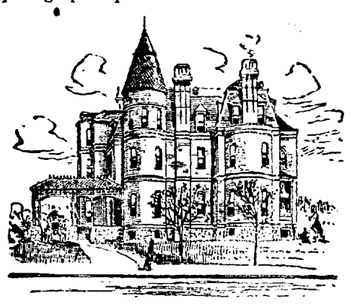
[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, March 8.—I write to-day of Telephone Bell and his millions. Whether he, Drawbaugh or Rogers was the original inventor of the telephone, I do not stop to question. Bell has reaped the profits of the invention, and his career reads like a tale from the Arabian Nights. Twelve years ago the poor teacher of a deaf and dumb school in Boston, his quarters some second floor rooms in a private boarding house, his pockets empty and his name unknown; now the famed inventor, his home one of the finest mansions in Washington, his check good for millions, and his society courted by savants and statesmen. Then a lone bachelor, without great expectations, and in love with a rich man's daughter, whose dumb lips he was teaching to utter human speech. Now the wealthy husband of this beautiful girl, his home blessed with children, and his invention having increased many times his father-in-law's wealth. Little more than a decade ago he taught the deaf and dumb for the pittance they were able to pay him. Now the wealthy philanthropist, he spends tens of thousands in carrying out his pet theories in regard to deaf mutes, and with all his generosity finds it hard to use his income.



TELEPHONE BELL.

Telephone Bell is now between 40 and 50 years of age. He is a Scotchman, with the dark complexion of a Spaniard. His face is full and regular, and his forehead very high and whiter than the rest of his face. His hair is thick, and its color is that of oiled ebony. His face is covered with a full, black beard, which curls and twists, and his eyes are a soft, velvety black. He dresses usually in business clothing, and he is democratic in his manners. He is not fond of notoriety, and is averse to having his photograph published in the papers. When he was in Paris some time ago an exhibitor requested his picture that a bust might be made of him and placed among those of other celebrities. Mr. Bell refused to give this, and the exhibitor looked up a Frenchman who was said to look like Bell, and modeled a bust from him and announced it as that of the inventor of the telephone. He has never given out a photograph to the newspapers, and the above is perhaps the first accurate picture of him ever published. How it was obtained it is not necessary to say. It did not come from Mr. Bell, and he will be surprised to see his best photograph in print.



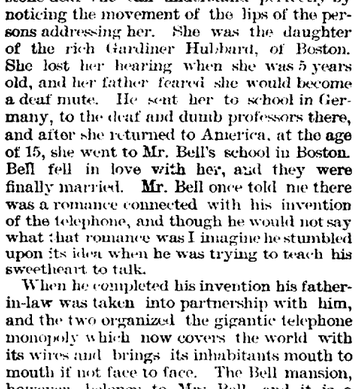
Telepone Bell's house is on Scott circle, in the most fashionable part of the fashionable northwest section of Washington. To the left of it stands the Louise Home for Old Ladies, and to the right is the big palace where Don Cameron so long lived, and just beyond this is Senator Windom's house, in which Blaine wrote the most of his second volume. The Bell house is an immense one, and its material is pressed brick of a Pompeian red. The front door opens out into the porte cochere, and as you stand, in the evening in front of its stained glass panels, an electric light is burning over your head. The interior of the house is elegant and rich, and its furnishings have been brought from the four quarters of the earth. As the door opens, just in front of you and across a roomy hall appears the entrance to the music room. The portieres of rich hangings are parted, and a marble Psyche, with a bird perched upon her shoulder and singing in her ear, looks out from in front of the grand piano. Telephone Bell is an accomplished musician, and he plays the finest of the classical music at sight. He is passionately fond of music, and his musicales are noted in Washington society.

Mr. Bell is fond of good society, and his wife is one of the most accomplished ladies of Washington. She is very pretty, and though stone deaf she can understand perfectly by noticing the movement of the lips of the persons addressing her. She was the daughter of the rich Gardiner Hubbard, of Boston. She lost her hearing when she was 5 years old, and her father feared she would become a deaf mute. He sent her to school in Germany, to the deaf and dumb professors there, and after she returned to America, at the age of 15, she went to Mr. Bell's school in Boston. Bell fell in love with her, and they were finally married. Mr. Bell once told me there was a romance connected with his invention of the telephone, and though he would not say what that romance was I imagine he stumbled upon its idea when he was trying to teach his sweetheart to talk.

When he completed his invention his father-in-law was taken into partnership with him, and the two organized the gigantic telephone monopoly which now covers the world with its wires and brings its inhabitants mouth to mouth if not face to face. The Bell mansion, however, belongs to Mrs. Bell, and it is a present to her from her father. It cost more than $100,000, and it has a stable in its rear which looks as fine as many a well-to-do man's house.

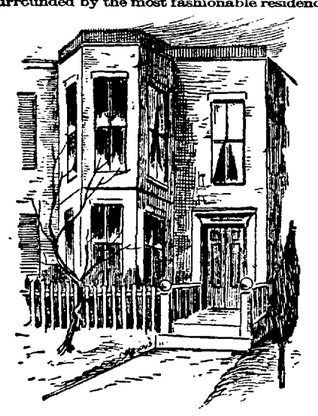
Telephone Bell's library is in the top of the house, and he works away here night after night when all the world is asleep. His working hours are from 1 o'clock p. m. until 4 in the morning, and he spends these hours in study almost as regularly as the days go round. He is a great student, and his scientific researches take a wide range. He is finely educated, speaks French and knows German.

The library is made up of two large rooms, the walls of which are lined with books. Grate fires burn in each room, and pictures hang here and there upon the walls. Mr. Bell's study is the innermost of these rooms, and the door by which it is entered is so narrow that a Falstaff could hardly squeeze through it. Books are everywhere. An easy lounge lies in front of the fire, and a globe stands in one corner. At a common flat walnut desk, sitting on an office chair cushioned with green leather, Mr. Bell works. The desk is covered with books and papers, and I note that some of the latter are filled with figures. A porcelain hand with letters pasted upon it lies at one side, and this, I am told, is an invention for teaching deaf children to converse with each other by touching certain spots on the hand, which represent letters. The deaf person associates these spots with the letters, and Mr. Bell's



secretary tells me that Mr. Bell can stand back to back with a deaf child of Washington, and by the deaf child's putting his hand behind him so that Bell can touch its palm, he can talk to him at the rate of ninety words a minute. These hands are used in Mr. Bell's private school for the deaf.

The education of the deaf is one of Telephone Bell's hobbies, and he has spent a great deal of money upon it. He had for a time a deaf and dumb school here at Washington, where at his own expense he taught a number of little deaf and dumb children. Some of these children are being taught under his directions yet, though the main branch of the school has been discontinued. This private school of Mr. Bell's is in a little, old-fashioned, vine-covered brick building, just across the circle from his big house. It is surrounded by the most fashionable residences



of Washington and it bumps up against the studio of the artist, Mr. Andrews, who painted the picture of Martha Washington which hangs in the East Room of the White House. It has a large yard, made up of ground which is worth at least $5 a square foot, and this, at certain hours of the day, is filled with children. A kindergarten occupies the lower story, and the upper, which is tastefully furnished, is devoted to the school of deaf mutes. In this school the deaf and dumb children are taught to speak by watching the lips of their teacher and learning to shape their lips in the same way in uttering sounds which correspond to the various words. Mr. Bell's father is, I think, the author of the system used, and there is no doubt that it is a success. The children learn to talk, and they are able to communicate their thoughts, but their voices are generally harsh and loud.

Mr. Bell thinks that deaf children should never be educated with deaf children. And some of his deaf pupils are now going to the kindergarten and associating with children who speak. He does not believe in deaf and dumb asylums, and says that the association of the deaf mutes together in these is rapidly forming a race of deaf mutes in the United States. Deaf mutes marry deaf mutes, and such marriages produce deaf mute children. He tells me there are now 33,878 deaf mutes in the United States, or one for about every 1,500 of population. He states that the vocal organs of deaf people are usually perfect, and that their inability to speak comes from their not being able to hear and thus imitate sounds. He has shown that deaf mutes can be taught to speak. He says that the intellects of the deaf are fully as bright as those of hearing people, and that there are many examples of deaf mutes who by learning to speak have become valuable citizens. His wife, as I have said, was at one time deaf and dumb. There is a patent lawyer in Cincinnati who was once a deaf mute, and there are deaf mute editors, doctors and even poets.

Professor Bell keeps up his electrical experiments, though he is very close-mouthed about what he is doing. His laboratory has been, until last month, in a little dilapidated brick building back among the trees, on Connecticut avenue, within a stone's throw of the palace of the British legation. This laboratory has been known as the Volta laboratory, and it was founded with the Volta prize money of $10,000, which the French academy awarded Bell for the telephone. In it he has spent thousands of dollars and hours of labor in experiments, but no one has bothered him. The aspect of the building is forbidding. It stands high up from the street, and its green blinds are generally closed. Still, great mansions have been springing up all around this, and now Professor Bell has decided to move his workshop to Georgetown. His extreme caution will probably be increased by the late suits, which have cost the Bell company fortunes. In Mr. Bell's library there are three volumes of 800 pages each, which contain the printed testimony of the plaintiff in the Drawbaugh cases, and each of these volumes is as big as a dictionary. Bell's testimony as defendant takes up four volumes of the same proportions, and the abstract of the evidence in the case makes another volume of the same family bible size. The Pan Electric suits may cost fully as much, and however they terminate, they will materially add to the fees of a number of noted lawyers.

Speaking of Bell's caution, he could hardly sleep, I am told, when he was making his first experiment with the telephone, for fear some one would steal his invention before he could patent it. He kept his models in his own room in Boston, and had a box-like case in which he locked them up whenever he went out of his room. At first the stock was sold very low, and there are a number of men about Washington who made fortunes by investing in it. What Bell is worth now no one knows. I heard the figure put at $6,000,000, and I suppose his father-in-law, Gardiner Hubbard, is worth at least as much more.

Professor Bell has the long, high head of the inventor and the mathematician. A reader of faces seeing his portrait, would pronounce him the practical man, and not the poet or the dreamer.

FRANK GEORGE.

EDWARD HANLAN, the oarsman, in speaking of the exercise requisite for an ordinary man to keep his muscles properly developed, condemned gymnasiums for ordinary purposes, as they overdo the thing. Heavy lifting is very pernicious, as it improves one set of muscles at the expense of another. The plain, old-fashioned rubber bands or tubes are best. Fasten them to the wall, about breast high, and then begin. There is no particular formula to go through. Motions will suggest themselves. Exercise the legs by another set lower down. He doesn't believe in plunge or shower baths. Strip in a comfortable room. Wet a towel, wring it out thoroughly, and wipe the surface of the entire body. Wet it again, but leave a little more moisture in it, and rub the body again. Once more, with still more water on the towel, and then rub off dry.

CARMEN

Quit Their Places at Cincinnati.

The Queen City Entirely Without Its Horse Car Service Since Noon To-day.

The Strikers Considering a Slight Advance---Progress of the Southwestern Trouble.

CINCINNATI'S STRIKE.

The Men Want an Immediate Answer..

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

CINCINNATI, March 13.—The action of the street car conductors and drivers last night in demanding an answer to their proposition for $2.00 per day of twelve hours, by ten o'clock to-day, has compelled prompt action by the companies, as they are governed by directors who require time for consultation. It has been found impossible to meet the demand for an answer at the hour named. The president of the Cincinnati Consolidated Street Car company and one director have gone to the workmen's hall to consult the committee of the strikers. The consultation is still in progress.

THE CARS STOP.

CINCINNATI, March 13.—The consultation between the representatives of the two parties interested in the street railway trouble has ended without an agreement, and the strike has begun. President Kilgour, of the Consolidated company, offered the men $1.85 a day for twelve hours work, or he would give conductors $2 a day and drivers $1.75 a day for twelve hours work. Both propositions were refused by the committee representing the conductors and drivers, as they took the ground they could only carry out the instructions of the meeting held last night. This action was quickly communicated to the drivers and conductors at work and the cars are already running into the stables. The striking car men are to hold a mass meeting immediately. This strike takes from the streets all cars except those of the Mt. Auburn line and the Covington and Newport. One of the Newport lines is involved with the strikers. The present pay of the men varies from $1.50 to $1.85 per day of thirteen to fifteen hours.

CINCINNATI, March 13.—Promptly at noon the streets were clear of cars except the lines already mentioned as not involved. The demonstration is perfectly orderly. President Kilgour told the committee to-day that his offer was an ultimatum, and that if at their meeting this afternoon, they did not accept it he would ask them to turn in their punchers and receive their pay and discharge. He says, concerning the situation, that he believes the proposition will be accepted and that cars will be running to-day. He made the offer not because the company can afford it, for it entails an additional expense of $65,000 a year, but in the interest of peace and order and in consideration of the unquiet condition of workingmen throughout the country. The number of drivers and conductors at present in the strike is 440.

LOOKS LIKE SETTLEMENT.

CINCINNATI, March 13.—The striking employes of the Walnut Hill line held a meeting at 1 and voted to accept the proposition of $1.85 a day for twelve hours. The Consolidated company's employes are still in secret session, but it is thought they will now accept these terms.

NO GO.

ST. LOUIS, March 13.—Efforts to start freight engines to-day were made twice, but the engineers deserted their posts on request of the strikers.

MINERS OUT.

PITTSBURG, March 13.—The miners of the coke region came out to-day.

LOOKS BETTER.

ST. LOUIS, March 13.—The resumption of freight traffic by the Missouri Pacific railway seems more of a possibility to-day than at any time since the strike began. It is expected that a sufficient number of new men will be hired by next Monday to enable the company to resume freight traffic all along their lines.

THE STRIKERS LEFT.

FORT WORTH, Tex. March 13.—The fact that the Texas Pacific road has reopened business along the entire line from New Orleans to El Paso and that Governor Brown has won the fight so far is very unsatisfactory to the strikers and they will now try another method of crippling the company. The plan is to use the fund raised in the east to buy off the men who have gone to work in in place of the strikers.

THE STUDEBAKER STRIKE.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., March 13.—The men in the Studebaker strike are still out and no attempt is being made to fill their places. They were paid off to-day.

WASHINGTON.

Senator Kenna Makes a Very Strong Speech.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL:

WASHINGTON, March 13.—By far the best speech made in the great political debate now going on in the United States senate was made yesterday by Senator Kenna, of West Virginia, the youngest member of the body.

He began promptly at 2 o'clock. The galleries were uncomfortably crowded, and nearly all the available space on the floor was taken up by members of the house of representatives and others, who availed themselves of the privilege of entering the chamber. In the pew reserved for the executive household sat Miss Cleveland, accompanied by two lady friends and a young gentleman.

The West Virginia senator commenced by reading from the record extracts of Edmunds' argument delivered a few days since, after which he proceeded in a deliberate style with his argument. Figuratively speaking he wiped the floor with the Vermont senator, when he suddenly dropped him and took Senator Sherman, who was in the presiding officer's chair, by the ears, and like Edmunds, convicted him of being inconsistent.

He said that the election of Grover Cleveland a year ago was not on account of the man, but that it meant that the marshals, the collectors, the ministers, the consuls and the postmasters should all go, and turning to his democratic colleagues he exclaimed, bringing his fist down on his desk, "They ought to go."

He defended the position of the administration with precedents which he frequently quoted from a wheelbarrow load of books that lay on the desk before him. He had ransacked the records of the government from 1795 down to the present day. He quoted from Washington, from Jefferson, from Jackson and all of Mr. Cleveland's predecessors, including Grant and Hayes, and each quotation was a home thrust to the republican senators. When he sent to the clerk to be read for the first time a letter written by John Sherman, as secretary of the treasury, peremptorily refusing a request made by Roscoe Conkling, as chairman of the senate finance committee, for the reasons prompting the Hayes administration, for the removal of Chester A. Arthur as collector of customs in New York, one could almost see a cold chill creeping up the backs of the republican senators, so deliberate was this point made.

Kenna paid his respects to Logan by reading an amendment proposed by the Illinois senator years ago to a bill providing for the repeal of the tenure of office act, declaring all offices vacant except judge, so that Grant could make a clean sweep. He made Edmunds turn crimson by quoting copiously from Blaine's book extracts which are in direct opposition to his position, and from these extracts he convicted Edmunds of inconsistency.

SENATOR MILLER'S FUNERAL.

WASHINGTON, March 13.—The remains of Senator Miller will be escorted from the family residence to the capitol by a squad of politicians and a committee of the Loyal Legion. The services will be conducted by Rev. Dr. Leonard, of St. Paul's Episcopal church.

The funeral services were held in the senate chamber to-day and were very impressive.

HOUSE.

Yesterday pension matters were disdussed without action, in the house. An evening session was held, and forty-five pension bills passed.

Immediately upon assembling, the house proceeded by the speaker and chaplain proceeded to the senate chamber to take part in the funeral ceremonies of Senator Miller. Upon returning the house adjourned.

Schaefer Has It His Own Way.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

NEW YORK, March 13.—The fourth night of the billiard contest between Schaefer and Vignaux drew a full house. As heretofore, Schaefer had it all his own way. He had scored over 300 points when Vignaux turned his first hundred. When the evening play opened Schaefer had 1,800 points to his credit as the result of the the three nights' work to 1,029 for Vignaux. At the close last night he had 2,400 to Vignaux's 1,372. In order to win Vignaux to-night has before him the enormous job of scoring 1,629 points before Schaefer can secure 600.

A Wrong Impression.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

DECATUR, Ill., March 13.—An erroneous impression has gone out that the United Labor party of America, which had its birth in Decater, March 6, was organized by members of the Knights of Labor assembly. It was formed under the auspices of the Decatur Workingmen's club, which is entirely separate from the Knights of Labor.

Grace Uses the Veto.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

NEW YORK, March 13.—Mayor Grace has vetoed the resolution granting the cable railway company franchise over thirty-nine routes, covering seventy-six miles of the city's streets.

ABLAZE!

The Toledo Reformatory is Doomed.

The Persecuted Inmates Fire the House to Escape Superintendent McDonald.

Cora Lee and Emma Molloy on Trial at Springfield--Great Crowds Assemble There.

IN FLAMES.

The Toledo Reformatory Blazing at Noon.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

TOLEDO, March 13.—The Toledo reformatory in the out skirts of the city, caught fire in the roof just before noon and will be a total loss. It belongs to the city and cost about forty thousand dollars. There are about eighty boys now inmates of the institution. The fire is undoubtedly incendiary, as a boy visited the tank room immediately under the roof about a quarter of an hour before the flames burst out. Superintendent McDonald is absent attending the legislative investigation of alleged cruelty on his part toward the inmates.

Mrs. Molloy and Cora Lee on Trial.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., March 13.—The preliminary examination of Mrs. Molloy and Cora Lee, charged with complicity in the murder of Mrs. Graham, began yesterday before Justices Rountree and Savage. The court room was crowded to suffocation, and the audience was characterized by marked disorder. The state will attempt to prove that Mrs. Molloy was not in Kansas on the night of the murder, but that she and Cora Lee were following in George Graham's footsteps through Springfield and Newton, and if they did not actually participate in the murder, that they were present when it was committed. Several witnesses for the state were examined, but nothing of a sensational nature was developed.

THE MARKETS.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

NEW YORK, March 13.—Wheat, ⅛@⅛c higher. No. 2 red, March, 95⅞@96⅛c. Corn, ⅛@⅛c higher. Mixed Western, 44@49⅛c. Oats, 38@44c.

Money easy at 1½@2 per cent.

CHICAGO MARKET.

CHICAGO, March 13.—Wheat, 85⅛@85⅞. Corn, 40⅛c. Oats, 32⅛c. Rye, 57⅛c. Barley, 60. Flaxseed, $1 11. Timothy, $1 85@1 86. Whisky, $1 16. Pork, $10 15. Lard. $6 00.

LOCAL CHAT

Picked Up Hereabouts by "The Sentinel" Courier.

Angola now talks of a $15,000 hotel.

Stone setting on the new state house will soon recommence.

The city of Indianapolis borrowed another $40,000 from Treasurer Miller, making altogether $103,000.

Hon. Martin Krueger, of Michigan City, is a candidate for the democratic nomination for clerk of the supreme court.

Work upon the government building at New Albany will be commenced May 1. The government has purchased and paid for a site.

An octogenarian, at Mishawaka, Mr. Harlow Varney, while temporarily insane, went into his son's wood shed and hanged himself.

The street railway company of Elkhart is considering the proposition to run their cars by electricity. It will cost $14,000.

Ferdinand Black, the gentleman who received the $10,000 in arrears of pension at Etna Green, is quite seriously ill, and fears are entertained that he may not recover.

A Knights of Labor assembly has been organized at Angola, Steuben county. Assemblies K. of L. are also about to be organized at Auburn, Waterloo and Garrett City.

William Bane of Warren, was arrested on a warrant for arson. It is alleged that Bane fired a stable in Huntington county, several months ago, burning four horses and other property.

John Stevens, a Greencastle boy, was stealing a ride from Fillmore to that city, and on seeing the trainmen, leaped from the train, striking his head against a tie and killing him instantly. Two casualties to the same train inside of ten hours is remarkable.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall-st., N.Y. may22-dawly

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T. P. & H. McCULLOUGH,

PHYSICIANS.

Office 180 Harrison Street, Fort Wayne, Ind. Mar 9-1y

DR. JAMES M. DINNEN,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office, 76 Calhoun Street.

Residence, 69 West Wayne Street

Arrival and Departure of Trains

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R

GOING EAST.		GOING WEST.
Ar. 1 30 pm	Express	Ar. 1 50 pm
Lv. 6 10 am	Accommodation.	Lv. 6 45 pm

PITTSBURG, FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO R. R.

GOING WEST.		GOING EAST.
12 20 pm—Lv.	Mail and Ex.	—I v— 5 00 am
5 10 am "	Limited Ex*.	" 9 00 pm
6 05 pm "	Fast Thro'h Ex*.	" 8 00 pm
1 15 am "	Mail and Ex*.	" 2 05 pm
5 10 pm "	Plymouth Ac.	
4 00 am "	Local Freight.	" 6 50 am

*Daily. All others daily except Sunday.

WABASH, ST. LOUIS & PACIFIC R. R.

GOING WEST.		GOING EAST.
5 25 am—Lv.	Limited Ex*.	—Lv.—8 05 pm
12 15 pm "	†Lafayette Ex*.	" 1 20 pm
6 20 pm "	Through Mail *.	" 6 50 am
1 33 pm "	Fast Mail*	
	Accom, Freight †	" 5 25 am

*Daily. †Except Sunday.

Limited Express, free chair cars. Through Mail, Palace sleeping cars between New York and St. Louis,

INDIANAPOLIS TIME CARD.

LV. FT. WAYNE.		AR. INDI'S.
5 25 am		10 45 am
12 15 pm		6 15 pm
8 33 pm	Woodruff sleeper.	1 40 am

RETURNING.

Leave Indianapolis at 7:15 am; arrive at Fort Wayne at 1:10 pm.

Leave Indianapolis at 2:15 pm; arrive at Fort Wayne at 7:50 pm.

Leave Indianapolis at 7:10 pm; arrive at Fort Wayne at 6:30 am. Woodruff Sleeper on this train.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.
2 45 am—Lv.	Mail and Ex. —Lv.—	1 00 pm
8 05 am "	Trough Ex. "	5 35 am
3 05 pm "	Express "	12 10 am

Accommodation train arrives from the south 6:35 p m.

Accommodation train goes south at 5:35 pm.

Trains daily except Sunday.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.

[Fort Wayne Division.]

FROM NORTH.		GOING NORTH.
10 45 am—Ar.	Cincinnati Ex. —Lv.	
	Detroit Ex. "	4 40 pm
3 40 pm "	Detroit Express. "	11 35 am
5 20 pm "	Way Freight. "	6 40 am

All trains daily except Sunday.

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE

GOING SOUTH.		FROM SOUTH
10 25 am—Ar.	Ind. & Cin. Ex. Lv—	5 00 pm
4 00 pm "	Cin. & L. Mail. "	11 00 am
5 30 pm "	Freight. "	5 30 am
3 00 pm "	Freight. "	6 00 am

Trains daily except Sunday.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DYSPEPSIA—Its nature, causes, prevention and cure. By John H. McAlvin, Lowell, Mass., 14 years tax collector. Sent free to any address.

LADIES WANTED to work for us at their own homes. $7 to $10 per week can be easily made; no canvassing: fascinating and steady employment. Particulars and sample of the work sent for stamp. Address HOME M'F'G CO., P. O. Box 1916, Boston, Mass.

VIRGINIA FARMS & MILLS For Sale & Exchange. FREE Catalogue. R. B. CHAFFIN & CO., Richmond, Va.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York

NICHOLS' BARK AND IRON used and recommended by the MEDICAL Profession for the past twenty-five years, as an IRON TONIC for loss of appetite, nervous prostration, Dyspepsia, and all troubles arising from GENERAL DEBILITY. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

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The Daily Sentinel.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1886.

SABBATH READING.

Gossip About Rev. Sam W. Small.

International Bible Statistics—Christians in the Round House—Rev. Sam Jones on Goats—The Lords Prayer, Etc.

CHICAGO, March 10.—Mr. Sam Small, the evangelist, has been with us long enough now to form some opinion of his work. He makes an excellent assistant to the Rev. Sam. Jones. For he possesses largely the grace, elegance and refinement which Mr. Jones lacks. To some persons many of the latter's sayings appear coarse and brutal; these will find little to offend in the polished utterences of Mr. Small. He appears to follow in his method the preachers who have preceded him since the beginning of Christendom. As it is sensationalism that takes with the masses it is likely that the Rev. Jones will continue to attract most attention.

SAM. W. SMALL.

Mr. Small having found fault with what he calls "that oblong yard wide gesture sketch," which was published recently, herewith is presented an engraving from a recent photograph. It gives an excellent idea of the energetic character of the man. He is thin, pale and terribly in earnest. FRANK BELL.

The Lord's Prayer.

As it was written in English one thousand years ago:

"Uren fader thic arth ie heofuas, sie gehalgud thin noma; to cymeth thin ric; sic thin willa sue ir in hoefuas and in eortho. Uren hlaf ofer wirtbic sel us to daey; and forget us scylda urna, one we forgefen scyldurnu urum; and no inlead usith in curtnung. Ah gefrig urich from ifle. Amen."

Two hundred years later the language had undergone such alterations that the prayer ran thus:

"Thu ure fader the earl on heofenum. Si thin nama gehalgod. Cum thin ric. Si thin willa on eorthen swa, swa on heofenum. Syle us to daeg urn daegthanlican hlaf. And forgif us ure gyltas swa, swa we forgifath tham the with us agyltath. And ne led the us on costnung. Ac alys us from yfle. Si it swa."

There is very little difference between this version and that in the Saxon gospels said to have been translated by King Alfred; but about two centuries and a half after, in the time of Henry II., Pope Adrian, an Englishman, rendered the prayer thus, and sent it over—a curious example both of the progress of the language, and of the versification of that age:

"Ure fadyr in heaven rich,
Thy name be hallye I ever lich,
Thou bring us thy michell blisse:
Als hit in heaven y-doe,
That in yearth boene it also.
That holy bread that lasteth ay,
Thou send it ous this like day,
Forgive ous all that we have done,
As we forgiveh uch other mon;
Ne let us fall into no fondinge
Ac shield our fro tha fowle thing. Amen."

Sam Jones on the Goats.

The text was, "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world," etc. "Before I proceed," said Sam, "I want to know how many members of the church there are here this evening. [About three-fourths of the congregation arose.] I see there are yet a great many goats among the sheep. But many of us sheep were goats once, and I dare say that some of us, though apparently sheep, are in reality goats." Continuing, he said:

Now, the first subject under the text that I want to call your attention to is worldliness. Take dancing. The most a young woman can hope to attend is 200 balls. Say she dances four sets at each ball. Now, when she is in hell her only boast will be that she danced 800 sets, but the devil will test her capacity.

The worst old soul that walks can't expect to drink more than forty barrels of Robinson County in a lifetime, and his only boast when he parades up and down the streets of hell is that he drank forty barrels of Robinson County and it never quenched his thirst.

I tell you a man never gets a bargain in a ball-room wife; they don't pan out. God help the poor girl that gets a fellow with an appetite for Robinson County.

When a man buys a house he looks at the title, sees if it's mortgaged, and what the character of the neighborhood in which it is located. Just so when a man gets a wife. He ought to look at her title, see if it's clear, that no worldly sins have a mortgage on her, and in what society she locates herself.

I like to see a man frugal, but not a miser. A man once saved and saved until a neighbor said: "What are you saving for, you old miser?" "I am saving for Sally and the children." Could I see Sally with all her style, and the children with their handsome turnout soon after his death, what would I think of it? I would think that the man was too frugal, and saved up for his Sally and neglected his own soul, and that the money would prove a curse to them.

If I had money in abundance I would lay aside a competence for my wife, but not a cent for my children. Why? Because if they were of any account they could make their own living.

International Bible Statistics.

The following statistics have often been published, but we repeat the publication for some who may not have them at hand:

The books in the Old Testament, 39.

The chapters in the Old Testament, 929.

Verses in the Old Testament, 23,241.

Words in the Old Testament, 592,430.

Letters in the Old Testament, 2,728,100.

The books in the New Testament, 27.

The chapters in the New Testament, 260.

The verses in the New Testament, 7,959.

Words in the New Testament, 181,253.

Letters in the New Testament, 838,380.

The Apocrypha has chapters, 183.

The Apocrypha has verses, 7,081.

The Apocrypha has words, 152,185.

The middle chapter and shortest in the Bible is Psalm cxvii.

The middle verse is the 8th of Psalm cxviii.

The word "and" occurs in the Old Testament 35,543 times.

The word "Jehovah" occurs 6,865 times.

The word "and" occurs in the New Testament 10,604 times.

The middle book of the Old Testament is Proverbs.

The middle chapter of the Old Testament is Job xxix.

The middle verse of the Old Testament is II Chronicles, 22d chapter, 17th verse.

The shortest verse of the Old Testament is I Chronicles, 1st chapter, 25th verse.

The longest verse in the Old Testament is Esther, 8th chapter, 9th verse.

The middle book of the New Testament is II Thessalonians.

The middle chapters of the New Testament are Romans 13 and 14.

The middle verse of the New Testament is Acts, 17th chapter, 17th verse.

The shortest verse in the New Testament, John, 11th chapter, 35th verse.

Verse 21, of chapter 7, of Ezra, has all the letters of the alphabet except "j."

Chapter 19 of II Kings, and chapter 37 of Isaiah are alike.

Christians in the Round-House.

A railroad man never fires up his engine unless he intends that engine to go out on duty, and the Lord never fires up a Christian that is going to stand in the round-house. There are different kinds of Christians just as there are different kinds of engines. There are engines in this town that haven't been out in ten months, and there are others that go out every day in all their power and glory toward Chattanooga. There is your regular road-engine, and your little switch-engine, and that engine there in the round-house that seems to be a matter of show. I have often thought these nice preachers in the city—I don't know whether you ever saw one or not, but when you do you will know him—kid-gloved fellows, white-cravatted, and they are the nicest thing you ever saw in the world, more elegant than anything except their sermons—resemble a locomotive. It hurts a man to get up Sunday and preach himself twice, but when he preaches Christ twice a day it doesn't hurt him. I never tried to preach but one big sermon, and then I burst wide open. If you were to say "Hell" right here in that way to one of those preachers you would shock him nearly to death. I have been criticised by these nice preachers, these elegant preachers, and I have said to them: "Brother, I was in this round-house the other day, and as I stood there there came in a locomotive all soiled, and black, and greasy, and dusty, and I asked, 'What is the matter with that engine?' 'O,' he said, 'that grand engine has just pulled in from Chattanooga ten heavily-freighted passenger-cars.' I turned around to another bright, beautiful engine—its brasses shining, its machinery glistening. It had not been out of the round-house for six months." We can excuse dirt and dust if something has been done. And then there are those little switch-engines running in and out, blowing whistles and frightening horses. They remind me of those Christians you never see except at revivals, where they go shouting around. Let us go out to-day and couple on to something.—*Rev. Sam Jones.*

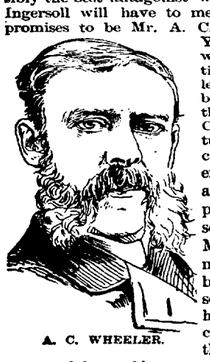
"Think naught a trifle, though it small appear." Just remember, for instance, how you would be dancing around with toothache, if you hadn't bought a bottle of Salvation Oil—Yes, think of that.

ANSWERS ROBERT.

"Nym Crinkle," Attacks Mr. Ingersoll.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, March 9.—The latest and possibly the best antagonist whom Mr. Robert Ingersoll will have to meet in the future promises to be Mr. A. C. Wheeler, a New York journalist, who, as a dramatic critic and feuilletonist has long been known under the name "Nym Crinkle." In a lecture which he recently delivered, entitled, "Skylarks and Daises," he replied to Mr. Ingersoll's "Myths and Miracles." He commenced his lecture by stating his reason for it. He said he spoke not as one charged to defend the evangel, but as a man of the world, a man of the Nineteenth century, depending on the foundation of the civilization in which he was protected in life and in property, educated and freed. He did not question the sincerity of Mr. Ingersoll. He simply doubted that gentleman's omniscience. He simply believed that that gentleman's faith in himself and his own errors was sufficient to remove mountains. He quoted from the infidel's lecture on "Myths and Miracles" as follows:



A. C. WHEELER.

"All these old fellows were sun gods. There was Samson. He was a sun god. When his hair was cut off he lost his beams of light. There was Apollo, another sun god. He shot the demon of darkness with his rays of light. There was Little Red Riding Hood and there was Christ, another sun god. It won't do. They say he raised people from the dead. Well, why didn't he raise somebody we knew? If you was to go around trying to start a religion by raising people from the dead, you would raise somebody of some importance,. wouldn't you? Why didn't he tell us something of importance? Would't you? Why didn't he tell us something about slavery when he was on the cross? Why didn't he utter those inspired words, 'Liberty, equality and fraternity?' I tell you it won't do."

Mr. Wheeler simply burlesqued this to show its shallowness. He said that in another year, if agnosticism succeeded in getting up a class of pupils, this style would undoubtedly be adopted with effect by the infidel teacher. He could then say: "There was the Goddess of Liberty; she was a sun god. She shot the demon of bondage with her shaft and men worshipped her. There was a Hail Columbia and Uncle Sam, another sun god.

There was the man who struck Billy Patterson, and there was George Washington, another sun god. They said he was the father of a free country. Well, why didn't he abolish slavery, if he was? If you were going round trying to start a free country, you wouldn't own slaves, would you? Why didn't he tell us, in his farewell address, about Mormonism and rapid transit? Why didn't he utter those inspired words, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead"?

The effect of this satire of Mr. Ingersoll's method of mixing up historical and mythical personages was, to say the least, hilarious. He poured all his sarcasm upon Mr. Ingersoll's statement, made in one of his lectures, that he could write a better book than the Bible himself. "If," said he, "you can only get that sentence into the heads of the people they will never bother much with what Mr. Ingersoll thinks of the Bible. They will be too completely overwhelmed with what he thinks of himself." Mr. Wheeler's closing tribute to the spirit of Christianity was worthy of the best pulpit. It was fervid, pictorial, eloquent. He told what a newspaper man in the great metropolis, who had spent the greater part of his life in active journalism, knew about it. He spoke with earnest reverence of that Master whose mission opened with a benediction of peace and closed with a prayer for his own murderers, and then said:

"During twenty odd years of eventful toil in the great city I never found a depth of misery so deep, a poverty so rank, a crime so atrocious, a despair so black, that some humble follower of that Master did not find it out. Into all the holes and corners of wretchedness where vice and poverty, like twin wolves, had hunted down their prey, the policeman and the reporter always found the hooded sister or the missionary ahead of them. They were the first to come. They were the last to go. They stayed and put up their supplication when all else of earth had forsaken the wretch. They followed him to the prison cell, and they stood beside him on the gallows, and they never forgot in all the obloquy of sin and the cry of human vengeance the eternal brotherhood of man. And they wanted no pay, and they got no praise. They were doing that Master's work. True, it was 1800 years ago when He called them and bid them go out and bind up the broken hearts and dry the tears, and thus, with tender touches of tone, they carry out His mission; and in that time empires have fallen and races have become extinct, but these little streams have widened and deepened till they encircle our globe like its atmosphere and sweeten myriads of arid hearts"

These extracts will give an idea of the lecturer's style. In appearance Mr. Wheeler is a quiet gentleman of just 50 years. He speaks earnestly but with admirable control. His new departure is considerable of a surprise to his friends, who acknowledge him to be the most brilliant of writers and considerable of a philosopher, though unaware before that he was an admirer of the meek and lowly Nazarene. S. H. H.

The Colored Doctor.

Doctor—I'm afraid, Mrs. Brown, dis yah chile is 'flicted with Membranous Croup, and de prognostications all seem to prognosticat in dat direcshun.

Mrs. Brown— Foah de Lawd, am dat so? I had noticed dat de poah lam's brain was 'fected. Well, yo' cuah him ob de brainousness, an' I'll jis knock dat Croup higher'n a kite wid a dose ob Tayloyr's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein, fob I allus keep a wiat in de cabin.

Notice to Taxpayers.

Notice is hereby given to the taxpayers of the city of Fort Wayne that the city treasurer's office will be open every evening from 7 to 8:30, except Friday and Saturday evenings, from now until the 19th day of April, to receive taxes. Positively no extension of time will be given.

H. C. BERGHOFF,
City Treasurer.

March 8, 1885-1w.

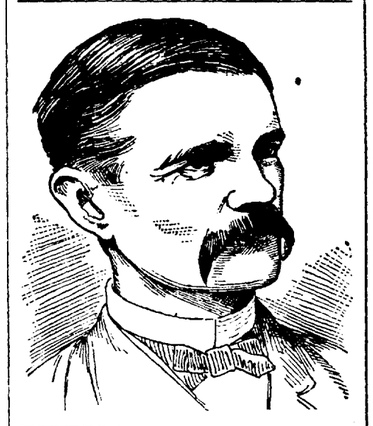
Why does the Banner Clothing house do the leading business? Because they sell their clothing one half less than any other house in the city. 9 d-5t w-1t

SAM JONES.

How He Looks, How He Appears and the Clothes He Wears.

Rev. Sam Jones' revival services in Chicago are now attracting universal attention. The celebrated evangelist is a slight, earnest-looking man, with dark hair, touched with gray. wears a choppy black mustache, and has blocked out a pair of promising side whiskers. Jones dresses as he talks—in a decidedly go-as-you-please way. He wore at his opening service bright brown trowsers of no particular cut, a black broadcloth vest left unbuttoned at the bottom, and a clear-green coat with wide skirts.

Sam Jones is shrewd and sensible, but the secret of his influence with a crowd seems to be his good nature. He leans back against the desk, his hands deep in his pockets and laughs. A moment later he looks as solemn as a country graveyard. If the expected wave of laughter fails to come he steps forward and looks around in a quizzical fashion. "Don't see the idea, eh?" he remarks in an undertone; "well, I'm all right when you understand me."



Mr. Jones was introduced by the Rev. Mr. Goss. Before turning to his sermon the evangelist remarked that he thought a church should be a jolly sort of place, where people could laugh if they pleased. The audience took him at his word and laughed on every possible occasion. Now and then there was a ripple of applause or a burst of "Amens!"

The sermon lasted for an hour, and at its close Sam Jones motioned back Mr. Goss, who was stepping forward to pronounce the benediction. "Just hold on, thar," he said. "I preach at the skating rink at 3 o'clock. Every one of you be there and do your duty. I am not going to do it all. You tote your skillet and I'll tote mine—receive the benediction."

Mr. Jones began in his opening sermon as follows: "I want to say, brethren, in order that we may get the most good out of these services, let us be perfectly free and easy. We are the children of a great and good Father. This is His house. All these people, these little children, and these old people are all the the children of the same good Father. We are His children. Now make yourselves free and easy. We come to the house of God to enjoy ourselves. If you would rather laugh than cry, take your choice; there is as much piety in one as the other. If you would do neither, that suits me; but above all things let us wear a pleasant face in the house of God. Nothing will beat a drooping, melancholy, sad congregation of people. God tells us He is our Father and we are His sons and daughters. I know my relations toward my children as a father. If anything gladdens my heart it is to see my children cheerful and happy, and if anything saddens my heart it is to see my children sitting around me drooping, melancholy, sad and mournful.

Now, there are a class of people that ought to look sad. If any of you have stolen anything, been drunk, robbed widows and orphans—when you come into the house of God you ought to put on a very sad countenance. I would if I were you. But if you have lived right, done your duty, carry a smile on your face as broad as heaven, and let the world know that you enjoy yourselves as you travel through this world. A great many people have confounded solemnity and sadness of countenance with piety. That is a mistake. I have looked at preachers and looked at official members of churches in their sad, dejected presentation of themselves, and I have wondered, "Well, now, is that religion?" If it is, I don't want it until just about a minute before I die; I don't want to be troubled with it here in this world. I want it, of course I want it, before I die, but I don't want it until about a minute before I die. No matter how much I may be convalescing I think about a minute of that sort of religion would kill me straight out. I don't want that sort. Now let us be pleasant and free and easy with each other in the congregation: let us be cheerful one with another, and if the preacher touches you anywhere along the line of my life, say: "I will straighten that out." If the preacher points out to me any duty I am neglecting, say: "I will take it up." If the preacher shows me in my life a flaw I will remedy it. This is an honest spirit in the house of God, and an honest soul can afford to smile and laugh in the house of God. They say: "Well, the house of God is a sacred place;" no more sacred than my home, the house my wife and children live in, that is dedicated to God like this church or any other church. I am raising those children under the eye of the Lord; they are the Lord's children, the house is dedicated to Him, and we live and talk in the house, and we don't feel like we are committing any sin either. This is the house of God and we are the children of the Lord, and above all things we say that the greatest bounties of heaven and earth are contributed to make his children happy.

Sayings.

What is infidelity? It is the tomfoolery of the dunce. That's all you can make out of it. One old brother said: "I have got no patience with these infidels." An infidel walks up to me and says: "Jones, can you believe that the whale swallowed Jonah?" "Yes, sir, ten thousand-times easier than I can take your side and believe that Jonah swallowed the whale." A man has got to believe one or the other, and I believe it is more reasonable to believe that the whale gulped down Johah. I want our preachers to quit telling these poor little infidels there is no chance for them. They are about the easiest cases the Lord gets hold of. They are soft. Don't be afraid to let Christ tackle a poor little infidel. He can clean him up in one night and start him around doing good.

I tell you, brother, in the worst hours of my life my memory ran back to the home table—to father sitting there with lamp on the table, to mother sitting there, and to brother and sister sitting there, and father opening the Word of God and reading it to us, and asking the blessing of heaven upon us. That sweet picture will never be blotted out.

Scrofula diseases manifest themselves in the spring. Hood's Sarsaparil'a cleanses the blood, and removes every taint of scrofula.

TROTTING HORSES.

The year 1824 marks the day when 2.40 was considered a remarkable trotting record for a mile. Maud S., the present champion, came to the front in 1880 with 2.10¾, while her record is now 2.08¾. Sporting men claim that the horse will yet be bred which can go a mile in two minutes, while others hold that Maud S.'s time cannot be beaten.

Not less surprising than this rapid reduction in the trotters' time is the speed with which Athlophoros has grown into public favor. As a single instance of its efficacy may be mentioned the case of Mr. W. D. Murphy, of No. 310 Yandes street, Indianapolis, Indiana, who tells this story:

"I first contracted rheumatism in the war, in which I served four years and six months. After returning from service the disease seemed to assume a periodical form. I would have at least two attacks every year, and between these attacks I would suffer all the time. Often I could not walk or get out of bed, and the disease would catch me in the legs, so that while standing I would feel as if I were about to fall. It was one afternoon that I took my first dose of Athlophoros, and then at night I took another. I slept soundly that night. The next morning when I awoke I had no pain. I took a few doses more, but in all used only about two-thirds of a bottle before my rheumatism was gone. That was over a year ago, and since then I have had only a slight twinge. So great is my confidence in Athlophoros that I have recommended it to many different people. Among them is a Mrs. Wright, a lady seventy years old, who was entirely rid of all her pain by the medicine after suffering from rheumatism for fifteen years. In every instance it gave entire satisfaction."

Mr. R. Forster, a dealer in furniture at No. 320 Main St., Terre Haute, Ind., who tells the following:

"I have used Athlophoros with the very best satisfaction. I had neuralgia for years, and used about every medicine for it without obtaining any relief until I began taking Athlophoros. I was told of the remedy by a friend who bought a bottle of it for me, and I took some that same night. The next day I was as free from pain as if I had never had neuralgia. I went out and spent several hours in a walk which the day before would have been misery to me. During the summer months I am never troubled with neuralgia, but if I should be again I would certainly use Athlophoros, of whose merits I am fully convinced. I have a bottle on hand, but have no use for it at present. I have recommended it to several persons, and have yet to learn of a single instance where it did not accomplish its mission of good work.

Miss Kate Warren, of Stockwell, Ind., who says that she has not been able to effect a complete cure in her case because of inability to obtain Athlophoros when she desired to use it, nevertheless gives this testimony to its merits:

"I have used Athlophoros and have been very much benefited by it. I heartily recommend it to all I meet who are suffering from that dreadful disease, rheumatism."

If you cannot get ATHLOPHOROS of your druggist, we will send it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us, as directed. ATHLOPHOROS Co., 112 Wall Street, New York.

THE LIGHT RUNNING NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE

HAS NO EQUAL.

PERFECT SATISFACTION

New Home Sewing Machine Co.

—ORANGE, MASS.—

30 Union Square, N. Y. Chicago, Ill. St. Louis, Mo. Atlanta, Ga. Dallas, Tex. San Francisco, Cal.

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is no flatterer. Would you make it tell a sweeter tale? Magnolia Balm is the charmer that almost cheats the looking-glass.

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A BIG OFFER To introduce them we will GIVE Away 1,000 Self Operating Washing Machines. If you want one send us your name, P. O. and express office at once. THE NATIONAL CO., 21 Dey St., N. Y. 2-1m

ADVANCING SLOWLY!

Is What Beecher Says of Christianity.

But We Must be First Crushed, Like Clay on the Wheel, Before We Can Know That We Will at the End be a Beautiful Structure.

BROOKLYN, March 7.—Mr. Beecher took for his text Romans viii, 35-39:

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

"As it is written for thy sake we are killed all the day long: we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

"Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

"For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come.

"Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Not only is this a climax of emotion and thought, but it is a climax growing out of that which is in itself the mystery and the wonder of revelation. It is not strange that when we are told that this whole physical globe has an architect, and that it is wrought out with consummate skill, and that there is a general providence that maintains law and through law maintains existence, and that there are great moral lines and distinctions by which men classify themselves as good or bad, and that there is a self-executing penalty and a self-executing reward attached to the one side or the other, obedient or disobedient—all these things seem quite rational. We have a logic that can hold them together and appreciate their revelations, and on the whole be satisfied; but when it is told us that the central flame of the universe is love, and especially if we have been brought up as I was and many of you have been, to a conception of a sternly just king, who alternatively lends himself to love, but governmentally was bound to defend law and justice, and would make no allowance for sin except abandoned and repented of; to all that had been accustomed to think of love as a state of mind produced by something that was lovely, the wonder of the world, and the wonder of the world to come, will be as of this world it is, that this declaration, made so wide, so various, so intensive, from the very lowest of the earth in ascension to the very topmost heaven, covering time and eternity—this declaration of the strength of the love of God to man, not our love to God, but the love of God shown through Jesus Christ to us. It is certainly necessary, that is to say the state of things in this world makes it of transcendant importance, that we should have this truth made known, if it be a truth. And to a reflecting mind, while the idea is beautiful, the difficulty is in reconciling to ourselves the fact that there is such a central love and that the whole march of the universe is to the tune of love. It seems well nigh impossible to any man that thinks and observes.

With the exception of the Jewish religion I think that I may say without any danger or without danger of erring that there never has been established a religious belief in any nation, early or late, that had risen to any conception of the nature of God. Nor, in the earlier periods, do I see very well how it could have been other than that, since man's ideas of God are not thrust into him as arrows are shot into a mark, but they grow out of knowledges that he has around about him, and he cannot know of God much faster than the knowledge of moral relations, purity, nobility are developed in this world. At any rate, all the gods of antiquity, of the most refined nations, are barbaric essentially; streaked, veined with those selfishnesses, and with pride, and with vengefulness, that belong to the barbaric and savage human nature. I do not recall one single one of all the mythological hosts which represent central, disinterested, pure love. All the Grecian gods had their favorites, and to them benign and protecting; their enemies, and to them devilish. And the interpretations even given to the God of the Christian world have not been far removed; influenced, indeed, I believe, by these notions of the mythological god; we are taught loveliness, admire beauty, are on the whole in favor of virtue once in a while, like justice, but are after all arbitrary, imperious, despotic, easily irritated, requiring placation, and placation oftentimes that is to be made by blood itself. So that in all the world there has grown up from nature but one religion that taught us at first with comparatively feeble voice, but with growing emphasis through the ages, that God the eternal, the one universal governor—His name is love; and that is the teaching and that was the mission that Christ had to this world; to make known the mystery of ages; that the central motive element in this universe was divine love.

Now this seems to strike right against nature itself. Such a conception of God could scarcely seem to be drawn from the operations of nature. When I consider what the system is upon which life has been established in this world, its elemental forms, its gradual unfolding and development, its consummation finally in the human family, and in the human family the primitive condition of the race out of which they crept very slowly into barbarism from savage state, and out of the barbaric state slowly into the nascent civilization and semi-civilization, and how the world waited thousands and thousands of years for the ascension of its race, and until we came to the present hour, when four-fifths of the human race still are sitting in the region of the shadow of death. When one considers that this is the story that nature tells us, and that by reason of ignorance and untamed passions, by reason of the want of any direct restraining power in governments or in religious beliefs and faiths, the human family has scarcely been better than the prowling beasts of the forests or the devouring insects that overcrawl each other; so that rapine, which is only organized theft, and deceit, and lying, and all forms of excitement of the chase, and all war, where man is the beast chased; all forms of rude violence have been developed in the human race, and that for generations, and again for generations, and still for generations, for years and for centuries, and thousands of centuries, slowly still unfolding, little by little, with torments and bloodshed, and persecutions, and sicknesses, and pestilences, and earthquakes, and all manner of convulsions that had afflicted the human family. I do not wonder that a man stands aloof and says the idea that there is a central motive power anywhere that is governing this world by love is preposterous. The facts are all against it. And if it be a fact, there never was a fact more necessary to be made known by inspiration than that. Nor do we get much relief when we come to look into human life, even in its best estate. We know perfectly well that goodness and rectitude are better than evil and disobedience of natural law; nevertheless, looking over the fates of men, many men go down from violation of natural law, but here is a good man who has risen to power and wealth by justice and industry, but in his social relationship he has been so connected that the fall of other men strikes him down as the fall of a great tree in the forest slays multitudes of those that are around about it; so men strike each other down in the crash of human society. Here is a household on one side of the street where the brawling children, dirty, filthy and vicious, are healthy; pestilence comes into the neighborhood and the good man's children are slain. They that could bring them up to honor and usefulness, lose them, and they that bring them up to vice and violence, keep them. Is there no discrimination to be used toward the good or the bad? And you look through the allotments of society, what we call the ordinary providential events. While we may believe in the generic providence, yet we are stumbled every day in the specialization, and say: "Why did God strike that man? and why did he spare?" Is there anything but an undiscriminating providence after all? This is the wail of antiquity; this is the cry all through the book of Job; this is the cry in some of the Psalms, where the psalmist says that the wicked prosper and that the righteous wrung out tears, as it were fountain of tears, and he stumbled in his whole faith until he went into the sanctuary of God. "Then I saw their end," usually interpreted as the special end of particular people, but I give it a much broader interpretation than that, "saw the end of the whole divine economy," the result and final outworking of that system that God had developed in this world. And that is precisely the feeling also which is developed in this eighth chapter of Romans. It is very evident that the apostle in writing on this subject had in his mind not things as they were at the particular stage at which he saw them, but he had illumination given him, revelation, foresight of what was the meaning of this whole world; of its slow progress, of its gradual ripening and of its relations to the eternal world that lay beyond; and that in view of the past and the present and the promised future, and the eternal fixity of things there, it would appear that God was a God of love, irradiating the whole universe by his presence, and that, therefore, these steps, although not seen by us how they bore upon it, yet by and by it will become plain to men how the steps of men, through pain, through all mischances, through convulsions, looking at them at large, were steps that were building, building the great universe for the future.

How beautiful that house is, how glow the lights through the windows, how nimble the feet are that bound within. You stop to catch the strains and melodies. And how day and night the house is entered and left; how joyful it seems. And one thinks, wandering along the other side of the street, ill-clad and ill-fed, "Oh, if I only had such a home as that." How was that house builded? Men found in the field banks of clay, and calling workmen they shoveled it out. And doubtless if the clay could have spoken it would have said: "What do you mean? Here I can settle down. It is hard enough to make me as I have been made, but now that I have settled relations here, what are you doing with me? Why are you shoveling me out in that way, beginning with violence?" But by and by it is carried into the yard, and being put on the wheel that revolves and moistened, the wheel crushes it and crushes it until it is ground to mush, and still it cries out: "You told me that I was to be made beautiful, is this what you mean by beautiful? If you are to listen to the voice of the clay when it is under the wheel you will not think of beauty. But it is gathered out from there, and that which lay free and wild in the bank is shut up in little 4x6 chambers and roughed up in that way—"Oh, give me my liberty again," saith each brick. "Give me my liberty again." And that is not the worst of it again. It is upset and stacked up in the sun and loses its breath and life almost. And that is not the worst of it. It is stacked up in the kiln, and now begins the fire to blow underneath the arches, and as it shoots up through all the way, the clay says, "Where is your prophecy, where is the beauty, where is the happiness, where is anything but misery and wretchedness?" Yet somebody might say, "Patience, patience: you are on the way to beauty: great beauty we are on the way to." And it is gathered and carted out and carried by and by to the hand of the mason, and at last we begin to see the brick, what? Exalted and glorified in each individual brick, made beautiful? It is laid in seamy mortar and rapped down with the trowel and measured and kept plumb every way, and built up and carried up, little by little, and it has nothing in it except new bondage, new oppression, new burdens and weights, until at last the roof is put on it and the windows are placed and the floors are laid, and then the cleansing comes, the water and the scrubbing brush, and then the furniture, and then the romping and laughing children, and the happy family. Now at last the scaffolding all taken away, the rubbish all removed and the plants blossoming and exhaling, and sweet fragrant flowers on every side it is beautiful. But it came to it through a long way of turmoil, turbulence and oppression and suffering. God is building our home hereafter. We are but clay, and we are going through the several processes by which we are fashioned for that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. And as we can see in the transmission of bank clay through all the stages of preparation that that which must seem to it oppressive, cruel, harsh, hard, rough, that there is a final end that will redeem the whole of it, so the apostle's mind seemed to think that looking at the whole creation groaning and travailing with pain until now, that it was not made so from the will of man, it was made so from God's will, because of hope—that is, because of the future. He sees what is the outcome of it. And life is but the beginning of things, and has not been so far unfolded as yet that we can see from the things in us and around us what is the destiny nor what sorrow does, nor what repentance does, nor what stumbling does, nor what oppressions and wrongs do. There is to be a time of disclosure, when the ends have come, and all experiment of unnumbered centuries has been wrought out, and we are all gone from here and become airy spectators of the closing work in the other life. God knows that then the whole interior history of man, and providence, and experience will themselves declare: "God is good and the end crowns the beginning and the whole work."

Well, that is not our only difficulty in this declaration of God's love. If the declaration was that God was lovely, that might be easily expounded and beautifully. But the declaration is that he loves, if it is that he loves the lovely. That we understand perfectly well. Who does not? If the declaration is that he loves the perfect, that we can understand. That is the old Grecian theology; that is the old Calvanistic theology. He loves a man after he has become lovely, and therefore it is the business of every man to get himself out of homeliness into loveliness as soon as possible. But here the declaration is that God loved the world that was lying in sin. For a just man no man would be willing to die. For a good man peradventure some one might dare to die. But God commended His love to us, in that while we were yet enemies, in flagrant disorder, and in tumultuous passion as the world was, and is, hissing hot with all viperous elements; yet the declaration is that God over all loves the world.

MECHANICAL.

THE palma christo plant is being extensively cultivated in South Carolina and the sea islands as a substitute for cotton. It is no more trouble to cultivate than corn.

THE experiment of pouring oil upon raging seas continues to be tried with success. One ship captain says that eight gallons of oil will enable a ship to safely run any sea twenty-four hours.

A MANUFACTURER of Breslau, Prussia, is stated to have built a chimney over fifty feet in height entirely of paper. The blocks used in its construction were made of compressed paper, jointed with silicious cement. The chimney is said to be very elastic, and also fireproof.

A FRENCH chemist has brought forward a new method of manufacturing gunpowder. The requisite quantity of sulphur is dissolved in sulphide of carbon, and this solution is then mixed with the carbon, which, instead of charcoal, as in other modes of powder making, is cotton or some other cellulose fibre, which is reduced to an impalpable powder. To this mixture is finally added the proper quantity of a saturated solution of saltpetre. The compound is now evaporated and the crystallization broken up, or it is evaporated in a vacuum.

AN economical genius writes the New York *Mechanical News* that the main steam pipe in his mill is about seventy feet long; about fifty feet is boxed up, and the box filled with wood ashes. The remainder is covered with felt, having in it too many angles to admit of boxing. The pipe has two (2) steam gauges, attached, one at the boiler end, the other about ten feet from the engine. The two gauges show practically the same pressure, and there is but little condensation, the cylinder-cocks rarely showing any water, unless there is foaming or priming in the boiler.

THE preservation of scaffold ropes is a matter of great practical importance when scaffolding remains erected for any considerable time, especially in localities where the atmosphere is destructive of hemp fibre. It is suggested that in these cases the ropes should be dipped, when dry, into a bath containing twenty grammes of sulphate of copper per litre of water, and kept in soak in this solution for four days, afterward being dried. The ropes will thus have absorbed a certain quantity of sulphate of copper, which will preserve them from the attacks of animal parasite and from rot.

A FRENCHMAN writes of the style of construction peculiar to American locomotives, "that it is not calculated to reduce the fuel consumption to that of European locomotives. The small proportion of heating surface due to short tubes is as little qualified to utilize the heat produced by means of large grates as the very restricted use of expansion in the cylinders is to obtain the maximum work from the steam. Consequently it is not surprising that, while an average of thirty-five pounds of coal per locomotive mile is not considered low in France, American locomotives still average about fifty-six pounds."

Ten to Twenty Years of Success

For a remedy that has in that time never been wanting in all that is claimed for it, certainly ought to give confidence to those who have not tried Simmons' Liver Regulator. The trial is attended with no inconvenience, no danger, no doubt; if it will not cure you it can possibly do you no harm, and in no case of bilious headache, constipation, liver disease or its attendant evils has it ever been known to fail. Beware of bogus and counterfeit "Simmons" gotten up to sell on the reputation of the genuine.

The democratic candidate for trustee of Indianapolis has been indorsed by the central labor union.

DR. A. C. HOXSIE'S CERTAIN CROUP CURE.—This preparation, a private and original prescription, was extensively used in an unlimited practice for many years, with perfect success by the late A. C. Hoxsie, M. D., of Buffalo, N. Y. Having thoroughly tested and tried this remedy, he had no hesitation in pronouncing it positive, swift and sure to cure Croup in its most aggravated form, when administerd promptly and according to directions. Its powerful and direct effect upon the diseased mucous membrane, render it particularly invaluable to those living at a distance from a physician—as it is seldom necessary to call in professional aid, if the "Certain Croup Cure" is near at hand. While powerful and effectual, it contains no opium in any form, nor any drug which can have a deleterious or injurious effect upon the system. The most delicate infant may take it, as directed, with perfect safty. Price $1.00. For sale by all first-class druggists, wholesale and retail. dec22-eodaw3m

If you are low spirited and have no appetite get a bottle of Nichols' Bark and Iron. It is the safest and most effective Iron Tonic ever presented to the public. 22-4w

STREET CAR STRIKE.

The New York Police Taking a Car Through Grand Street.

NEW YORK, March 9,—The result of the street car strike in New York was a grand triumph for the Knights of Labor and for Labor itself, with a big L. The giant which has been bound so many ages is having things all its own way now. Every strike that is happening is getting its demands answered. Capitalists who are wise will stand from under at once, and get on the right side of this tremendous Knights of Labor organization in time.

The Knights accomplished all their objects by simply acting on a principle as old as the world, only this: United we stand, divided we fall. Sixteen thousand men stood together as one in the street car strike. They gave up deliberately $32,000, their day's wages, that a few fellow Knights, street car men, might get justice.

POLICE TAKING A CAR THROUGH.

At a given time the order was given down all the lines: "Tie-up." No sooner said than done. I went out in the morning as usual to come down town. I looked up and down the street. Not a car in sight. I smelt a mice at once. Two coal carts went thundering by, with great burly drivers.

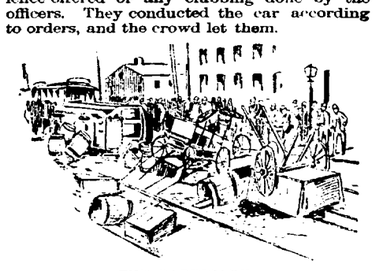
"Lookin' for a street car, lady?" asked one.

"Yes," I said.

"There ain't none to-day." "Lady, there ain't a street car runnin' in New York this morning," said the next one.

Their teeth flashed white through their black faces, as they smiled at the thought of it. Evidently they were Knights of Labor, and though I was three miles away from my desk, I couldn't help smiling back and saying, "Good!"

That was what nearly everybody else said. A distinguishing fact about the affair is the unanimity with which the populace of New York sided with the strikers. Even their employers knew in their hearts they would have to give in. But to fill a legal requirement, it was necessary to push one car over the Grand street line, which was that at first in dispute. It was done by the aid of 450 policemen, themselves no doubt, Knights of Labor, too. How they did it you will see by the illustration. It looks like clearing the way for Gen. Grant's funeral. There was no violence offered or any clubbing done by the officers. They conducted the car according to orders, and the crowd let them.



THE BARRICADE.

But in some places there were obstructions. What they were like you will see by the second illustration. It looks a little like a Paris barricade without any insurrection or firing on the people. Wagons had an unaccountable way of breaking down directly upon the car tracks and of having to be abandoned. There were barrels, there were bread wagons, hand trucks, etc., upset and clinched inextricably in the most astonishing manner. In one instance a tire came bodily off a wheel of one of those gigantic carrying wagons drawn by the huge Percheron horses, so well known here. Such a thing was never known before, but here it happened right in the midst of the strike, and, stranger still, it happened right upon the street car track, and couldn't be got off.

But it all ended happily. The street car employes got their just demands, and all runs on smoothly again.

Our hearts are quite with the labor boys, bless them! They are just learning they are a giant when they hang together. But we are hoping with all our souls that they will use this power wisely and nobly, and not become oppressors in their turn.

ELIZA ARCHARD.

Take It This Month.

Spring rapidly approaches, and it is important that every one should be prepared for the depressing effects of the changing season. This is the time to purify the blood and strengthen the system by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which stands unequaled as a spring medicine, and has endorsements of a character seldom given any proprietary medicine. A book containing statements of the many wonderful cures it has accomplished will be sent upon application to C. I. Hood & Co, Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar.

Over three hundred accessions have been made in the different churches of Tipton county this winter, and revivals are still in progress. Trances are common and four persons have become insane over religion.

RED STAR TRADE RED STAR MARK. COUGH CURE

Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison.

SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

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Combines, in a proportion peculiar to itself, the active medicinal properties of the best blood-purifying and strengthening remedies of the vegetable kingdom. It will positively cure—when in the power of medicine—Spring Debility, Headache, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, and all Diseases caused by a low state of the blood.

"I suffered three years with blood poison. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and think I am cured." MRS. M. J. DAVIS, Brockport, N. Y.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Is so vastly superior to any other sarsaparilla or blood purifier, that one has well said: "Its health-giving effects upon the blood and entire human organism, are as much more positive than the remedies of a quarter of a century ago, as the steam-power of to-day is in advance of the slow and laborious drudgery of years ago."

"While suffering from a severe bilious attack in March, 1883, a friend in Peoria, Ill., recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla. I tried the remedy, and was permanently cured." J. A. SHEPARD, travelling agent for Devoe & Co., Fulton Street, N. Y.

Purifies the Blood

"I tried a dozen articles to cleanse my blood, but never found anything that did me any good till I began using Hood's Sarsaparilla." W. H. PEER, Rochester, N. Y.

"My wife was troubled with dizziness and constipation, and her blood has been in a bad order—in fact she has been all run down. Hood's Sarsaparilla is doing her a wonderful amount of good." F. M. BALDWIN, druggist, Blanchester, Ohio.

"I was for five years a sufferer with boils, all run down, and was at one time obliged to give up work. Before taking all of two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, was entirely cured." R. M. LANE, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"I was severely afflicted with scrofula, and for over a year had two running sores on my neck. Took five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and consider myself entirely cured." C. E. LOVEJOY, Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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100 Doses One Dollar.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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100 Doses One Dollar.

Fruit House Bulletin

Great Reduction in Prices for 1886.

Goods are so low now that it can hardly be expected that there will be any further decline, so that those laying in full supplies will not likely be disappointed.

Coffee Down 2c, Tea Down 10c, Sugars Cown 1-2c, Syrups Down 10c, Turkish Prunes Down 1c.

Best Rio Coffee down to 10c a pound; good Rio coffee down to 8c a pound; best Roasted Rio down to 12½c a pound: Government Java, 20c.; Roasted Java 25c.

TEAS Reduced in Proportion.

It is no more a luxury to buy Teas. When they were $1 and $2 per pound then of course the consumption of them was small, but now the price is so low that a good Tea can be bought at 20c per pound then they come within the reach of all.

We are enabled to sell so low simply in consequence of our immense trade. At times we sell two and three chests daily, and buying direct of the importers and selling direct to the consumers, enables us to save our customers the profits of the jobber, speculator and wholesale merchant which is at least 10 to 20 per pound.

Young Hyson, good, 20c; choice, 30c; best 50c; Gunpowder, good, 30c; choice, 40; best 50c; Oolong or Black Tea 20c; choice, 30c; best 50c; Japan Tea, uncolored, 35c; choice, 40; best 50c; English Breakfast, good, 20c; best 50c per pound.

SUGARS---White and Yellow, Down 1-2c.

Cut Loaf Sugar, 7½c per pound; Powdered Sugar, 7½c; Granulated, 7; Coffee A, 6½; Coffee C White, 6c; choice New Orleans Yellow, 5c.

Syrups Reduced 10c a Gal.

Best Golden Drip, 40c per gallon; best Sorghum, 40c per gallon; best New Orleans, Molasses, 30c.

SMOKED MEATS AND PICKLED PORKS.

Best sugar cured hams, 10c per pound; Sugar cured shoulders, 6c per pound; Pickled pork 6c per pound; Breakfast bacon, best, 9c per pound.

SALT AND SMOKED FISH.

White Fish, ½ bbl, $6; White Fish in kitts, $1; Family White Fish, kitts, 50c; Family White Fish, ½ bbl., $1.25; Mackeral in kitts, 60c; good, $1; best, $1.60; Cat Fish, kitts, $1; Cat Fish, ½ bbl., $6; ¼ bbl., $3.

Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Neats Foot Oil, Machine Oils and Head Light

Neats Foot Oil, 80c gallon; Fish Oil, 70c gallon; Headlight oil, 12c gallon; machine Oil dark, 20c gallon; Golden machine oil, 30c gallon.

WINES AND LIQUORS.

Old 76 Whisky for medical use, $2.50 per gallon; two-year old, $1.75; one-year old, $1.40; good new whisky, $1.50 and $1 per gallon; California wine, Muscated and Angelico, 40c bottle; Port Wine per gallon, $1.25; gallon Catauba wine, $1; gallon Old Tom Gin, 40c; bottle Canada malt, 30c.

Candies Down---Stick and Mixed Reduced 2c per Pound.

Pure Stick Candy, 10c. per pound; French Mixed Candy, down to 10c; Bon Bons, 20c; Gum Drops, 10c; Imperials and Chocolate down to 15c per pound.

The Greatest Reduction of all is on Turkish Pruens.

Who ever heard of them selling at 4c per pound. The crop is so large at they don't pay freight and duty to ship to New York. The very best new fruit 4c per pound; new Valencia Raisins, 10c. a pound; Seedless Sultana Raisins, 12½c; best Leghorn Citron, 30c; new dried apples, 4c per pound; new dried peaches, 5c. per pound.

CIGARS, PLUG AND SMOKING TOBACCOS.

Bull Dog plug, 50c; Durham plug, 50c; Perfection plug, 35c; Hiawatha plug, 30c; Knights of Labor plug, 30c; Sweet Heart plug, 50c per pound. Fine Cut, 30, 40c, 50, best 75c. per pound. Smoking, 18c, 20c, 25c; best Durham, 45c per pound.

Choice Cigars, $1.75 per box; good cigars, 60c and $1 per box.

Twenty-five cents (25c) on the dollar saved by purchasing at the

FT WAYNE FRUIT HOUSE

Would You Have Good DRY WOOD.

Call and see the stock I keep. Hickory, Beech and Sugar, ALL BODY wood, at Lowest Market Price. Yards near Bloomingdale Bridge.

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Single and Double Rigs at All Hours.

Hacks for Funerals and Weddings, $3. Buggies for 2 hours, $1.50. Hacks for parties, theatres, etc., at as low rates as anybody. In consideration of the hard times these have been my prices for the past 18 months.

TELEPHONE NUMBER 48.
March 5-dly

RUPTURE

Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. S. Mayer. Ease at once; no operation, or delay in business; tested hundreds of cures. Main office, 831 Arch st., Phila. At Custer house, Fort Wayne, 9th and 10th of each month. June 19-dawly

A POSITIVE CURE

Cure without Medicine. Patented October 15, 1876. One box will cure the most obstinate case in four days or less.

Allan's Soluble Medicated Bougies.

No nauseous doses of cubebs, copaiba or oil of sandalwood that our certain to produce dyspepsia by destroying the coatings of the stomach. Price $1.50. Sold by all druggists or mailed on receipt of price. For further particulars send for circular.

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for making Beef Tea and Chicken Broth, at home. Recommended by all physicians.

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The Daily Sentinel.

OFFICIAL PAPER COUNTY AND CITY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1886.

Mrs. H. C. Moderwell is quite ill at Grand Rapids.

The Carpenters' union meets over the postoffice to-night.

Mrs. John Conger is at home from a visit to Grand Rapids.

Mrs. John R. Hoagland, of Chicago, is visiting relatives here.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers meets to-morrow.

The little son of A. J. Tyler is suffering from a fractured arm.

T. E. Whitmer, Goshen, and G. C. Taber, Logansport, are at the Aveline.

Hon. J. B. Stoll, of South Bend, is in the city. Mr. Stoll has hosts of friends here.

One Swartz, of Huntertown, struck Constable Heppenbammer, and is under arrest.

Carl Meyer has accepted a position with Leitz & Vick, the Calhoun street grocers.

Frank Cour, of Wallen, charges Dennis Madden with assault, in Justice Ryan's court.

Mrs. Capt. Henry McKinnie is visiting at Pittsburg, where the captain has a magnificent hotel.

The Chicago and Atlantic road gave C. A. Briant $87 for running through his property at Huntington.

Mrs. R. C. Bell will accompany her sister to Europe in May. They will make an extended tour of the continent.

Mr. Frank Abbott has returned to his home in Portland, Me., after a month's visit among his friends and relatives here.

Hugh Welch, Sam Bloomhuff and Ed McLaughlan were fined $11 each by the mayor for drukenness, this morning, and sent to jail.

The graduates of the High school for 1883 have been requested to select subjects of essays and orations for the coming commencement.

Hon. M. P. Brady speaks at Library hall next Wednesday evening on "The Irish Question." Mr. W. P. Breen will introduce the orator.

Mrs. Adams, of Fostoria, O., who has been the guest of her daughter Mrs. Fred Beach, of East Berry street, has returned to her home.

James Owen O'Connor will present "Othello," "Richelieu" and "Shylock," during his engagement at the Academy the latter part of next week.

A warrant is out for Chas. Stean, of Huntertown, who is wanted to assume parental responsibility by Bertha Gaust, a pretty Fort Wayne fraulien.

Pendleton King, of North Carolina, was yesterday confirmed as secretary of legation at Constantinople. Mr. King lived here during the campaign.

Dr. J. M. Dinnen, the coroner, concludes that Fred Herbst met his death accidentally. He was almost blind and is believed to have walked into the canal.

Judge Brackenridge has denied the motion for a new trial in the case of L. A. Wright vs. Charles Pape and gave Mr. Wright judgment for $2,500 against the defendant.

Miss Katie, the eighteen-year-old daugheer of Mrs. Michael Hogan, of Fairfield avenue, died last night from consumption. Her funeral will occur Monday morning from the Cathedral.

William Carver, the life convict, who was pardoned out of the southern penitentiary by Governor Gray, the other day, after having been in prison for twenty years, called at the governor's office yesterday to thank the governor for his liberation.

The trial of M. Cody vs. Robert Lowry came up for trial before Justice Hays this afternoon and was postponed until next June. The claim against Mr. Lowry is a fourteen year old ice bill. Mr. Lowry is confident the bill was paid and during the time before the trial comes up will make a search for the receipt or check. Mr. Cody was a candidate for a position under the present administration.

JOHN B. BLUE.

A Former County Auditor Dies in DeKalb County.

[Auburn Courier.]

John B. Blue was born in Miami county, Ohio, July 19, 1789, and died at the residence of his son-in-law, D. H. Murray, near Newville, February 17, 1886, aged eighty-six years, six months and twenty-nine days. Mr. Blue moved to Allen county, Indiana, in the spring of 1839, and settled on a farm which he cleared and occupied till 1853, when he sold out and went into the mercantile business at Leo. He was justice of the peace for many years, and was appointed auditor of Allen county. For about twenty-six years he has been a member of Mr. Murray's household, and moved with him to this county in the spring of 1862, and resided there till his death. Mr. Blue has been a well known and respected man in the community where he resided for many years, and leaves a large circle of friends and relatives to mourn his loss.

WHICH ROUTE?

Still Unsettled Where the Grand Rapids and Indiana and Muskegon Road Will Run.

People along the routes of the proposed railroad to Muskegon are still in anxious doubt as to which of the two routes surveyed will be selected. The only barrier which seems to be in any way against the construction of the road is said to be the chance of disposing of the bonds. This is not considered by those who claim to know any great drawback as they think there will be no difficulty in selling them as soon as placed on the market. The engineers, it is said, claim that the road can be built the cheapest by the southern route, and it is along that route that the people are actively securing the right of way in the event that the decision of the officers be favorable to them. The examination of the right of way into the city of Muskegon by the railroad officials will have its weight and in a measure determine the route to be selected.

PRIZE FIGHTING.

How the Glove Sport Is Disgraced and Abused.

Every well regulated newspaper has its "sportidg editor," but at the present time there is an aching void in that department of THE SENTINEL, although our young man is equal to any emergency. So long as "mills" are conducted as they now are that "want" will be "long felt."

The brutal and inhuman conduct of "the strangler," in wrenching the ankle of "the Jap" from its socket at Chicago, the ghastly and cold-blooded sight of a man knocking a whole row of teeth down his opponent's throat, leaving him lying helpless and bathed from head to foot in gore, while the victor is carried on the shoulders of his friends in triumph, and the malicious and malignant killing of a man as recorded the other day in the dispatches, down in Virginia, has knocked us out, and our "Faber" is cast up to the ceiling. No! We don't want any more of the "manly." We are now afraid to go to bed in the dark, from reading and seeing these exhibitions of "the art," and we want no more. Avaunt!

There was a time, not long ago, that we would have missed our supper to see two good men handle "the mittens," but not now. "Our goose is cooked" to a turn. Henceforth and forever our undivided attention will be paid to church socials and lawn fetes, and prize-fighting with two-ounce gloves, or the bare "maulleys," will make us leave the town.

Real Estate Transfers.

Olds Bros., real estate agents, room No. 8, Foster block, report the following recorded real estate transfers:

Fred. F. Ninde, trustee, to Peter D. Smyser, by warranty deed, part of lot 49, Chute & Prince's addition, for $250.

Peter Juergenson to John Riedel, by warranty deed, 1½ acres in section 34, Washington township, for $450.

NORA PERRY has written some reminiscences of Wendell Phillips, in which she thus illustrates his power as a "fascinator:" "In the old anti-slavery days a Southerner, who was visiting Boston, said to a friend that he wanted to hear Wendell Phillips; that he had heard so much about him and his eloquence that he was curious to judge for himself. The friend, with some misgivings, took the Southerner to Faneuil Hall one night when Phillips was to hold forth upon his favorite topic. The Southerner sat stolidly through it all, not an angry gleam apparent in his face, but looking at the orator with a fixed, concentrated attention that never wavered. At the end Boston leaned forward and asked: 'Well, what do you think of him? Of course he must have offended your prejudices—you couldn't agree with what he said.' 'I don't care a —— what he says. I could listen to him all night,' was the unlooked-for response."

The Metropolitan theatre Pleasure party is drawing full houses this week. Next week the renowned Dashington Bro's., all star combination, will appear. Watch for the hangers. 12-2t

A WORD

With Some of the Men We Meet Every Day.

"Yes," replied a wholesale shoe merchant to our interlocutor as we came down the street, "the business outlook is first rate, and will exceed the spring season of '85 at least 50 per cent. We have made large purchases and are in condition to meet the increased trade promptly. Come around at your leisure and we will show you through the stock."

This was cheering news certainly, but the next man we met was a retail growler, always growling, never satisfied, and his remarks fell upon us like a wet cloth. "No! Nothing but expenses and goods sold on credit. Certainly we do, and it is this extra charge for goods sold on credit, over cash receipts, that keeps us going. We buy our goods for cash and the consumer who buys on credit pays a good round per cent. to us because many of our accounts are bad and some one has to make up for this loss. I tell you times are not what they used to be."

"Hello! old boy, How are you?" was the salutation from the man you always meet. "Think it's going to snow or rain? Snow, I guess; these blamed winters are getting longer and longer; wish it would get warm, so I could get rid of this dod gasted cold," As he left us we looked back to see what he was going to do next, but only saw him walking slowly down the street with both hands jammed down deep into his pockets.

"I want to see you a moment," said the mysterious politician whom we next met, as he took us by the lappel of the coat and dragged us back into a dark corner about two hundred feet distant, and looking cautiously about us, said in whispered accents, so low we could hardly hear him: "Do you know that I heard this morning, and my information is direct and reliable, although I am not at liberty to disclose my authority, that if the democrats don't make good nominations when they have their conventions, that the republicans are going to put a full ticket in the field?" This was a "corker," and it was some time before I could get my breath, but when I recovered I said: "Is that true?"

"Hello, sheriff; what's new?"

"Nothing. The efficiency of our officers and the certainty with which crime is punished make it awful dull here; but I am glad to see it, as it speaks well for the city, and strangers can come and go and our citizens sleep with some security, whereas just across the line in Ohio, crime is rampant, and the sand bagger and burglar is in clover. No, I havn't caught the negro burglar yet, he had three days start of me and had money, but I will catch him if he stays this side of the Mississippi river. This is the first burglary or good job turned in a month said the active officer as he hurried across the street to serve a subpoena on a farmer who lives away up in Scipio.

Well doctor, what is the state of health hereabouts?" "Good. There are a few cases of scarlet fever and some malarial fevers, but not many. Our city is in good shape and as a lawyer said to me a few moments ago if we didn't have a panic soon or a revival of business that was food for us, we would be compelled to serve as defendant for several cases. An epidemic to us is as a panic to them. So it goes every day and it is this that keeps us posted on the current events, as time cuts its swathe deeper and deeper."

ALWAYS WELCOME.

A Correspondent on "The Sentinel" and Kansas.

NICKERSON, Reno Co., Kan., March 10, 1886.

Editor of SENTINEL:

I want to say to my friends in Allen county, Ind., that the Fort Wayne SENTINEL is a welcome visitor at our home in Kansas. It gives us all the news and keeps us posted. It gives both republican saints and democratic sinners their portion in due season; so remember we are not so far away that your deeds are not known to us.

I would like to answer some inquiries about sunny Kansas, by your permission. I have not time to answer all the questions asked by my old neighbors. In the first place, this is a very healthy country, with good water and plenty of it. There is no government land in this county. The soil is a sandy loam, easily worked and very productive. Corn, wheat, oats, broom corn, etc., are the principal products. The finest corn I ever saw grew in the Arkansas valley. Farmers here plough their corn but twice, and one man with a good team will plant and cultivate fifty acres of corn. This is also a good fruit country.

But my letter is already long enough to reach the waste basket. I must refer your readers to R. M. Cole, of Nickerson, who will give any desired information. Respectfully,

R. WESTERMAN.

I can most heartily recommend Athlophoros as an excellent medicine to my friends and to the public in general who may be afflicted with rheumatism. E. L. Dimock, of the firm of Dimock & Hayner, insurance agents, Jamesville, Wisconsin.

FORT WAYNE ABROAD.

Hon. Charles McCulloch Visits Kansas City and Pictures the Gateway of the West and its People---Summit City People Make Fortunes.

Hon. Charles McCulloch has just returned from Kansas City and this morning THE SENTINEL representative stepped into the Hamilton National bank to greet its president and chat about the "future great" on the Missouri border. "What do you think of Kansas City?" put in the reporter.

"Think? I almost *know* to a certainty that as fast as brick can be laid upon brick and stone upon stone by a mighty host of capitalists and workmen it will be the rival of St. Louis and Chicago in size and trade. I saw it ten years ago a small town situated on a bluff with such hills and hollows to contend against that I hardly thought it could be made a suitable location for a large city. However, I find now that the energy of man can overcome great difficulties, provided in the natural order of things there is a reason for his doing so. At that time, from the depot I took an omnibus, and after a long, winding ride around the bluff I was brought into the upper city to the hotel. Now, I step out of the cars, walk up a flight of stairs, say fifty feet, and a cable car carries me on an elevated iron bridge over all the railway tracks, up over all the bluffs, into the heart of the city in less than ten minutes. That shows how easily one difficulty of location can be overcome. I find now that twenty distinct and important lines of railroads have made it a terminus, coming from both the east and the west. Why is this so? Because in the first place the growth of five of the richest agricultural states in the union demanded a central distributing and manufacturing point somewhere on the Missouri river. Kansas City is now the recognized locality. Energetic and shrewd capitalists commenced to improve it, the railroads began to build to it, making it the gateway of the west, and now it is growing faster in proportion than any other city perhaps in the world.

"Sunday I took a carriage and drove out to look at some of the immense packing houses. First I saw Doed & Son's, then Armour's, then Fowler Brothers'. All of these were apparently as large as any in Chicago—immense establishments where last year 80,000 cattle and 1,400,000 hogs were packed—and now Swift, the largest dressed beef shipper in Chicago, is making his arrangements to build in Kansas City. Mr. Armour said to me that as Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Missouri were the great stock producing states, it was necessary for packers to locate there, as the the difference in freights alone gave it a great advantage over Chicago. Last year over thirty-five hundred buildings were erected in the city and suburbs, at a cost of seven million dollars. This year the building will be much greater, for rents are very high, and the increase of population and business demands it. Already have they secured a location for a new board of trade building, that is to cost $300,000, and the large insurance companies of the east have purchased a site on which to erect costly buildings, to be used as their western headquarters. Many of the greatest manufacturing companies of the United States have established large repositories, and are making it the great distributing point of the west. The buildings of Deere, Mansur & Co., Walter A. Wood Manufacturing company, Buford & George Implement company, Moline and Rock Island plow companies, and many others, are as large as any in the big eastern cities. Our own familiar firm of Meyer Bros. & Co. have an immense new building just completed, and are selling over one million dollars' worth of goods a year, with an increase of one thousand dollar sales each day. Three more cable lines will be built this year, as horse cars are too slow for these enterprising men. So there is no more doubt about the rapid growth of the city than that the sun will fail to rise to-morrow. Banks with capitals of $200,000 and $250,000 have over two millions of deposits. The published clearings of the city show a steady gain each week and last year they were over two hundred and twenty millions."

"Who of our friends did you see out there?" asked the newspaper man.

"Well, I met Mr. George W. Strope, who went there ten years ago with a few thousand dollars, and is now estimated at $150,000. He sold one piece of ground eighty by forty-two feet for $12,000 cash a short time ago. I called on Colonel Nelson, editor and proprietor of the *Star*, a paper started six years ago and now having over 16,000 circulation and advertisements of $7,000 per month. The colonel (for he goes by that title entirely) is as genial and jovial as he always was, a bright man and a capital friend, as popular and well known as he was in Fort Wayne. I think he has a fortune in his paper if he keeps on as well as he has done in the past and I rejoice at his success. I saw the gallant Captain Sutermeister of the 12th Indiana Battery. He also has made money and has his hands full of work. His delightful family have grown up about him so that his boys keep on the business and his daughters are well educated girls, brought up to make themselves useful as well as ornamental in society. My wife also met some old Beloit friends who have done well. I really think it is the best city for an industrious young man to go to that I have ever seen, for from other cities I have come back to Fort Wayne well satisfied with our pleasant city, but now I must confess that I wish I could move my bank and my business interests to Kansas City."

Do not be misled by competitors, as the stock will positively be sold at fifty cents on the dollar at the Banner Bankrupt Clothing House. 9 d-5t w-1t

THE WAY TO CHURCH.

Remember the Sabbath Day and Keep it Holy.

Take your wife and little ones and go to church.

Services at the First Presbyterian church to-morrow, morning and evening. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. All invited.

Trinity church, Rev. W. M. Webbe, rector. Services to-morrow at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. All cordially invited.

There will be the usual services at the Wayne street M. E. church to-morrow, at 10:30 and 7:30, by the pastor. You and your friends are cordially invited to attend.

Services at the Congregational church to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Young people's meeting at 6:45.

Rev. D. S. Kennedy, pastor-elect of the Third Presbyterian church, sends classmate and friend, Rev. Mr. Dodd, to fill his pulpit to-morrow morning and evening. Sabbath school at 2 p. m.

The morning and evening services at Christian chapel, to-morrow, will be conducted by Rev. J. H. O. Smith, of Edinburg, Ind, who is the evangelist for the Christian church in the state of Indiana.

To-morrow will be another grand day for the Baptists of this city. Please be prompt at morning and evening services and you will secure a seat. Come with your friends and neighbors.

The Sabbath services at the Railroad Reading rooms have of late been very interesting. The meeting to-morrow at 3:30 p. m. will be led by W. T. Ferguson, M. D. All railroad and factory men and all other men are cordially invited.

Services at Simpson M. E. church to-morrow at 9:30 and 10:30 a. m.; Sabbath school at 2:30 and evening service at 7:30 p. m. Elder Meredith will be with us in the morning and Rev. C. C. Albertson will preach in the evening. A cordial welcome to all. Remember our grand musical entertainment on next Friday evening.

There is increasing interest in the Wayne street M. E. Sabbath school. The school is thoroughly organized and teachers and scholars are evincing great enthusiasm in the study of the scriptures. New scholars are coming in from Sabbath to Sabbath. You are invited and will be warmly welcomed. School begins at 2 p. m.

Second Presbyterian church, West Berry street. Services to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Preaching by the pastor. Reception of members at the morning service. Quite a number have been received on profession. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Services will be continued all the coming week. You are welcome to all these services.

The services at Grace Reformed church to-morrow will be of unusual interest. In the morning there will be quite an accession to the membership. At both morning and evening services the pastor will speak on the important theme: "The Mystery and Reasonableness of Christ's Atonement." Those who have difficulty on this question of the atonement are especially invited to be present. Come and welcome

ORIENTAL AND OCCIDENTAL.

A little Western prodigy, of a religious turn of mind, aged three years, has given forth the following moral lecture in the shape of a story:

"Once there were two colts. One of them belonged to a man who didn't have any God. One of them looked over the fence, and didn't have anything to eat. His man didn't have any God. The other colt ate lots of grass in his pasture, and he grew, and grew, and grew, until he got a tail and a buggy to him. His man had a God."

But it is a Boston small boy who remarked the other morning, after his mother had had a laborious siege with his buttons: "I wish God would sew buttons on my skin, so I could button my clothes right on and not have 'em come off."—*Boston Record.*

Civil service reformers hold that continuance in office depends on fitness. But whatever changes take place in the administration, St. Jacobs Oil retains its hold on the people, because in every case it conquers pain.

NERVE-LIFE AND VIGOR restored in men and women by using Gilmore's Aromatic Wine.

WHEN DOCTORS cannot help you then take Gilmore's Magnetic Elixir for your throat and lungs.

MIDDLE-AGED MEN who lack vigor and vitality can be cured by Gilmore's Aromatic Wine.

JAMES SULLIVAN of Salem, Oregon says he was cured of the Asthma by Gilmores Magnetic Elixir.

THE WIFE, MOTHER AND MAID who suffer from Female weakness, will find Gilmore's Aromatic Wine a positive cure.

For sale by Dreier & Bro's, and G. H. Gumpper.

For the Sporting Fraternity.

I have constantly on hand a fine assortment of boxing gloves, dumb-belle, and Indian clubs. The finest stock in the city.

C. H. MILLER,
9dw-1w 24 West Main Street.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT.—House of nine rooms, good well and cistern, gas and waterworks, 123 East Main street. Enquire at 19 Lafayette street. 2-tf

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—A genuine Seal Skin Cap in splendid condition. Cost $14.50 when new. May be had very cheap. May be seen at Adams express office. tf

FOR SALE—Magnetic Battery, Davis & Kidder make. Splendid thing for a physician. It cost $12. Will sell cheap. Inquire at Adams express office. tf

FOR SALE—Old papers at this office.

WANTED.

If you WANT money in sums of $1,000 or over, at 6 per cent. interest—if you WANT money in sums less than $1,000, at 8 per cent. interest—if you WANT fire insurance—if you WANT accident insurance—if you WANT life insurance—if you WANT money loaned—if you WANT rents collected—if you WANT taxes paid—if you WANT a notary public—if you Want services of any kind, done reasonably and well, call on D. L. HARDING, 6eodtf Room 29, over Postoffice.

WANTED.—Two painters. Steady work. Fleming M'f'g company. 11-4t

FOR SALE—One fine set of DOGS Well broken in field or house. Apply to C. H. Miller, 24 West Main street. 11-3t

WANTED—A good girl for general house work in a small family, at 143 West Berry street. 4-tf

WANTED—Immediately, a first class baker. Apply at Schwelters Bakery. 1-tf

WANTED—To sell a frame house on the corner of Jefferson and Calhoun streets. I propose to build on the property and will sell the building at a reasonable price. LOUIS FOX.

RENTS Collected, Taxes Paid and Repairs to property promptly attended to for reasonable compensation, by S. C. LUMBARD, Jan 26-3m 36 Calhoun Street.

NOTICE.—Business men are sensible of the fact that office appliances that save labor and dispatch business generally are desirable to have. In this respect the Amberg Cabinet Letter File ranks high. No one once using it would be without it. Send for catalogue. Cameron, Amberg & Co. jan8-1y

WANTED—All persons to know that you can get books bound in fine style and on short notice at the Sentinel office.

PERSONS having money to loan can find a safe investment for the same by applying to the undersigned. Loans made by me are secured by first mortgage on improved property, worth three times amount of loan. Rate of interest from 6 to 8 per cent. according to amount of loan. Abstract of title furnished in every case, and property insured for benefit of mortgagee during term of loan: no expense to the lender. S. C. LUMBARD, Jan 26-3m 36 Calhoun Street.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE.

To the Democrats of Wayne Township:

In compliance with the wishes of my friends and democrats generally, I have decided to be a candidate for trustee of Wayne township before the democratic township nominating convention in April next.

Truly yours, HERMAN F. A. GERKE.

To the Editor of THE SENTINEL:

Please announce my name as a candidate for the office of Trustee of Wayne township, subject to the decision of the Democratic nominating convention. I was in the employ of the Adams express company for ten years, seven years of that time at Fort Wayne. If nominated and elected I will render to the people the best services within my power. JEFFERSON SCOTT.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

To the Editor of THE SENTINEL.

I herewith submit my name as a candidate for the office of Justice of the Peace of Wayne Township, subject to the decision of the Wayne Township Democratic Nominating convention. HARRY F. FRANCE.

To the Editor of THE SENTINEL:

I hereby announce my name as a candidate for the office of Justice of the Peace of Wayne township, subject to the decision of the democratic nominating convention in April next. WILLIAM J. FITZGERALD.

Please announce my name as a candidate for Justice of the Peace of Wayne township, subject to the decision of the Democratic township convention. DANIEL RYAN.

GEO. R. BOWEN,

Plumbing,
Steamfitting,
Sewering.

Particular attention given to

Sanitary Plumbing
and Sewering

ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

Bath Tubs, Boilers, Water Closets, Sinks, Hydrants, Yard Hose, Brass Trimmings for Engines, Etc., Etc.

NO. 110 CALHOUN ST.

SIGNS SIGNS

Have them painted by

JOS. H. BRIMMER,

The only Practical

Sign Painter and Hanger

In the city.

Prices to Suit the Times.
Feb. 25-eod1m

ONE BENSON'S CAPCINE PLASTERS

is worth a dozen of any other kind. Between the numerous varieties of porous plasters there is but one choice. Benson's plaster is modern, scientific, prompt in action, safe, pleasant to wear, cleanly, and cures a pain in a few hours which no others are able even to relieve. This fact is testified to by 500 physicians, pharmacists and druggists, voluntarily, and over their own written signatures. Imitations of Benson's plaster, under the names of "Capsicin," "Carsicum," "Capucin," "Capcicine," &c., are offered for sale. There are shameless. Purchasers may protect themselves against imposition by examining the article tendered by the dealer. Ask for Benson's Plaster and see that the "Three Seals" trademark is on the face cloth and the word "Capcine" is porosed in the middle of the plaster itself. 23-4w

SOMETHING FOR DYSPEPTICS.

A Deluded People.

(From the Phila. Medical Record.)

We do not mean to intimate that all the so-called remedies for dyspepsia are valueless, but human credulity is so strong, that some unscrupulous persons trade upon the fears of the weak and debilitated. Among the things which appeal so strongly to this weakness are Bitters. The very name is in their favor. The mode of life of the average American is of such a character, that he is constantly in need of a tonic. He is rushed at his business, swallows his meals hastily and without any thought as to the capacity of his stomach for digestion, takes little rest, and necessarily feels hipped; is subject to headache, and takes often a gloomy view of things generally. In such cases he resorts to bitters, under the delusion that they will act on the secretions of the stomach and give the system new strength and energy. The writer recently purchased samples of four of the most widely-advertised bitters in the market, and the simple chemical analysis to which they were subjected showed that they contained about 30 per cent. (the amount the Government allows) of the most poisonous and adulterated alcohol, and that the residuum consisted of various foreign substances, which were simply added as flavoring extracts, to disguise the taste of the original compound. The poorer the grade of the alcohol the more vicious is the compound. The value which so-called bitters are supposed to have is of a purely fictitious character. In fact, in time they irritate and injure the delicate membrane of the stomach and so vitiate the taste that the palate soon cannot distinguish between good and bad. These decoctions are consumed principally by the debilitated, the convalescent, the depressed and particularly by aged people and weak women and others to whom a stimulant is indispensable. Now, while alcohol, especially in the form of whiskey, is acknowledged to be the best known stimulant, and is prescribed and used by physicians for this purpose everywhere, we can't conceive why people will insist upon taking the alcohol in the form of a decoction, the compounding of which they know nothing and which, as shown by analysis, contains fusel oil, vitriol, catechu and poisons of the most deadly kind. It would be far better for them to come out boldly and use the pure article, something made from malt in which there is no fusel oil. There may be a little difficulty in obtaining an article of this kind, as there is only one firm in the country *i.e.*, the discoverers of Duffy's pure malt whiskey, which distils it and which combines *food* and stimulating qualities.

AMUSEMENTS.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

ONE NIGHT ONLY!

Saturday, March 13!

Coming in regal splendor with a wealth of gorgeousness surpassing in grandeur the far famed carnival of Imperial Rome, W. J. Gilmore's

DEVIL'S AUCTION

CHAS. H. YALE, Manager.

Employing for its transportation a special R. R. train of 3-sixty feet cars.

Box office opens Thursday.

Prices, 25, 50, 75c and $1.00.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

BRADY & GARWOOD.....Lessees and Managers
W. M. WILKISON.....Business Manager

Monday, Tuesday and Wednerday, March 15, 16 and 17.

With Tuesday and Wednesday Matinees, The Young Austrian Tragedian

Edward Wodiska,

Supported by Miss

MADELINE MARSHALL,

And a Strong Dramatic Company.

Monday Night—"Lady of Lyons."
Tuesday Matinee—"Marble Heart."
Tuesday Night—"Fool's Revenge"
Wednesday Matinee—"Fool's Revenge."
Wednesday Night—"Hamlet."

With special scenery by the celebrated Artist, W. E. Bloom.

PRICES, - 10, 20 and 30c.

Ladies and Children admitted to any part of the house at matinees for 10 cents.
Reserved seats at Woodworth's drug store without extra charge.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights with Friday and Saturday matinees, James Owen O'Connor and his excellent Shakesperian company, in "Othello," "Richelieu," and "Shylock." Week of March 22, "Silver Spur."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

—SPECIAL.—

Sunday Night, March 14, 1886.

BELLE BOYD

THE FAMOUS REBEL SPY,

Will deliver her intensely interesting lecture entitled,

Dark Days, or Reminiscences of the War.

Admission, 25 cents to all parts of the house.

Reserved seats on sale Saturday morning.

PRINCESS SKATING RINK,
Corner of Main and Fulton streets

POLO!

TO-NIGHT.

RESERVES AGAINST PRINCESS TEAM.

Ladies admitted free.

FOOTE & O'CONNOR, Props.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of H. W. Matson, Architect, untill the 25th. day of March, at 1 o'clock p. M. for building a Parsonage for Rev. Gatch, in Madison Township, Allen county Ind Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the Architect, No. 32 East Main Street.

All Sorts of

hurts and many sorts of ails of man and beast need a cooling lotion. Mustang Liniment.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

Home as a Test of Character, Home as a Refuge,

Home as a Type of Heaven, Home as a Political Safeguard, Home as a School.

BROOKLYN, March 7.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage delivered his ninth address to the heads of families, this beautiful spring-like morning.

The main flat and galleries, aisles and vestibules were crowded when the preacher ascended the platform.

After the great congregation had sung the doxology, Mr. Talmage opened the services with prayer:

"Come Lord Jesus with all thy fire to comfort us, to bless and save us. Let there be no preliminary exercises in this service, but from the first step, into the last step, may we be in the full tide of the divine blessing, and as we begun with the doxology, so may we have doxology all the way through. Unto him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins with his own blood, and made us kings and priests, unto God forever.

O, God, we rejoice that we have been permitted to gather this morning at the marriage of the King's Son; that the invitations have gone forth. We thank Thee that the chapel is so large that all nations of the earth or heaven may come in and sit at the table, one God, one faith, one baptism, one God and father and one Lord Jesus Christ, one cross, one doxology and one heaven. We thank Thee that the invitation is so large that it includes all those who are athirst, and all those who are hungry, and all those who are weary, and all those who are persecuted, and all those who are sick, and all those who are dry, and that such vast multitudes have accepted the glorious offer of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Since the wise men brought their gifts to the manger, we thank thee that so many of the wise men of the world have followed them, and that gradually all scholarship, and all art, and all literature, has come to the feet of Jesus, and that he is going to reign to the ends of the earth. Holy! most holy!

We thank Thee for all that Thou has done to save us from sin and death. We thank Thee that we have the honor of being the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us. Thou hast given us the family name and hath promised us the family inheritance, and that there are everlasting dividends to be declared. We have no words this morning to express our gratitude.

Now, O Father, lead us up, until we reach the shining gate and go in and join the dear ones who have preceded us into the blessed country, where there are no tears, no partings, where there can be no death; and the glory and the honor and the victory shall be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever and ever. Amen.

Mr. Talmage read for his morning lesson the Twenty-third psalm, which he called a "pastoral poem."

The preacher read a list of eighty-one names of persons who joined the church today. This makes a total membership of 3,350 The new members were arranged in a semi-circle just under the gallery and after reading the covenants of the church the preacher descended to the floor and extended to the new members the right hand of fellowship.

This being communion Sabbath, the musical service was especially elaborate. After extending an invitation to "all who love Christ, of whatever creed, to join in the celebration of the Lord's supper," the quarterly collection for the poor of Brooklyn was taken, and while this was being done Mr. Peter Ali, the cornetist, most beautifully rendered Gounod's "There is a green hill far away."

THE SERMON.

Text—Mark v, 19: "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee."

There are a great many people longing for a wide field of usefulness. They admire Luther at the Diet of Worms, and wish they could have some occasion on which to display their power. They admire Paul making Felix tremble, and wish they could, on some such occasion, preach righteousness and temperance and the judgment to come. All they want is the opportunity. Now, says Christ, in my text, and says Paul in other parts of the Bible, I will show you a sphere where you can illustrate all that is good and grand and glorious in Christian character, and that is the domestic circle. If one is not faithful in a small sphere he would not be faithful in a resounding sphere. If Peter won't help the cripple at the gate he will never be able at Pentecost to preach three thousand souls into the kingdom. If Paul won't take the trouble to instruct in the way of salvation the Phillipia jailer he never will make Felix tremble. He who is not faithful in a small skirmish would not be faithful in a great battle.

The fact is you and I are placed in the sphere where we can grandly serve God, and instead of being bothered about some sphere that we might gain after a while, we had better be absorbed in the one question, "Lord, what wilt thou have me," now and here to do.

Our thoughts will this morning revolve around one word of this text, and that word is "home." If you should ask ten different men what home is, they would give you ten different answers. Home to one man is love at the hearth, plenty at the table, industry at the workstand, intelligence at the books and devotion at the altar. Peace, hovering like glorious joy clapping its hands in laughter; life, a tranquil lake pillowed on the ripples; sleep, the shadows.

Ask another man what home is and he will tell you it is want looking out of a poor, cheerless fire grate; need and hunger in an empty bread tray; the damp air shivering with curses; no bible on the shelf; children thieves and murderers in embryo; obscene songs their lullaby; no wave of Sabbath voices rolling over the door sill; shadow of the infernal wall; a furnace for forging chains; fuel for an unending funeral pile. Under these circumstances home is an awful word displayed with curses; it weeps with the ruin, it chokes with woe; it sweats with the death agony of despair. The word home in one case meaning everything that is bright, and in the other case everything that is terrific.

As God may help me this morning I want to speak to you about home as the test of character, home as a refuge, home as a political safeguard, home as a school and home as a type of heaven. Yes, my friend, home is the test of our character. Our disposition in public may be in gay costume, while in private it is in dishabille. As play actors may be very different on the stage from what they are behind the curtain, so our private life may be very different from our public life. Private life is often public life turned wrong side out. You sometime find a merchant who in business circles is kind and peaceful and suave and plausible and obliging all day long, damming back his sullenness and his irritability and his discontent; but at nightfall when he goes home the dam bursts, and scolding pours forth in floods and freshets. There are those who in public are full of plausibility, but their hearts are a swamp of nettles. Their life is a magnificent show window for a wretched stock of goods.

Their lips drop myrrh and aloes and frankincense, but they have a cowardly way of going home and dropping all the discontent and irritability in the domestic circle. Reputation is only the shadow of character, and a very small house may cast a long shadow. There are those who seem so kind and amiable and gentle in public, but who in their private life are most detestable. The reason men don't display their bad temper in public is for fear of being knocked down. They do not display their bad temper for the same reason that they do not let their note go to protest—it don't pay. For the reason they don't want men in their company to sell stock too cheap—it depreciates the stock. As at sundown, sometimes, after a very sunshiny day, there may be a tempestuous night, so many a man in public has been a philanthropist, while in private life he has been a Nero, with respect to his slippers and his gown. Audubon, the naturalist, took gun and pencil and visited all the great forests of America, to bring down and sketch the beautiful birds, and after an infinity of toil and exposure came back to Philadelphia with his manuscript complete, and he put them away in a trunk, expecting to be absent for some time to gather recreation and rest. But when he came back he found that the rats had devoured his manuscript and the work of many years, and then, without discomfiture, he again took his gun and pencil and visited all the forests of America and reproduced his immortal work. How many a man with a thousandth part of that love would have been utterly irreconcilable? Aye, some men over the loss of a pencil have blown as long and as stout as a northeast storm.

My friends, let us show piety a home. If we are not plausible, bright and kind in the domestic circle we are making a fraudulent and overissue of stock, and are as much to blame as a bank that has four or five hundred thouand dollars of bills in circulation, but no specie in the vaults. If we have all the graces in public and none of the Christian graces in private life, then our behavior in the world is merely because of a fear of the world; or it springs from the rooty, stagnant, frog-inhabited pool of our own selfishness. What we are in our home is our genuine character—that is, the character we have everywhere, whether we demonstrate it or not.

Again I speak to you of home as a refuge. Life is the United States army on the national road to Mexico. A long march with ever and anon a skirmish and a battle. At nightfall we stack arms, we pitch the tent, we hang up the war cap, we slumber on the knapsack waiting until the morning bugle calls us to marching and to action. Oh, it is pleasant in the eventide after the victory and surprises of a day to talk it all over by the still campfires of the home circle. This life is a stormy sea with shattered masts and torn sails and hulk aleak, and we put into the harbor of home; that is the dry dock where we go for repairs. The candle that shines through the window of the poor man's home is the lighthouse by which he is guided into the harbor. Children go out to meet their fathers, as outside the Narrows pilots take the helm of the ship. The doorsill is the wharf where the heavy load is lifted. Oh, that is the place where we can talk about what we have done without being charged with self-adulation. That is the place where we can love without being thought ungraceful, that is the place where we can express affection without being thought silly. Forlorn life—no home. Better die. It is better; the grave is broader and more cheery than the world, with no tent for marching, with no harbor from the cyclone, with no place to rest from the sin of gouge and greed and loss and gain. God pity the wretch that has no home.

Again I speak of home as a political safeguard. The safety of the state is built on the safety of the home. Why can't France come to be a blessed republic? Why will an inflammatory placard on the stone wall in the republic throw all Paris into consternation? Because France has not enough Christian homes yet. The Christian hearthstone is the corner stone of a republic. Confounded be all those babels of iniquity which would overpower and overshadow the home. The same storm that upsets the boat in which the family sail will sink the frigate of the constitution. Penitentiaries and jails and armies and navies are not our best national defense. The door of our home is the best fortress. Household utensils are the best artillery, and the chimneys of our houses are the grandest magazine of national power and strength. No home! No republic!

Again I speak to you of home as a school. The ground must be turned up by the subsoil plow, and harrowed and reharrowed, and then grubbed. New ground requires much less culture than old ground, and all the things planted there come up luxuriantly. All your smiles of approval for your children, all your genialty and behavior will have its effect, and be reflected back from the child's disposition.

All your adulations of temper, all your loss of equipoise, all that is ffate in disposition, will make a very bad fire in the character of your child forty years after you are dead. You unduly praise your child's intelligence, and in a little while you will find in him annoying affectation. You unwisely praise his beauty, and before long you will find him on the chair before the flattering mirror. Children are apt to be a second edition of their parents, and it is not always a "revised" or improved edition. Abraham begat Isaac, and so good goes from generation to generation; but Herod begat a wicked son, and so infamy may be transmitted. Oh, the responsibility, the infinite responsibility of parents! Make your home the most attractive place on earth. There is only one way in which you can keep your children home, and this is by making the home more attractive than any other place. Do not turn the blinds the wrong way. Do not expect little feet to keep steps to a dead march. If you have pictures do not cover your walls with the picture of "Death on a Pale Horse," or the "Massacre of the Innocents." If you have pictures let them rather be the "Mill by the Mountain Stream," or "Vacation Days," or "Children Amid Flowers," or "Saturday Night Marketing." Have you no hint of cheerfulness, grasshopper leap, and lambs frisk, and quails whistle, and streams chasing each other over the rocks at the top of the mountain clear down to the foot. Now it comes looking for a steep place to leap off at and talking just to hear itself talk. What if all the skys circle with tempest, or everlasting storms rage over the sea, or the mountain streams were frothing mad, frothing with mud and foam at the mouth, and there were no lark's carol, nor humming bird's trill, the water falls dancing amid the wolf's howl—then we might, perhaps, afford to have our disposition and our homes filled with shadows, but God has strewn such beauty and glory and sunshine all over the earth and all over the heavens. Let us be happy.

A dark home makes bad poys and bad girls in preparation to be bad men and bad women. Mark that. Above all, take Christian principles into your home. Is there in any of the homes of this congregation one family in which the voice of prayer is never heard? What, no supplication at night for protection? What, no thanksgiving in the morning for care?

What, O father and mother, will you answer to God and to judgment in regard to your influence over your children? Do you not know that in the tenth chapter of Jeremiah God says, "I will pour out My fury on the families that call not upon My name," and after you, O father and mother, are dead and gone, and the moss covers the inscription on your tombstone, will your children be able to take up the family Bible and see the marks and tears of contrition, and tears over consoling promises; tears wept by eyes long since closed in darkness? Why, father and mother, unless you warned your children against sin, unless you invited them to holiness and to God, unless you inculcated into their souls Christian principles, and they, after a while, fell into dissipation, and wandered out over the great Sahara desert of infidelity, I tell you plainly that on their dying bed and in the day of judgment they will curse you. How would it be if the parents standing in the room at home saw coming out of the wall the mortal and immortal history of their children. But I tell you the parent is now writing the history of the child, composing it into a song, or tuning it unto a groan.

My mind runs back this morning to one of the best of early homes. Prayer hovered over it. Peace, like an atmosphere, was in it. Parents, the personification of faith in trial and comfort in darkness. The two pillars of the home long ago crumbled into dust, but shall I ever forget that early home? Yes, when the flower forget the sun that warmed it. Yes, when the mariner forgets the star that guided him. Yes, when love dies at the hearth's altar, and memory empties its urn into forgetfulness. Then, home of my early childhood, I will forget thee. Family altar; father's importunity and mother's tenderness, the voices of affection; the funerals of our dead father and mother. With interlocked arms like the interlocking branches of trees, making a perpetual harbor of love and peace and kindness, then I will forget, but not until then. Oh, you who have such an early home you will never get away from the influence of it, and if you had a bad home you will never get away from the influence of that either.

I remark also that home is a type of heaven. Christ's love is home. Oh, how far He came to take us to our home. There came a time in the history of heaven when its most illustrious citizen must absent himself. He was not to go from beach to beach as you and I have often done. He was not to go from hemisphere to hemisphere as one of us have done, but he was to go from world to world out, and out, and out, and on, and on, and on, and down, and down, and down, until there was but one to greet him. Not even a hostler with his lantern went out to the King. Oh, how far he came to take us home. How far he travelled from his home. It is 95,000,000 miles from here to the sun, the astronomer tells us, and they tell us that our solar system is only one of the smaller wheels in the great machinery of the heavens, and that all this machinery turns around some greater center, which is supposed to be heaven. If this is so, oh, how far from home Christ came to take us to our home, and how homesick he must have been. We have been homesick sometimes a few miles away. Christ was so far that ninety-five million miles was only a short part of the distance. You have been homesick after a few days' absence. Christ was absent from his home thirty-three years. You sometimes are homesick amid picturesque surroundings, but Christ lodged in humble cots, and was on his way from being born in another man's barn, to be buried in another man's grave. Oh, how homesick he must have been. There has been other exiles, but none like this. Abraham in exile, John in exile from Epepus, Coseruki in exile, Emmet in exile from Ireland, Victor Hugo an exile from France, Kossuth an exile from Hungary; but O this expatriated our the Lord Jesus Christ. How far from His home did He come to fetch us home? I tell you, my brother and my sister, that this world is not our home; heaven is our home. No death will ever come within that gate; in all that land there will not be a single grave. Oh, what a home that will be! We parted with our friends at the door of the sepulcher; we will meet them again at the door of immortality face to face. Corruption, incorruption; mortality, immortality. The captstone of amethyst gates of pearl; but all this does not affect my soul so much as the thought of home. Once there, let the world roll like an everlasting sea; home, let thrones fall and empires scatter; home, let the world die in earthquakes, struggle and be buried amid falling spheres; home, let infinite ages roll on in irresistible sleep; home, sweet home; final home; home with God; home with the angels; home with each other.

Some time ago at the close of a very tiresome day I laid down on a lounge in my house to rest, and my children were in the room full of romp and hilarity and sport. While they were in there and I lying on the lounge resting, half asleep and half awake, I dreamed this dream: I was in a far-away country. It was not Persia, although more than oriental splendor crowned the place. It was not in the tropics, although more than tropical luxuriance filled the curtains. It was not Italy, although more than an Italian softness filled the air, and I went forth and I looked for the nettles and I found none; and I saw the sun rising and I wondered when the sun would set, and it sank not; and I looked out and I saw all the people were in holiday apparel, and I said, when will these workmen change their garb and put off this holiday attire, and again delve in mine and weld at the forge, but they did not put off their holiday apparel. And then I went into the suburbs of the city to see where the dead slept, and I saw castles and temples, but not a monument or a sarcophagus or white slab could I find. And I entered the great chapel, and I looked around and I said: Where do the poor sit in this chapel? Where are the hard benches? And the answer was, There are no poor in this land. Then I wandered along through the parts of the city where I thought I might find the homes of some that were destitute, and I found palaces of amber, and palaces of ivory, and palaces of gold, and not a sigh could I hear, and not a tear did I see, and I found that just as soon as any one reached that land he was rich irrespective of his earthly condition. And I went and sat down under the branch of a great tree, and I said to myself, where am I? and who am I? and whence did all this scene come? And then out from among the leaves and beds, and flowery paths, and across the bright stream there came a brilliant throng, and when I saw their steps, I thought I knew it, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew it, and so gloriously were they arrayed, so beyond anything I had ever imagined, that I bowed as a stranger to a stranger. After awhile they shouted welcome, welcome, and the whole mystery vanished, and I found that time had gone and eternity had come, and we were all together in our new home, in heaven; and I looked around and I said are they all here and the voices of many generations answered, "all here;" and while tears of gladness were running down our cheeks, and the cedars of Lebanon were clapping their hands and and all the bells of the city were chiming their welcome, we began to leap and shout and sing home! home! home! home! home! home!

DURABILITY OF RACES.

Dr. Schliemann's recent discoveries in the prehistoric Grecian city of Tyrns bring to the surface again that old question of from what race were those primitive inhabitants of the Mediterranean called Pelasgians? Perhaps Bayard Taylor's description of race characteristics of the population now inhabiting the mountainous districts of Greece, and the concurrent testimony of the characteristics of the people inhabiting the entire Alps, Carpathian and Pyrenean ranges of Europe, is as true as any, especially as it is borne out by the probabilities of the case that they were purely Celtic, with a mixture of Norsk and German. All race characteristics are at fault, if the art models of ancient Greece, in features, crainal development, complexion and hair are not those now more pertaining to Western Europe and nowhere common nor indigenous to Asia. Egyptian, Phœnician and Chaldean sculpture is as definitely characteristic of the salient features of the races of Asia to-day as they undoubtedly were 3,000 years ago. No one who has noticed the contour of a Babylonian statue but can see the familiar characteristics of the Hebrew strongly written. The sensuous type of Asia Minor is as strongly apparent in Phœnician relics as it is striking in the descendants of that one day Southern race. Egypt's massive Abysinian contour is also indelibly impressed upon their stone records and pictured in their earlier hieroglyphics. Just as typical and just as representative of North German, Scandinavian, and Iberian race-features is the statuary of Phidias, and as true as an indication, at least, of traditional origin, as the regular feature, blonde hair, and rosy-cheeked Grecians described by Bayard Taylor as the inhabitant of Mt. Athos to-day, and which is peculiar only to the races which Cæsar found inhabiting Spain, Great Britain, and the marshes of the Nervii, now included in Belgium, Holland and the Baltic provinces of Germany. Italian is to-day not so much Latin as Pelasgic, and the Italian language is believed by Max Muller to be more a survival of the ancient language of Italy than as an evolution from the Latin and Gothic. It serves to indicate how permanent race types are to certain localities. A conquering army or horde has never quite succeeded in eradicating the peoples indigenous to a certain soil, but, on the contrary, where they have not been driven out, they have become absorbed and disappeared in the indigenous characteristic, and whether this is due to the superior strength of the original blood of prominent race types, or to climatic influence that molds all types alike according to a natural condition that produced the characteristics of the original race, the question presents a curious and interesting view of race possibilities. Almost the only exception to this law has been in the settlement of America, where the incoming race has driven the indigenous race from the soil; but even this was due to want of numbers, and the purely nomadic character of the Indian race. Had it been ordinarily fecund, and attached to the soil by agriculture, it is probable the case would have been far different; but even as it is, the round, massive, rosy-cheeked Englishman has changed into the tall, lank, straight-haired, sallow and high-cheek-boned New Englander, in the space of two centuries, and leads to curious speculations as to what he will become in twenty centuries.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

Tennyson's May Queen.

Who knows but if the beautiful girl who died so young had been blessed with Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" she might have reigned on many another bright May day. The "Favorite Prescription" is a certain cure for all those disorders to which females are liable.

The sale will be continued at fifty cents on the dollar at the Banner Bankrupt Clothing House. 9 d-5t w-1t

Fish for Lenten Season.

New Smoked Halibut, 12c per pound.
Extra Mess Mackerel, 15c per pound.
Family Mackerel, 2c each.
Holland and Scotch Herring, $1 per keg.
Prepared Codfish 5 and 7c per pound,
10-tf FRUIT HOUSE.

Never in history in this city had any man the pluck to offer clothing at fifty cents on the dollar. Banner Bankrupt Clothing Co. 9d-5tw-1t

A TEMPEST IN A TEA POT.

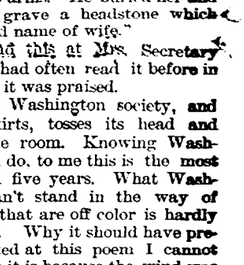
How Mrs. James Brown Potter Shocked Washington Society.

(Special Correspondence.)

WASHINGTON, March 9. — Mrs. James Brown Potter, who has so scandalized this city and hurt its little feelings by reciting "'Ostler Joe" at Mrs. Secretary Whitney's reception, is a beautiful woman and a leader of fashionable society in New York. She is one of the few fashionable New York women who seem to have brains enough to strike out and do anything out of their own heads. Mrs. Potter is perhaps 25 to 30 years old; is tall, slender and as graceful as a lily. She has blue eyes, dark brown hair and rosy cheeks. She is a more beautiful woman than Mrs. Langtry.

If she had had to earn her own living, she would have made a successful actress. But she is rich, therefore there was no question of that. Young, talented, rich and beautiful, with a noble health and flow of high spirits, time hung heavily on her hands. She had to do something or burst. So she turned her attention to elocution and amateur theatricals.

The picture represents the lady in her box at the opera. It is from a photograph. Let me hasten to say that this is the fashionable New York and Washington costume for a lady who sits in a box at the opera. It's English, you know.



MRS. POTTER.

Instead of going on the regular stage Mrs. Potter began to work up amateur theatricals in New York society. In this she was very successful. Some of the amateur performances of the circle to which she belongs are nearly as good as professional ones of a respectable class of talent. Much interest is manifested in this sort of amusement, and very pretty entertainments are given for charitable and other purposes.

It seems as though all the fates have combined to shower good fortune upon Mrs. Potter. She is as popular in society as she is rich and pretty. Her life has floated on like a white-winged bird down a lily-fringed lake until she came to Washington. Here she ran against a snag. Society here has got its back up bristling, and hisses like an old cat. Mrs. Potter is very good natured. She gives poems and recitations at evening receptions in society. They have added to the pleasure of the occasion, for the lady recites extremely well, and they were always greatly applauded until she came to Washington.

One of the poems she recites is named "'Ostler Joe." It is by George R. Sims, an English writer. It narrates how a vain and pretty girl married a homely, honest hostler. After two or three years of happy married life the wife ran away with somebody else and left her husband and baby. She led a wicked life, sank to the lowest depths and was dying in "humble lodgings." Joe, the hostler husband, went to her, forgave her and she died in his arms. He buried her and placed upon her grave a headstone which "bears the honored name of wife."

Mrs. Potter read this at Mrs. Secretary Whitney's, as she had often read it before in New York, where it was praised.

Shu! Shu! says Washington society, and gathers up its skirts, tosses its head and marches out of the room. Knowing Washington society as I do, to me this is the most stupendous joke in five years. What Washington society can't stand in the way of things and people that are off color is hardly worth mentioning. Why it should have pretended to be shocked at this poem I cannot understand, unless it is because the wind was in the wrong quarter last week. The spectacle of Washington society being shocked at anything is an edifying one.

SARAH KING.

The Capitol Turned Crimson.

Heaven knows if Washington has yet finished blushing. About a week ago the face of polite society in that simple, Jeffersonian city was so suffused with the hue of outraged innocence that the dome of the Capitol glowed as if sunrise had been mispiaced, and the most abstemious citizens mistook themselves for topers. Nor was the hue of shocked propriety more widespread than its cry that went up all over the land. Old women of all genders in the social circles of the greatest altitude gasped with as much energy as the rare atmosphere they live in allowed, and the lady newspaper correspondents dipped their pens in gall and red ink and sent the prevalent shudder vibrating toward the Mississippi.

It was not a very terrible thing that raised all this clamor. A young matron of talent, whose home is in New York, took part in a charitable entertainment in another lady's house and read a poem which shocked the delicate sensibilities of her audience. But it is safe to assert that if the Washington people never hear anything more shocking to their moral senses than "'Ostler Joe" they will be in great luck. A mountain has been made out of a molehill, and of rather a modest molehill at that.—Life.

The ride through Belgium on the way to Cologne again renewed our acquaintance with precision. But not that alone impressed us. At first we said that more was wasted on one farm in America than in the whole of Belgium. And very soon we declared that more was wasted in one American kitchen than in the whole Kingdom of Leopold II. Every foot of ground is cared for as few gardens in the New World are cared for. There is no room wasted by fences, only occasionally a narrow hedge marks a boundary. Slight depressions as drains divide one piece of land from another, while, in the late fall and winter, large areas lie wholly under water, and no lines are distinguishable. We learned that these lands are the most valuable, since here the grass grows earliest in the spring—so early that a third crop is cut in October. Women mow the grass with a small scythe, and we realized how carefully every blade was hoarded when we saw one girl fish out a handful that had fallen into a pool of water. The strips of land, few of which are large enough to be called fields, are as closely shaven as our city lawns, while it is one of the rarest sights to see a tree standing alone. The trees are either along the roads or in the spaces set apart for a forest. One wonders in seeing the hard, clean roads, if the leaves have not dared to fall, and presently a heap of leaves, which have been carefully swept together, will come into view.

No FEWER than 164 members of this Congress were collegians.

PSORIASIS

And All Itching and Scaly Skin and Scalp Diseases Cured by Cuticura.

PSORIASIS, Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Lichen, Pruritus, Scald Head, Milk Crust, Dandruff, Barbers', Bakers', Grocers' and Washerwoman's Itch, and every species of Itching, Burning, Scaly, Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, are positively cured by Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier externally, and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier internally, when physicians and all other remedies fail.

PSORIASIS, OR SCALY SKIN.

I, John J. Case, D. D. S., having practiced dentistry in this county for th rty-five years and being well known to thousands hereabouts, with a view to help any who are afflicted as I have been for the past twelve years, testify that the Cuticura Remedies cured me of Psoriasis, or ScalySkin, in eight days, after the doctors with whom I had consulted gave me no help or encouragement.

JOHN J. CASE, D. D. S.,
Newton, N. J.

DISTRESSING ERUPTION.

Your Cuticura Remedies performed a wonderful cure last summer on one of our customers, an old gentleman of seventy years of age, who suffered with a fearfully distressing eruption on his head and face, and who had tried all remedies and doctors to no purpose.

J. F. SMITH & CO.,
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MORE WONDERFUL YET.

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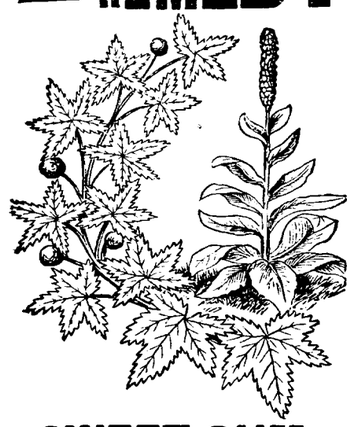

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[mar6-dawlm]

The Daily Sentinel.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1886.

THREE SUITORS;

—OR—

My Face is My Fortune,

—BY—

GEORGE W. AINSLEE,

AUTHOR OF "HER LIFE'S ROMANCE," "THE ADOPTED ONE," "A MUTUAL WRONG," ETC., ETC., ETC.

Just," interposed a gentleman, standing by, with a glance at the speaker which pointed his words, "as the most charming women are invariably flirts or coquettes."

"Mr. Charteris—or Tom Charteris, as he is popularly called—is both a flirt and a fortune-hunter, as I suppose you know," the young lady went on, observing the covert accusation of her admirer only by a quick silencing motion of her fan, and a slight arch of her accurately-pencilled eyebrows.

"Where did you meet him, Miss Melfort? In the country? How odd! I wonder what he was doing there? Visiting a relative—a gentleman? Prehaps the gentleman has a daughter? If there is an heiress-cousin in the case Mr. Charteris may throw over Miss Craven. No heiress?—his cousin not married? And old gentleman, perhaps, whose heir he expects to be? No, again,"—with a laugh; "then I can't imagine what takes him to the country, unless his relative is a fast man. He has been trying desperately for the last three years to marry his cousin, Henrietta Craven, who is immensely rich, but very young. Her mother has been trying as desperately to prevent it, and has taken her off to the south of Europe now. Mr. Charteris won't get that fortune if Lady Craven can prevent it. You understood that it was a family arrangement, did you? So it is on the part of Mrs. Charteris and her son; but the Cravens don't like it. Mrs. Charteris has been moving heaven and earth in favor of the marriage; but I don't think she will succeed."

This was the burden of many conversations with many different people; and if Constance had been seeking, instead of as much as possible shunning, proof that Charteris was "nothing if not a fortune-hunting flirt," as another of her young lady friends expressed it, she could not but have been satisfied with the success of her quest for information. But it was the instinct of love—whether it be true or false love, genuine passion, or any of the counterfeits that often deceive the lover himself—to be incredulous of all accusations against its idols; and this instinct had been strong with her throughout the whole course of her acquaintance with Charteris, notwithstanding the counter-current of secret doubt alluded to.

She listened to the gossip she could not avoid hearing, just as she had listened to Fred's warning, with repressed indignation and annoyance, and also with some wilful blindness. With an acknowledged feeling that there was truth—if even partial—in what was said, she still believed that jealousy on the part of Fred, and envy and ill-nature on that of the gossiping people she met, had much to do with the matter. And so, up to this time, she had never willingly thought evil of her fascinating lover.

Now, however, as she stood motionless by the table with her eye fixed on vacancy, she was thinking of the many almost disreputable things concerning Charteris which she heard unwillingly, and as unwillingly remembered now; and the hope she had always cherished that he would ultimately prove the injustice of it all—prove that he loved *her* better than he did his cousin's fortune—this hope was shaken to its foundation. There was something like contempt in her face as she turned away and walked to a window.

Glancing aimlessly out, she saw Fred and Mr. Carington standing on the gravel walk before the house. The latter was putting on his gloves, and the next minute mounted a horse a servant was holding for him, nodded to Fred, and rode away.

Constance watched Fred, with a look of indecision, as he came up the steps, entered the house, and was evidently taking his way up-stairs. He had passed the door of the sitting-room, when suddenly her resolution was taken, and she turned after him.

"Fred!" she said, rather hesitatingly, "Are you going to see Major March now?" she asked, as he turned and paused at the sound of her voice.

"I was going, but I am not in a particular hurry if you want anything with me," he answered, coming to her side.

"No," she said; but added, almost immediately, "Yes, I do. I want to ask you a question. Come here a minute, please."

As he followed her into the room, she pointed to the letter lying on the table

"How did that come here?" she inquired. "Do you know who wrote it?"

Fred looked a little surprised, more at her manner than at the presence of the letter, which he took up as he answered, "No; I did not observe it before."

He glanced at the superscription, and there was a sudden gleam of intelligence in his eyes; but he only said, in a matter-of-fact way, "This is Belmont's writing. If you remember, he told you yesterday morning, when we met him, that he intened writing to Mr. Charteris soon, so I suppose he filled up his leisure time last night by doing so, and forgot to take his letter away this morning when he left."

He tossed the epistle carelessly back on the table as he added, "Now I shall go up to see March, and will come back and let you know how he is getting on. The doctors are still with him."

"You will find me in the garden," said Constance. "I am going to gather some roses for him."

CHAPTER XXIV.

When Fred went, half an hour afterwards, to look for Constance in the garden, he was not a little shocked to see, as she glanced up at the sound of his approaching footsteps, that her eyes were full of tears. She was sitting in a listless attitude; the roses she had been gathering were heaped beside her on the rustic seat she occupied; altogether, her appearance gave the idea of profound dejection.

Such a mood seemed to Fred to be so unnatural to Constance, so unprecedented in all his experience, that he looked aghast for an instant, and then advanced impulsively, exclaiming, "What is the matter? It is not possible that you are crying, Constance?"

"Yes, I have been crying a little," she answered, with a smile that looked as unfamiliar as did her air of depression—a smile half assumed, half sad. "But pray don't be alarmed," she went on. "There is nothing serious in the matter, I assure you. I was only dropping a few tears over what I am afraid is a lost illusion. How is Major March?"

"Better," was the answer, "I suppose the danger is over for the present, if he can be prevailed on to be prudent. But I am afraid that will be difficult with a man not at all accustomed to illness or confinement of any sort."

"You suppose the danger is over for the present," said Constance. What do you mean? I don't understand."

"Why, you know there is a charge of shot scattered under and about the shoulder-blade, which ought to be removed, but as any farther loss of blood just now would be certain death, there is nothing to be done but to allow the wound to heal without touching it. Then, when his strength is entirely restored, these pellets will have to be extracted—some of them at least. The doctors were torturing his shoulder when I went in; that is Fairbrother was replacing the bandages which were necessarily put on so hurridly yesterday evening as to cause great pain. The wound is doing very well, they say, and there is no indication, as yet, of fever. But old Chalmers is so strenuous in his orders about quiet, that I see they are afraid it may come on."

"How does he look?" asked Constance.

"Deadly pale," answered Fred. "Literally there is no more life-color in his face and hands than there is in that linen," pointing to her handkerchief, which lay on the bench beside the roses. "Of course his bronze skin is not precisely that tint, though, comparatively speaking, it is very white; which," he adds, "is not at all surprising, considering the amount of blood he has lost. I didn't think there was so much blood in a man's whole body as flowed from his wound."

"Does he talk much?" asked Constance.

Fred shook his head. "He doesn't talk at all; he is too weak. He kept his eyes shut while they were handling his shoulder, and showed no sign of what he was suffering, except that his lips were compressed. The pain must have been very acute."

"How dreadful all this sounds!" said the girl, with something of a shudder. "I can't imagine Major March in such helpless condition. Oh, I am so sorry for him, Fred! To think of being shut up in a dark room, with two physicians mounting guard over one. "And I suppose it will be some time before he is perfectly well again?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Fred.

He spoke rather absently. He was wondering what "lost illusion" Constance was weeping over.

Reclining at her feet on the grass, which was still soft and green in this soft shady spot, he looked up at her, thinking to himself, while mechanically answering some more questions which she asked about Major March, "It is something about the puppy she is in love with, no doubt. She doesn't like his intimacy with Belmont. Heaven grant she may discover in time that her fancy for him has been only an illusion! At all events she cannot marry him while he is engaged to another woman. And I hope Grace is right in her belief that *he* cannot, or will not, marry a woman without fortune."

If Constance could have read this last thought she might have considered it a selfish one, perhaps; but she would have been mistaken. It was prompted by no jealous lover's feeling.

"Yonder comes Grace," said Constance, a few minutes later; and glancing towards the wood which is in sight from this place, Fred saw the small slender figure approaching. He sprang to his feet.

"I could not tear myself away while you were alone!" he said, with a laugh. "But I ought to go; and I shall go now, and see what I can do in the way of making Fairbrother and Chalmers as comfortable as possible. They are both going to remain to-day, to look after their patient; and I fear they will find it dull business."

"They might entertain each other, I think," said Constance. "But if you are going, take these flowers to the house, please, and tell Mary to put them in water," gathering up her roses and placing them in his hands. "And this afternoon, if Major March still continues better, you shall take them to his room, and tell him how sorry I am for him.

The next morning the gallant Major was pronounced very decidedly better.

"Not out of danger," said Doctor Chalmers, at the breakfast table. "The least imprudence would bring on fever—and the worst sort of fever—a low typhoid form. But he is progressing favorably, so far; and if he will be very careful, avoid all exertion and excitement, why, he will do very well now. Don't let him talk about business,"—this to Mr. Carington. "I see he is inclined to be unruly on that point. He asked for you yesterday; said he must see you about some business matter of urgent importance, and we had no little difficulty in putting him off. I was glad you were not here; and the best thing you can do will be to go to town again without seeing him this morning. He must not talk, or think even, about anything exciting—I mean anything that would excite his mind to active thought. Perfect quiescence of mind and body is what he needs at present. Mr. Osborne" (to Fred), "I wish you would remember this. Don't talk to him, or let him talk to you. As to his diet, Mrs. Pennel will attend to that, and will give him what little medicine he must take. She is a capital nurse. It's very fortunate she happens to be here."

"I shall do my best," said Fred, smiling. "But I agree with you in thinking that your patient is inclined to be wilful. You must not hold me responsible if he injures himself. If he insists on talking, what can I do to prevent it?"

"Tell him that's against my orders, and then walk out of the room."

"You are always for high-handed measures, Doctor Chalmers," said Constance, laughing. "You always do treat your patients as if they were refactory children."

"Only when they *are* refactory," answered the doctor, "and then they deserve to be treated so. When a man calls me in as a medical practitioner, it is my business to tell him what to do, and his to do what I tell him."

"But human nature is weak," said Constance, "and when one is ill it is very hard to be patient and reasonable, I think."

"Very hard indeed," said Doctor Fairbrother, looking at his colleague with a smile. "Doctor Chalmers will concede that, I am sure."

"It is necessary," responded Doctor Chalmers, uncompromisingly, ignoring the fact that he is himself the most impatient of men when he is ill; "and such being the case a man of sense will be reasonable whether he be patient or not."

"I'm not sure of that," said Mr. Carington. "There's as much difference between Philip sick and Philip well as between Philip drunk and Philip sober. For instance, I flatter myself I am a mild-mannered man when I am well and not a fool, but let my familiar demon *tic* lay his finger on one of my cheek-bones, and I am as irascible as any food you will find, and as intractable to control."

"I can certify to the truth of that statement," said Doctor Chalmers, dryly; "but there is some excuse for a man's irascibility when the dolourcux is gnawing his facial nerves. Major March will have no such pain as that to endure—no pain at all to speak of—unless he should bring on fever by some inexcusable imprudence. All he has to do for the present is to keep quiet—perfectly quiet."

"Will he not be more likely to satisfy you in that respect," asked Fred, "if he is allowed to see Mr. Carington and say whatever it is he wants to say than if he is kept from doing so? I should think it might be more injurious to a sick person to be thwarted in his humor than to make a temporary exertion in gratifying it."

"You are right," said Doctor Fairbrother—"eh, Chalmers?"

The latter hesitated a moment; but then he replied a little reluctently, "Well, yes; he ought not to be thwarted, certainly, for *that* is the sort of thing to irritate and excite him. If his mind is set upon it, I suppose he must have his own way. I'll see, however, if I can't induce him to put off attending to his business until he is able to talk."

Accordingly, when he paid his parting visit to Major March after breakfast before leaving for the day, Doctor Chalmers endeavored to convince that gentleman of the propriety of letting his business matters take care of themselves for the present.

The more entirely you discharge your mind of all thought whatever," he said, the better it will be for you. Every exertion you make, whether physical or mental, accelerates the circulation, and hereby increases the danger of fever, you see. Nor is it merely fever we apprehend, though in your weak state that would be dangerous, to say the least. But besides this we have another thing to consider. We find that a stray shot glanced from the direction which the others took, and lodged in the armpit, in close proximity to the brachial artery. This is serious. We have not yet ascertained its exact place, because it is impossible to do anything about it at present, and it would be useless therefore, as well as injurious, to harass you by an examination. The moment that your strength permits we shall see to it, as we fear the formation of an aneurism. I need not explain what the result would be if not attended to in time."

"I understand," said the wounded man, in a faint voice. "I heard what Doctor Fairbrother said on the subject yesterday morning, and that is why I am so anxious to accomplish this business, which is important. He is to make my will."

"To do so, I hope and believe it is unnecessary," said Dr. Chalmers, with great gravity. "If I see reason to change my opinion on that point, I shall give you immediate warning of the fact."

Major March smiled faintly.

"Let me see Carington for five minutes," he said. "I shall not excite myself, I assure you. A few words will explain all that is requisite; and when the thing is done, my mind will be tranquil."

"Very well," said the doctor: "A wilful man must have his way, I suppose. I shall go and send Mr. Carington here; but recollect, I warn you distinctly that in exerting and exciting yourself you are risking your own life."

He put his finger on the pulse of the hand that lay like a piece of marble on the coverlet, and found it, though very languid, increased, perceptibly in strength since he felt it but about two hours before.

"Your pulse is improving," he exclaimed, with a glow of satisfaction. "You are doing very well indeed; so well, that I can conscientiously assure you that you may safely let the making of your will stand over for the present. However, since you are so set on it, it may be better for you to get it off your mind."

Major March proceeded to do this in the most expeditious manner possible when, a few minutes afterwards, Mr. Carington appeared at his bedside. He was never a man to waste words needlessly about anything; and on the present occassion he said tersely, speaking slowly and with evident effort, "Mr. Carington, I want you to make my will."

He paused an instant, took breath, and then proceeded: "Being of sound mind, but apprehensive that I may die of the wound from which I am suffering, in the name of God, I make this my last will and testament. I give and bequeath everything both real and personal estate—of which I may die possessed to Constance Melfort, her heirs and assigns, and constitute my two friends, Frederick Carington and Alfred Melfort, my executors."

Another pause. Even the exertion of uttering these few sentances have tired him too much. But he had not finished. He motioned to his friend to wait, and closed his eyes.

Mr. Carington remained silent, looking at him with an expression of some doubt and anxiety, but not thinking it worth while to remonstrate against further effort; and at this moment Mrs. Pennel came in softly, and approached the bed.

"Here is your beef-tea," she said. "I am sorry to disturb you, Major; but the doctor charged me that you must take it regularly."

She lifted his head and held a cup to his lips, and he swallowed willingly the tea and wine that he hoped would give him the strength he needed, and especially wished for just now.

"Thank you, Mrs. Pennel," he said, as he laid his head back on the pillow. "I am very glad to get it."

Then when she left the room as noiselessly and as quietly as she had entered, he looked up at Carington, and resumed his instructions: "I desire that she—Miss Melfort—shall enter into immediate possession of the property, and enjoy the uncontrolled possession of it, so long as she remains unmarried; but that when she marries, her estate shall be settled on herself in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of its alienation from her, even by her own act."

He drew a deep breath, as if of relief, as he concluded; then, after a moment's silence, to rest, said, "Put that into legal form, old man, and let me sign it. Fred Osborne and Mrs. Pennel can witness it."

Mr. Carington assents.

"I shall go down stairs and write it out," he says; "and you shall go to sleep meanwhile."

"Don't loose any time, Carington."

"You may depend on it that I shall not, for I see you won't be satisfied until it is done, and I shall get it over as soon as possible."

He kept his word. In a very short time he returned, read over the instrument he had prepared to the testator, who approved it. Fred and Mrs. Pennel were summoned, and it was signed and witnessed.

CHAPTER XXV.

As Fred had predicted, his letter to Mr. Melfort, written the day after the accident occurred, was not received for two or three days. As soon as he did receive it, however, that gentleman hastened home, and was more than glad on his arrival to find the wounded man much better than he had dared to hope.

Major March was still confined to his bed, but was beginning somewhat to regain his strength; and though his face was perfectly colorless, his smile and voice were quite natural as he extended his hand when, on awaking one morning, he saw his friend and host standing by his bedside

"This is kind of you, Melfort," he said; "but I am sorry you should have been at the trouble and inconvenience of coming back so soon after you had left, on account of this awkward escapade of mine. Mrs. Melfort and the rest of the family are well, I hope?"

"Upon my word," said Mr. Melfort, with a smile, "I call that a warm welcome to give a man who has been traveling all night posthaste to see you! No, the children are not well, or my wife would have come with me."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Major March, "I am extremely sorry to hear it!"

"I am glad to hear such favorable accounts of you."

"Thank you," said Major March; "but I don't feel as if I deserved any sympathy. And if I had had my wits about me, I should have requested Fred not to disturb your visit by mentioning the matter."

"I am afraid I could not have regarded such a request as that, Major, even if you had made it," said Fred, who was standing by. "I knew Mr. Melfort would wish and expect to hear of it."

"Unquestionably!" responded that gentleman.

"And you would have heard of it through the newspapers if I had not written," said the young man.

"Yes," answered Mr Melfort. "The same mail that carried your letter brought the *Cisborough Gazette*, which contained a most circumstantial account of the affair. My wife and I were terribly shocked, my dear March."

"Pray don't be concerned on my account," said Major March, smiling. "Fred has proved an excellent host. You see how well I am coming on under his care."

"With every disposition to make myself useful, there has not been much opportunity for me to do so," he said, "except in the way of a watch-dog to keep your room free from all invasion of friendly visitors."

"Well," remarked Mr. Melfort, "the result is highly satisfactory, whoever deserves the credit for it. I must write to my wife by this evening's post to relieve her and Ethel's anxiety."

Constance and Grace were sitting outside that evening in the gloaming, when Fred joined them. He had just come from Cisborough, whither he went with Mr. Melfort to see him off by train.

"Papa got off all right, I suppose?" said Constance, when Fred had returned.

"Yes," was the reply; "although, as usual, he was sure he would be left behind until he was actually standing on the railway platform."

Constance laughed, but it seemed to Fred that the sound lacked its accustomed ring of genuine and enjoyable mirth. She had been very subdued in manner during the past week, whether from anxiety about Major March, or because of the house being necessarily very still and dull, or from uncertainty about Charteris the young fellow had not been able to decide in his own mind.

As he settled himself now at the feet of the two girls, half-reclining on the lower step, was flattering himself that at last he was about to secure himself a little of her society. Grace would be going home presently, he knew, and feeling himself off duty at the time, he was at liberty to attend her, and, of course, Constance would go also. He was so happy in the anticipation of this coming pleasure, that the disappointment was correspondingly great when a chance interfered to prevent his enjoying it, after all.

Grace always went home early, and as soon as the soft purple haze of the gloaming was gone, she rose from her seat, saying, with a sigh, "This is very pleasant, but I must tear myself away. You will both walk home with me, won't you?"

"Of course, if you will go," answered Constance. "But it is early yet; why should you be in such a hurry? Do sit down again."

But Grace demured to this.

"I had much rather stay longer if I had the choice," she said, "but it is time to go."

Constance did not press the point farther, but rose and went with her friend into the hall.

Fred was standing at the hall door, gazing at her with all his heart in his eyes, when there was a step on the stair rather a heavy step, and, looking up, he saw Mr. Carington descending.

He, too, was much struck by the appearance of Constance. For the first time he was half inclined to think there might be some little excuse for what he always considered poor March's infatuation about this girl. "It is well he cannot see her as she stands just now," she is certainly very handsome, very brilliant-looking," he said to himself.

"I have a message for you, Miss Melfort," he said to her, stopping her as she was turning to leave the hall, "March says he knows that it is your custom to sing every evening at this hour, and he begs you will not refrain from doing so on his account any longer. It will not disturb him in the least; on the contrary, he would like, he says, to hear some music."

"Would he?" said Constance simply. "Then it will give me great pleasure to sing or play for him. But I assure you it is not an *invariable* custom with me to open the piano of an evening; and if you think there is the least danger of disturbing him, please tell me, Mr. Carington."

"There is not," was the reply. "It would really give him pleasure, I feel quite sure."

"Oh, then, I shall be glad to do that!" she exclaimed. "I have been wishing ever since he was hurt that there was something I could do for him."

She spoke quite unaffectedly, and with such evident sincerity, that Mr. Carington smiled on her quite cordially.

"You will have to excuse me Grace," said Constance, "unless you will wait a while. You cannot? Then good night!"

She went into the drawing room to the piano, while Grace and Fred passed out into the open air.

It would not be difficult to imagine what the subject of conversation was between them as they walked slowly onward. This was the first time they had had an opportunity to be alone together since Fred's return, and Grace did not wait for him to ask the questions which she knew were coming to his lips. She told him at once, for his comfort, that Mr. Charteris was not now a pedestial of reverance, or even respect, in Constance's opinion. Not that the latter had said so to her in words. But Grace was too shrewd not to be able to read signs as well as words, and too sympathetic not to understand the fluctuations of Constance's feelings.

(To be Continued.)

BILIOUSNESS

Is very prevalent at this season, the symptoms being bitter taste, offensive breath, coated tongue, sick headache, drowsiness, dizziness, loss of appetite. If this condition is allowed to continue, serious consequences may follow. By promptly taking Hoods' Sarsaparilla, a fever may be avoided or premature death prevented. It is a positive cure for biliousness. Sold by all druggists.

Frank Wyatt, of Shelbyville, a young man who stole $100 from his father, Samuel Wyatt, came into court yesterday morning, and on a plea of guilty was given three years in the penitentiary.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE Cod Liver Oil, With Hypophosphates, Especially Desirable for Children.

A lady physician at the Child's Hospital, at Albany, N. Y., says: "We have been using Scott's Emulsion with great success, nearly all of our patients are suffering from bone diseases and our physicians find it very beneficial."

Fire of an unknown origin destroyed the freight and passenger depot of the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago railroad at Mitchell. A large amount of freight and baggage was destroyed.

Coughs and Hoarseness. The irritation which induces coughing immediately relieved by the use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Sold only in boxes.

The Investigation of a scandal in the Floyd county poor asylum resulted in the expulsion of an old pauper of seventy-five years and a partially paralyzed female pauper of thirty years.

I think Ely's Cream Balm is the best remedy for catarrh I ever saw. I never took anything that relieved me so quickly and I have not felt so well for a long time. I used to be troubled with severe headaches two or three times a week, but since using the balm have only had one and that was very light compared with the former ones.—A. J. Alcorn, agent U. P. Ry Co., Eaton, Co.

I find Ely's Cream Balm good for catarrh of long standing.—M. N. Lasley, 1934 West Chestnut St., Louisville.

Work upon the government building at New Albany will be commenced May 1. The government has purchased and paid for a site.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferers at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Jan. 19-eodawly.

Free gravel road bonds to the amount of $7,500 will be redeemed by Montgomery county on April 13.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, and relieves consumptive persons in advanced stages of the disease. Price 25 cts. *Caution.* The Genuine *Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup* is sold only in white wrappers, and bears our registered Trade-Marks to wit: *A Bull's Head in a Circle, a Red String Centaur-Label,* and the fac-simile signatures of *John W. Bull & A. C. Meyer & Co.,* Sole Prop's, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

TRADE MARK

Chew Lange's Plugs—The great Tobacco Antidote!—Price 10 Cts.—Sold by all Druggists.

KEMP'S BALSAM FREE.

Call at our store and get Free sample Bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the most successful Cough and Lung Remedy ever sold. YOU WILL see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Large size 50 cts. and $1.

KEMP'S BALSAM FREE.

Respectfully,
march 12-1y DREIER & BRO.

THE LADIES.

A Column of Chat About Mothers, Old Maids and Young Maids.

THE SEXES DRIFTING APART.

Evil Effects of a Too Thoughtless Use of Slippers—Fishing by Ladies, Etc., Etc.

The Maiden's Suitors.

SUITOR NO. 1.

Sweet maiden with the face so fair,
And eyes that like the diamonds shine,
Bright maiden with the queenly air,
Once more I ask, wilt thou be mine?
Oh, give consent and be my wife,
Some pity kindly show to me;
I love thee better than my life,
And cheerfully would die for thee.

THE MAIDEN.

Oh, do not tease me now, I pray;
Talk love to me some other day.

SUITOR NO. 2.

The reason why I've called to-day
Is this—er—well, upon my life,
I scarcely know just what to say—
And—er—well, will you be my wife?
You'll never know life's cares or ills,
In silks and jewels you shall shine,
I'll foot your millinery bills,
And—well, in brief, will you be mine?

THE MAIDEN.

This is so sudden! But—oh, la!
I think you'd better speak to pa.

—*Boston Courier.*

A Woman of Business.

A woman entered a second-hand store on King street and said: "What do you buy here?" "Most everything," replied the proprietor. The visitor had a dried-apple pie under her arm. The pie was minus a good-sized bite. "Well," said the visitor, "I bought this pie of a baker. I don't like it. I will sell it to you for money enough to get me some soda crackers." She failed to strike a bargain and passed into the street remarking, "You find more humbug in the world every day."—*Troy Times.*

She Misunderstood Him.

"I would like," said the timid lover to the maiden who had just accepted him, "I would like, since we cannot marry at once, to keep our engagement a secret for the present."

"Why?" asked the astonished damsel.

"Why, the fact is my parents would disown me—"

"Disown you! Am I not worthy to be their daughter? Is my family not as good as yours? Am I not—"

"One moment, darling; one little moment. You are mistaken."

"Mistaken! I would not marry you—"

"Stay, I implore you. You, my own, are better than I. You are rich; I am poor. My parents would disown me—if I got left this time."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The Sexes Drifting Apart.

But I tell you what some Boston women would like. They would like a temple consecrated to them and dedicated to Diana, where they might carry out the scheme of Tennyson's princess—where they could teach and yet conceal their ignorance, where they could be listened to forever, and without interruption, and where all the hardly concealed intellectual ambition of a certain class might have room and opportunity for constant display. It is a strange fact that with the progress of civilization there come always two distinct results. First, the intercourse between men and women becomes easier and pleasanter; second, there is a tendency on the part of both men and women to separate their interests and even their pleasures.

A certain portion of the day and of the evening is given up to common pleasures, but there is a large part of each day when both men and women prefer to be apart. I think myself it is a good thing, and so long as what separates the sexes is their distinctive duties, it is well enough. But among the growing leisure class in the East, who have no duties, these hours of separation are devoted to amusement. You would be astonished to know how many society women in New York and Boston both smoke and drink. To have nothing to do is a curse to men, but it is a deadly poison to women. They are not, as a rule, so capable of self-amusement as are men, and they are prone, as in the matter of smoking and drinking, to tamper with the coarser "passe-temps" of men. Out of this grows a boldness, a carelessness about the minor delicacies of social life, which is noticeable the moment one touches the borders of society in Boston, New York, or Washington.—*Boston Letter in Kansas City Times.*

Women's Slippers.

A gentleman who had traveled a great deal and spent some years in England was speaking of English women and expatiated, as usual, on their good health as compared with American women, and the long walks they took, and finished with the remark: "But the English ladies never wear their thick shoes in the house; they always change and put on slippers." This idea seems to prevail to a great extent among American women also, that it is a proper thing to wear slippers in the house. This may be a good plan for those who live in houses kept at a summer heat at all times and never go out except when attired for visiting, shopping, or something of that kind. It is also a relief to the housekeeper who has been on her feet all day to sit down in the evening with her slippers on.

But the practice of wearing slippers in the morning, when one is liable to be called on to step out doors at any moment while the grass is wet with dew, is productive of wet feet, which in its return is one of the most fruitful causes of colds and all the evils that follow in their train. In the fall and winter months, too, the floors are cold in the morning, and a good thick-soled shoe is much more comfortable than a low-cut slipper, even though the latter may appear a little more like house dress. The fact that they can be so much more easily and quickly put on than a shoe may perhaps be one reason for preferring them, but that should not be considered as a reason.

We are not speaking of the wear of slippers during the hot and sultry months of summer, but the common practice among women of wearing them exclusively around the house. Men are fond of donning the dressing gown and slippers in the evening after the chores are done, but they do not wear them around their work. Although they may be a rest and change then, something that will support the ankles is very useful and essential. It is a great inconvenience, too, to be obliged to change one's shoes to go out on an errand or to step out doors. Women would often be more willing to take walks were it not for the trouble of getting ready. Not to dispense with slippers altogether, for, as we have said, they are often useful, we think the general health of women would be improved by wearing high shoes more and slippers less.—*Toronto Mail.*

Fishing by Ladies.

That fishing with the fly is not in greater favor as a ladies' amusement is matter for regret. Where the use of a hook is practicable, there is no earthly reason why they should not derive the same mental, moral, and physical benefit from it as do men. It is a gentle pursuit, and a cleanly one, and affords an ample field for the exercise of that manual delicacy and skill for which women are pre-eminent; while at the same time, unlike almost every other out-of-door sport, no great muscular exertion is required, nor over-fatigue incurred.

Whether the ladies really have their fair share of the amusements of life may well be questioned; while it is beyond dispute that the directions in which custom now permits them to seek recreation are not, to say the least, to their physical advantage.

It is a mistake on their part if they suppose that gentlemen think them in the way at such times—always provided they are reasonable. Some there are, as full of whims as an egg is full of meat, whose sole aim and object seem to be to keep half a dozen men skipping about on frivolous errands. Excluding such from the enumeration, men not of vicious tastes and habits have, to put it mildly, not the slightest objection to the companionship of ladies in an out-of-door amusement in which they are physically qualified to take part; nor will it be other than a pleasure to an angler to afford them all necessary assistance and instruction.

I have seen several ladies accompany their husbands to, and take part in, fly-fishing. Could they and their lady friends but overhear the terms in which other anglers then present spoke of them—unless I am mistaken in supposing that ladies do not altogether despise the good opinion of men (I speak with diffidence, being a bachelor)—and that others should envy their husbands the great good fortune which has fallen to them in their wives is not displeasing, then the former would not become confirmed in, and the latter would at once begin to cultivate fly-fishing.

Men hope for something from women beyond seeing to the boiling of the potatoes and maintaining discipline among children, and that is companionship; and she who is companionable may feel confident that she has a valid mortgage on the admiration of all decent men, on which not one will make default in the payment of interest.—*Wells' Fly Rods and Fly Tackle.*

SOMEWHAT CYNICAL.

"Pa, what do ministers wear them white things for?" inquired a little Stockton boy who had attended services at an Episcopal Church.

"To add to their dignity, Johnny."

"What's dignity, pa?"

"Dignity, my son, is respect and reverence."

"Oh, I see. That's why all the girls in summer wear white gowns, ain't it?"

"You are mistaken. The girls wear them to look pretty and keep cool."

"Why, don't the ministers wear 'em to keep cool?"

"No, my son. Why do you ask?"

"'Cause they are always talking about a hot place, and they keep mighty cool about it."—*California Maverick.*

LITTLE DIFFERENCE.

"Doctor, I have been terribly bitten by—"

"Ah, indeed? Well, you must take the first steamer for Paris, and—"

"But, doctor, it was not a dog that bit me, but a snake."

"Oh, I see. You must take the first canal boat for Paris, Ky."—*Philadelphia Press.*

LETTER FROM ST. LOUIS,

ILLUSTRATING HOW THE BOYS LEARN IN THE MANUAL SCHOOL.

Merry Young Carpenters, Busy Blacksmiths and Machinists in the Manual School of Washington University—St. Louis Ahead in Education.

[Special Correspondence.]

ST. LOUIS, March 10.—St. Louis is a quiet sort of city compared with Chicago, or even with Cincinnati. It does not have riots, and not very often strikes. It does not make much fuss about anything, but goes on prospering and minding its own business. But still this city has some features which other towns, both east and west, would like to imitate. For one thing, her newspapers earn more money than those of towns which make twice as much noise. The Globe-Democrat divides a cool $120,000 a year profit, it is said, among its stockholders. Mr. Pulitzer's Post-Dispatch, from being as decrepit a concern as ever wobbled, has become a handsome paying property. St. Louis merchants advertise liberally, and there is where the newspapers get rich.

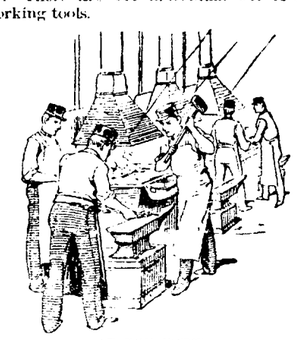
The president of Washington university here is known the world over as a thinker and educator, and from this center many ideas worth knowing have radiated through the country. In educational matters especially St. Louis takes the lead in many respects.

LEARNING CARPENTER WORK.

Attached to Washington university is a branch particularly worthy of note. It is a manual training school. It is not called a manual labor school, you will observe. Its plan is to give handiness by practice in the use of tools, carpentry, wood turning, pattern making, iron clipping and filing, forge work, brazing and soldering and the use of machine shop tools. The training stops just short of giving a lad a trade.

The principal of the school is C. M. Woodward, a graduate of Harvard university and a doctor of physics. He has a staff of eleven assistants. The institution will accommodate 244 pupils, and it is almost full at present.

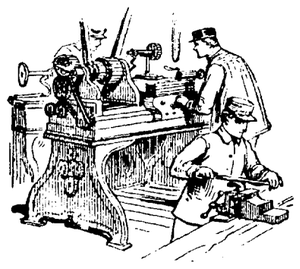
There are shops for each of the different trades, where their rudiments are taught in the most skilled and scientific way. There are two wood working shops, which are very popular. Each pupil has a drawer of tools to himself, which he is required to keep in order himself. The carpenter and wood working shops otherwise contain forty-eight speed lathes, forty-eight carpenter's benches, vises, etc. There are 144 individual sets of wood working tools.



AT THE FORGE.

Illustration No. 2 tells how the young fellows play at blacksmithing. The school occupies a large and substantial three-story building. The first floor is given up to metal work, blacksmith and machine shops. There are twenty-two forges and anvils, and tools for smiths and helpers. It is a steam blacksmith shop, the blast being run by a great power blower. But in order to familiarize pupils with the vanishing order of things there is also kept in connection with one of the forges an old-fashioned hand bellows as well.

The iron-working implements in the machine shop are very interesting. Children going into a machine shop are confused by the noise and dazzled by the gleam of flying metal wheels and gears. But the sight is very fascinating to them withal. It is also so to the boys who learn iron working in the St. Louis school. Here are the moving chisels, lathes for sawing and planing iron, drills, shapers grindstones, etc. Perhaps the reader has seen the sparks fly when iron is ground upon an emery wheel. The machine shop at the university has a double emery grinder, so that the grinding iron makes great circles of sparks. The machinery of the whole building is run by a fine Corliss engine, with a fourteen inch cylinder and a forty-two inch stroke.



IN THE MACHINE SHOP.

The course of study occupies three years, and the hours of work are equally divided between study and manual labor. Tuition the first year costs $60, the second year $80 and the third $100. To enter a boy must not be under 14 years of age, and he must be moderately well up in the ordinary English branches. Besides the manual instruction the boy is taught in mathematics, drawing, common branches, and French and Latin. He has three of these lessons a day, studying them at home. Then he comes to the school and practices mechanical drawing an hour every day. After that he has two hours' shop work.

The advantages of this course of instruction are very many. The pupils learn first of all to mix brains with their work. When they go into trades afterwards, the difference between the ordinary, stupid, dirty mechanic's 'prentice and one of these intelligent, handy, clean, gentlemanly lads is as that between night and day.

The boys are not allowed to choose their own trades, but each must take the course. The first year class learns woodwork, the second forging, the third and last takes in the machine shop.

MORTIMER WARREN.

THE CHILDREN.

Useful and Interesting Reading for Our Young People.

TROUBLE CAUSED BY THOUGHTLESSNESS.

Ivy Green—A Story of Faith—Winter Sports in Canada—Talking Back.

The Story of Faith.

A rustle of robes as the anthem
Soared gently away on the air—
The Sabbath morn's service was over,
And briskly I stepped down the stair;
When, close in a half-illum'd corner,
Where the tall pulpit's stairway came down,
Asleep crouched a tender, wee maiden,
With hair like a shadowy crown.

Quite puzzled was I by the vision,
But gently to wake her I spoke,
When, at the first word, the sweet damsel
With one little gasp straight awoke.
"What brought you here, fair little angel?"
She answered with voice like a bell:
"I tum tos I've dot a sick mamma,
And I want oo to please pray her well!"

"Who told you?" began I; she stopped me;
"Don't nobody told me at all;
And papa can't see, tos he's cryin';
And 'sides, sir, I isn't so small;
I'se been here before with my mamma—
We tummed when you ringed the big bell—
And ev'ry time I'se heard you prayin'
For lots o' sick folks to dit well."

Together we knelt on the stairway
As humbly I asked the Great Power
To give back her health to her mother,
And banish bereavement's dark hour.
I finished the simple petition,
And paused for a moment—and then
A sweet little voice at my elbow
Lisped softly a gentle "Amen!"

Hand in hand we turned our steps homeward;
The little maid's tongue knew no rest;
She prattled and mimicked and carolled—
The shadow was gone from her breast;
And lo! when we reached the fair dwelling—
The nest of my golden-haired waif,
We found that the dearly-loved mother
Was past the dread crisis—was safe.

They listened, amazed at my story,
And wept o'er their darling's strange quest,
While the arms of the pale, loving mother
Drew the brave little head to her breast.
With eyes that were brimming and grateful
They thanked me again and again;
Yet I know in my heart that the blessing
Was won by that gentle "Amen!"

Talking Back.

Contradicting is the Latin of it. Some boys and girls have a bad habit of doing this. The habit grows upon them till they become quite unconscious of it. Whatever is said to them by parent or teacher, in the way of requirement, advice, expostulation, reproof, these boys or girls have some defense or objection to make. What they ought to do, is to receive admonition in silence, or else with a thoughtfully spoken assent.

There are children that never seem to regard a direction from father or mother as binding on them if they can only think of something to say against it. And generally they can. The direction must be repeated, or they consider themselves free because they have talked back.

Boys and girls, don't "talk back." It is a miserable habit. Ask your friends if you do it; for, if you do, it is probable you are not aware of it. So ask to be reminded when you talk back. Then stoutly say nothing in reply to the reminder, except "Thank you," and bite your lips in silence. Make your lips bleed rather than "talk back."

Winter Sports of Children in Canada.

Canada is the place for winter sports. The snow comes in November and stays till March. It is pretty cold, I know, when one cannot go out without danger of freezing his nose or toes. But the people know how to dress for Jack Frost. Blanket coats, knitted caps, furs, mufflers, and mittens! The sleighs here are jolly: great, big ones, some of them are, with such pretty furs, and glorious horses!

The sleigh the little ones like best is a low, long one, almost flat on the ground, with a tandem team. A great many can pile into it. Doesn't the snow scrunch under the runners! The driver's whiskers and your fur ones are soon white with frost. The best fun of all is "tobogganing." You don't even know what a toboggan is, do you? It is a long, flat, thin piece of light wood, curled up at one end for a dashboard. The little ones sit on it in Turkish fashion. The one who steers jumps on the end when he starts it, and guides it with his foot. Some of the toboggans have cushions. All have a rim along the side to "hold on" to. This is called the national sport of Canada. In other places people snow-shoe, or play lacrosse, or skate and coast; but in Canada the toboggan is king.

Tobogganing is just splendid. But you will find yourself in a snow-bank if you don't steer right. You don't know what fun there is in coasting unless you have flown down the hill on a toboggan. The best fun is racing on skates or on snow-shoes. The girls in Canada can run on snow-shoes, skate, and steer a toboggan as well as any boy. Snow-shoes are made of strips of thin wood, laced together in a round shape. You wear moccasins on your feet instead of boots. You put your toes through a strap on the snow-shoe, and tie it from this around your ankle. Deer-hide thongs are used for the net-work. The Indians hunt moose and deer on snow-shoes. The Canadians have clubs, and go on tramps through the country and have jolly times. The little ones have carnivals as well as older people. They go to the rink in fancy dresses. The scene is very pretty, and there is plenty of fun. They make famous snow-men, balls, and forts.—*Our Little Ones.*

Ivy Green.

Who would think, who saw the pretty face and winning ways of Ivy Green, that she was such a thorn in the flesh sometimes? An only child, with everything for her happiness, she spoiled her own pleasure and that of others by that dreadful stumbling block, "didn't think," which often tripped up the whole family.

"Be sure to close the piano, Ivy, when you finish practicing," cautioned her mother as she started for a drive.

"Yes'm," answered Ivy, promptly.

She remembered it all through the first measure of "Corn Flower Waltz," then she heard a chirp, and threw open the window to see what bird was outside. She saw the flash of golden crocuses at the foot of the garden and ran out, piano and open window forgotten until a sudden shower drenched the handsome spread and ruined the cherished pictures on the table near.

"There's no use trying; I cannot remember things!" she said one day to her mother, the tears chasing each other down her cheeks.

"Because you constantly forget that we have no power of ourselves to help ourselves, and do not ask for Divine assistance," answered her mother. "You are too 'wise in your own conceit,' and make yourself and others miserable."

Ivy was sure her trouble was greater this time, even, than when she left the cage door open and a prowling cat ate up her precious canary.

"I don't believe you would have remembered to turn off the water, mamma, if you had seen how purple and goose-pimply Katy was," said Ivy, dolefully.

Katy was the 2-year-old daughter of the cook, and her mischievous little fingers got her into all sorts of difficulties. A basket of eggs was left within her reach, and she was delighted with the pretty playthings until the chubby hands crushed a cracked shell, and her hands and face were coated with stickiness.

"I'll take care of her," cried Ivy, dancing in from the garden; and the busy cook was glad not to be interrupted.

She took her to the bathroom, and so enjoyed seeing her splash the water with her fat little hands, that she decided to give her a bath. The room was very cold, but the thoughtless girl never heeded till Katy began to shiver and cry. She turned on the hot water, but it made no difference in Katy's shrieks, so she gathered her up and ran to her mother's room, scattering her clothes all along the way. She forgot to turn off the water, and the result of her thoughtlessness was an attack of croup for Katy, and much damage to ceiling and walls from the overflowing bath-tub.

Mrs. Green was suffering with a severe headache one day.

"Lie down, mamma, and I will be your nurse," said Ivy. So she brought cushions and pillows, arranged her couch, and bathed her head till the pain was soothed and she fell into a quiet slumber. Ivy sat quite still for a little while, but it was hard work for the active child. Presently her eyes fell upon a beautiful case of scissors, that had been presented to her mother a short time before.

"Mamma said the large ones were not properly sharpened," thought Ivy. "Johnson left the grindstone out by the arbor yesterday after he sharpened his pruning shears, and I'll just step out and fix up mamma's."

So she tiptoed out of the room, leaving the door open and the cold wind blowing upon her sleeping mother. She slipped through the house and out under the trees in her thin dress and slippers. She set down the large pitcher at the foot of the tree, after splashing the water over the stone and herself.

The wheel whizzed round and round, each revolution helping in the work of destruction. Drops of dirty water spotted her delicate dress and an unlucky slip ground her hand upon the rough stone. The harder she worked, the worse they looked, and when she tried to cut, alas and alas! she could do nothing with them. She hurried to her room to change her dress.

"I'll go and tell mamma all about it. Why didn't I wait and ask her?" thought the repentant Ivy.

She went slowly down stairs. Her mother's headache was but the beginning of a long sickness. At the bedside Ivy formed many good resolutions, and although she sometimes "forgot" and scorched the toast she begged to make, and left the sugar out of the lemonade, she struggled bravely to mend her careless ways, and gradually overcame the thoughtlessness that caused so much trouble.—*Young Folks' Friend.*

PROLIFIC WEEDS.

A botanist has attempted to estimate the number of seeds found upon some of the most obnoxious weeds of this country. For shepherd's purse he makes the number 37,500 per plant; dandelion, 12,108; wild pepper grass, 18,400; wheat thief, 7,000; common thistle, 65,366; camomile, 15,920; butter weed, 8,587; rag weed, 4,366; common purslane, 388,800; common plantain, 42,200; burdock, 38,068.

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SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

PURELY VEGETABLE.

Are You Bilious?

The Regulator never fails to cure. I most cheerfully recommend it to all who suffer from Bilious Attacks or any Disease caused by a disarranged state of the Liver.
KANSAS CITY, Mo. W. R. BERNARD.

Do You Want Good Digestion?

I suffered intensely with *Full Stomach, Headache,* etc. A neighbor, who had taken Simmons Liver Regulator, told me it was a sure cure for my trouble. The first dose I took relieved me very much, and in one week's time I was as strong and hearty as ever I was. *It is the best medicine I ever took for Dyspepsia.*
RICHMOND, Va. H. G. CRENSHAW.

Do You Suffer from Constipation?

Testimony of HIRAM WARNER, Chief-Justice of Ga.: "I have used Simmons Liver Regulator for Constipation of my Bowels, caused by a temporary Derangement of the Liver, for the last three or four years, and always *with decided benefit.*"

Have You Malaria?

I have had experience with Simmons Liver Regulator since 1865, and regard it as *the greatest medicine of the times for diseases peculiar to malarial regions.* So good a medicine deserves universal commendation.
Rev. M. B. WHARTON,
Cor. Sec'y Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

☞ { THERE IS BUT ONE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR!

See that you get the genuine, with the red Z on front of Wrapper, prepared only by

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
SOLE PROPRIETORS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THOMSON'S PATENT

GLOVE FITTING

ARE STILL TRIUMPHANT!

For fifteen years, they have steadily gained in favor, and with sales constantly increasing have become the most popular corset throughout the United States.

The G quality is warranted to wear twice as long as ordinary Corsets. We have lately introduced the G and R—H grades with Extra Long Waists, and we can furnish them when preferred.

Highest awards from all the World's great Fairs. The last medal received is for First Degree of Merit, from the late Exposition held at New Orleans.

While scores of patents have been found worthless, the principles of the Glove-Fitting have proved invaluable.

Retailers are authorized to refund money, if on examination, these Corsets do not prove as represented. For sale everywhere.

Catalogue free on application.

THOMSON, LANGDON & CO., New York.
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A. HATTERSLEY & SON,

PLUMBERS

Steam and Gas Fitters.

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GAS FIXTURES!

Main Street, East of Clinton,
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Sheet Lead, Bath Tubs, Wash Bowls Rubber Hose, etc.

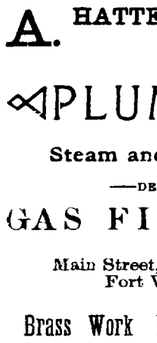
Old gas fixtures regilt, bronzed and made equal to new.

NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN.

You are allowed *a free trial of thirty days* of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of *Nervous Debility,* loss of *Vitality* and *Manhood,* and all kindred troubles. Also for many other diseases. Complete restoration to Health, Vigor and Manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet in *sealed envelope* mailed free, by addressing
VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

Jan. 26-daw6m

MADAME MORA'S CORSETS.



MOST COMFORTABLE AND PERFECT FITTING.

Merchants say they give better satisfaction than any corset they ever sold. Dressmakers recommend them for their fine shape. Cannot break over hips. Are particularly liked by Ladies of full figure. The "CONTOUR" and "ALDINE" have the PATENT TRIPLE BACK, which covers the open space and protects the spine.

The "LA REINE" has the popular REMOVABLE STEELS, which can be instantly taken out, WITHOUT CUTTING OR RIPPING. ☞ Ladies, ask for MADAME MORA'S CORSETS. No others have the celebrated French Curved Band. Beware of imitations offered to deceive the public. For sale by all leading dealers. Manufactured by

Madame Mora's Contour. L. KRAUS & CO.,
Madame Mora's La Reine. Birmingham, Conn.
Madame Mora's Aldine. J. G. Fitzpatrick & Co.,
Madame Mora's Comfort Hip. 71 Leonard St., N. Y.

DENTISTRY.

GEORGE A. LOAG.

Office Corner of Calhoun and Columbia street, Over Graffe's Jewelry Store.
Oct 25-tf

TROY STEAM LAUNDRY,

F. L. JONES & CO., PROPRIETORS,
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

Office and works at 50 Pearl street. Central Office at GOLDEN & MONAHAN'S, 68 Calhoun Street. Our wagon will call for and any part of the city free of ch

The Carpet Trade

WITH US

HAS COMMENCED

With promises of being the largest known for years.

ROOT & COMPANY.

NEW CARPETS

Ready For Inspection.

Wiltons, Moquettes,
Body Brussels,
Tapestry Brussels,
3-Plys, Ingrains, Rag
and Hemp Carpets.

We have in Our

Large Carpet Department

The Choicest Patterns

of every well-known make,

In Larger Quantities

Than can be found anywhere else in Northern Indiana, at our

LOW POPULAR PRICES.

A visit of inspection of our

Carpets. Curtains

—AND—

Upholstery Goods

Solicited. It will richly repay you.

ROOT & COMPANY

Pyke's Grocery,

80 Calhoun Street.

Finest Coffees Roasted Fresh every day.

TEAS

English Breakfast,
Formosa Oolong,
Young Hyson,
Japan Fried,

No finer goods to be found n any market.

Fine groceries and Bottle Wines always on hand.

Aug 5-1y

GEMS FROM THACKERAY.

WE forget nothing—the memory sleeps, but wakens again.

THE blows which wound most often are those which never are aimed.

'TIS strange what a man may do and a woman yet think him an angel!

WHEN one thinks of country houses and country walks, one wonders that any man is left unmarried.

IF you said grace for your feast yesterday, is that any reason why you shall not be hungry to-day?

A PERSON always ready to fight is certain of the greatest consideration amongst his or her family circle.

THE scorn and weariness which cries *vanitas vanitatum* is but the lassitude of the sick appetite pallid with pleasure.

COMPARED to the possession of that priceless treasure and happiness unspeakable, a perfect faith, what has life to offer?

I SUPPOSE if one lives to be a hundred, there are certain passages of one's early life whereof the recollection will always carry us back to youth again.

"TAKING the greatest depth of the ocean as five miles and the height of the highest mountain as five miles above the level of the sea," says *The Engineer*, "and remembering the globe itself has a diameter of eight thousand miles, the comparative insignificance of all the surface inequalities of the earth is at once forced on our attention, but it is better seen if we take a circle sixty-six feet in diameter, having on its surface a depression of one inch, or a globe one foot in diameter with a groove on its surface one-sixtieth of an inch in depth, which would represent on a true scale the greatest inequality of mountain height and ocean depth on the surface of the earth."

Ain't You Glad to Know

That the drawing does not end till August 1? See new list of prizes.

Since November 16, the opening date of the Great Presentation Benefit, we have distributed among our patrons:

42 Ladies' and Gents' Fine Gold Watches, valued from $15 to $25.

60 Gents' Hunting Case Silver Watches, valued from $10 to $15.

1 Olds' Best Custom-made Wagon, worth $75.

1 Zollinger Wagon, cost $75.

2 Newest Improved Singer Sewing Machines, worth $45 each.

1 Celebrated Gendron Rubber Tire Bicycle, worth $35.

85 Tons of Coal, worth $340.

100 Cords of Fire Wood, worth $500.

1 Marble-Top Cherry Wood Chamber Set, worth $65.

Making a grand total of over $3,000 worth of gifts to date; and don't forget it, every prize of the first original list always in the box.

New goods arriving daily. No dull times at the Star.

SAM, PETE & MAX.

m13-mfsw-4m

The Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1886.

THE CITY.

The streets are horribly muddy.

Elt Snyder will open a livery stable here.

Mrs. Col. F. F. Boltz is at home from Gibson City, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Ross have returned from Grand Rapids.

Miss Ella Evans is at Lancaster, Pa., on a visit to friends.

Mr. Chas. Deobler, of Detroit, Mich., visited here this week.

Walter Wells, of the postoffice news depot, is at home from Michigan.

Judge Hench is suffering from a severe cold and held no court yesterday.

Herbert Tiger has accepted a position as proof reader at the Newspaper Union.

J. Frank Snyder, the new postmaster at Lagrange, was in the city last evening.

Miss Laura Woodworth gave a delightful high tea to her friends yesterday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Bash, of this city, were guests of the Palmer house, Chicago, yesterday.

Miss McClelland, of Valparaiso is visiting her friend, Miss Annie Lowry, of West Berry street.

There were vesper services at the Cathedral last night and Rev. J. F. Lang recited the way of the cross.

Mr. J. D. Leighty, of St. Joe, DeKalb county, has been the guest of Mrs. E. S. Philley, during the past week.

A couple of "chippies" and an usher made a disgraceful spectacle of themselves at the Academy last night.

Rev. George P. Slade, pastor of the Christian church begins a revival this evening near Portland, this state.

A Japanese wedding and concert will be given at the Congregational church next Thursday and Friday evenings.

Messrs. A. D. Cressler, of this city, and C. L. Olds, of Indianapolis, anticipate a business trip south very shortly.

"F. Kinley and family are now residents of Fort Wayne, having moved there last Tuesday," says the Monroeville *Breeze*.

A Hudson correspondent says that George Frederick, of Fort Wayne, will build a barn on his farm, just north of town, this spring.

"Mrs. Carrol, who was in Fort Wayne for a week or two, visiting her son, who has been sick, returned Friday," says the Middlebury *Record*.

After you have finished reading today's issue of THE SENTINEL, hand it to your friend or neighbor, who do not take it. It will do them good.

Ross H. Hench, of Perry county, Pa., arrived in the city yesterday and is the guest of his brother, George R. Hench, foreman of THE SENTINEL office.

O. E. Jenkins, southwestern traveling agent of the New York Central and Hudson River railroad and the Boston and Albany railroad, is in the city to-day.

W. J. Hawksworth is now booked to fight Jim Dailey, of Grand Rapids, in this city. Hawksworth is going to give sparring exhibitions at suburban villages.

"Miss Mamie Cadwallader, of Fort Wayne, has been in the city this week, the guest of her brother, J. A. Cadwallader, and wife," says the Winchester *Democrat*.

Bishop Borgess, of Detroit, who recently visited here, has begun legal proceedings to eject Father Kolanski and his armed guard from St. Albert's Polish Catholic church.

Edward Wodiska, the Austrian tragedian, who has been playing Indiana towns for a month, opens at the Academy, Monday evening in "Lady of Lyons," "Fools Revenge," "Marble Heart" and "Hamlet."

Jerry Wyant, a typo on the Bluffton *Banner*, was in the city to-day.

The Wabash pay car is announced for Monday, but not in an official way.

The Wabash company is laying new steel rails along the line west of this city.

Rev. M. C. Cooper, of this city, will preach at the New Haven M. E. church to-morrow.

Billy Butts, a pugilist remembered here, is giving sparring exhibitions at Grand Rapids.

Mr. Will Pratt, the brilliant and handsome editor of the Logansport *Journal*, was in the city last evening.

Dan Sully's "Corner Grocery" is doing a fair business this week at the Chicago Standard. It did nothing here.

Jake Halderman, the western land agent, will soon take a colony of Pennsylvania farmers to Southern Kansas.

The Bennett Matlack combination closes a week's engagement at the Academy to-night, in "A Celebrated Case."

G. C. Evarts, father of Mr. Evarts, of the Muncie road, died at Robinson, Kansas, yesterday, and will be buried tomorrow.

Street Commissioner O'Brien has removed the fixtures from the old street gas posts and has stored them away in the old market house.

General Foreman Frank Tyrrel, of the Wabash shops, left last night for Springfield, in answer to a telegram from General Master Mechanic Barnes.

James Reilly's specialty company and Mr. Reilly, in "The Widder" recently at the Academy are attracting good patronage at the Olympic theatre, Chicago.

Mr. Harry Mayell, a clever gentleman, formerly with the R. W. Bell Soap Manufacturing company, is now engaged by the successful Summit City Soap company.

A Bohemian oat agent was done out of $1,400, by some Fort Wayne sharpers the other day. Diamond cut diamond," remarks the Kendallville *Standard* in great glee.

Wm. Meyers and Louis Niemeyer returned from Chicago yesterday, having purchased a complete and elegant line of gents furnishing goods for their opening, St. Patrick's day.

Brauntmeyer & Co., the foundry men, have contracted to furnish the Fleming Manufacturing company with about four thousand dollars worth of castings for the "Boss" road grader.

"Leo Pottlitzer returned this morning from New Orleans, where he has been attending the Mardi Gras. From there he sent a picture of the parade of the fire boys to the Columbia street fire department," says the Lafayette *Courier*.

Miss Stella Lawrence will have charge of the musical entertainment to be given at the Simpson M. E. Church, on Friday evening, March 19th. Miss Lawrence will also be one of the principal soloists in the presentation of "The Naiad Queen."

"While at Fort Wayne on business last Friday, Gus. Schlegel was taken dangerously ill. He was brought home by the assistance of friends, and is doing well at this time, with fair prospects of an ultimate recovery. That was Gus's birthday," says the Decatur *Democrat*. He celebrated.

Alonzo Griffin, keeper of the hotel near the Wabash depot at North Morenci, sold a farm, realizing $900 in cash. Thursday night some unknown parties broke into the hotel and stole the money from its place of deposit in the office. Travelers tell of the theft.

The funeral of Frederick Herbst will occur to-morrow afternoon, at 2 o'clock, from 507 East Lewis street. Friends of the family are invited without further notice. Rev. Rucker, of St. John's Lutheran church, will conduct the services. The remains will be interred in St. John's cemetery, near the poor farm.

It was Mr. Louis Rastetter who drafted and first signed the petition for the Broadway park, but even before that Councilman Michael and City Attorney Colerick had received assurances that Hon. Hugh McCulloch would donate the old cemetery to the city. This gives honor to whom it is due, as they ask for it.

Springfield still finds the Graham affair a fruitful source of sensation. The local papers are persecuted by the importunities of correspondents who wish to discuss the guilt or innocence of the persons involved. Graham seems the most indifferent of all and occasionally sends out from his cell a scrap of smoothly penned literature to set the current of excitement in a ripple again.

A prominent merchant infers that many of our people go to neighboring cities to do their trading. "Many," he says, "who could not carry on their business without the support of our people, have the audacity to spend their money in other cities." He says if the railroad companies would only shut down on the pass business, much more money would remain at home and our merchants would be better patronized. We agree with the merchant. If you can buy what you need in Fort Wayne, do not go elsewhere. Keep your money among your friends and neighbors. Always patronize them first.

Don't fail to read sermons in to-day's issue.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bond will soon remove to the Hamilton house.

Mr. James Hewes is better and has resumed the foremanship of the Pittsburg boiler shop.

Miss Georgia Fleming and Mrs. Tony Trentman have returned from a pleasant visit to friends at Chicago.

A permit has been granted to F. Harting to build a frame stable on lot 308, Hanna's addition, to cost $75.

Mrs. Lillian Cothrell, the divorced wife of Will Cothrell, the sporting man, will return to her former home at Ka'amazoo.

Mr. B. T. McDonald returned this morning from New Orleans, where the Jenny light brightens up the exposition buildings.

"B. L. Thomas, the Star clothier, was in Fort Wayne several days this week, his former place of residence," says the Manchester *Journal*.

J. Frank Snyder, of Lagrange, emphatically denies that he refused to put Judge Lowry's name in his *Democrat* until paid money two years ago.

"Wm Bruny, one of the Fort Wayne Lumber company's teamsters, had his arm broken last week by a kick from a horse," says the Corunna *Headlight*.

Mrs. L. A. Griebel entertained the English Lutheran social last evening in great splendor. Fully 200 people attended and had a most enjoyable time.

Mr. and Mrs. Al. Durnell left last night for Lima, Ohio, in response to a telegram announcing the death of Mr. Durnell's mother, Mrs. Schwab, of that city.

Prof. W. F. Yocum, president of the Fort Wayne M. E. college, lectured on education at the M. E. church at Corunna last evening and again this morning.

The Hanna street sewer, between Jefferson and Wayne and Jefferson and Madison streets, caved in this morning and Street Commissioner O'Brien sent his men to repair the breaks.

Mr. Henry C. Graffe, Hon. Fred Hayden, John Shoaff, Ed Hunsaker and Harry Hammill leave the last of this month for Clear Lake, Steuben county, on a big fishing expedition. The gentlemen talk of erecting a club house at the lake.

W. S. Buck, for over sixteen years past local agent for the responsible life insurance company, the Equitable, has been appointed general agent for the state. This will necessitate his removal with his family to Indianapolis. We rejoice at his promotion.

Miss Katie, the five year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Summers, died last night at the home of her parents. The little one died from diphtheria and was privately buried this afternoon from the Cathedral. Mr. and Mrs. Summers have the sympathy of a wide circle of friends in their loss.

Christ Kohlmeyer, who lives out on the Aburn road, reports that thieves stole ten bushels of corn from him a few nights ago. They left two bridles in his stable and he believes a raid on his horses was anticipated. A big log chain was locked across the door and they could not break it off.

These deaths occurred in Fort Wayne since last Saturday: John G. Kayser, aged 54 years, consumption; Henry Finke, 9 years, lung fever; Fred Herbst, 61 years, drowned; Harriett P. Kuhns, 45 years, consumption; Sarah E. Fordney, 45 years, exhaustion; Richard Pitton, 40 years, dropsy; Charles E. McGeehan, 19 years, consumption; Katie Summers, 5 years, diphtheria; Katie Hogan, 18 years. consumption.

"J. D. Fredline, of Allen county, gave this office a pleasant call last Monday. John is one of the company C., 11th Indiana cavalry boys, and was calling upon his old comrades. At the battle of Nashville the rebs shot low and only succeeded in giving John a flesh wound in the foot, and one for which he has never yet asked for nor received a pension. He is one of Allen county's prominent farmers, and is well pleased with his situation," says the Decatur *Democrat*.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Waltz desire to thank most earnestly all these who prepared and attended the pleasant entertainment Thursday night, given in the interest of their afflicted boy, for all their loving work and patronage, and they do not forget those who sent into the parsonage in advance substantial tokens of regret. They wish also to say that they feel gratitude they cannot express for all the tender sympathy of a host of friends in and outside of the church, many of whom have been ready to lend a helping hand, or watch beside the afflicted whenever opportunity offered. While they cannot see the end of this sorrow, their cheering trust is in God, and they are comforted and sustained through the prayers of their friends.

Japanese Wedding and Concert.
Japanese Wedding and Concert.
Where! Where! Where!
At the Plymouth Church.
When? When? When?
Thursday and Friday Evenings,
13-2t March 18th and 19th.

Dr. J. S. Irwin was quite sick this week.

The Fort Wayne Rifles will wear a white belt.

A son of Judge Zollars, of the supreme court, is dangerously sick at Indianapolis.

Belle Boyd, the famous rebel spy, will lecture at the Academy, to-morrow night.

Hon. H. C. McDowell, Hon. Dennis O'Day and Esquire Shaff, of Lake township, were in the city to-day.

The county commissioners visited the St. Joe hospital to-day and found that institution in most excellent order.

Hon. R. C. Bell has secured General Manager Williams' private car for the excursion of the city council to Niagara Falls. Mr. Williams' cook will accompany the party to serve meals in the elegant dining car.

C. H. Hubbard and E. G. Wightman, Hartford City; Harry Keck and wife, Kendallville; H. T. Buchanan, Hillsdale, and B. F. Fisher, Van Wert, are in the city.

The indications for the lower lake region, as reported by the weather bureau at Washington to THE SENTINEL, are as follows: Ccolder northerly winds; rain or snow.

Say? When we have Lent
And Evil is sent
From all our hearts far away;
Will the sweet pretty girls
Untangle their curls,
Stop waltzing and kneel down to pray?

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Shoaff, of Huntertown, celebrated their golden wedding at their home out there yesterday. These good people were congratulated on their happy matrimonial voyage by hundreds of friends.

General Master Mechanic Barnes and Charley Lape took a big force of men to the Missouri Pacific shops, west of the Mississippi river, the fore part of this week, to look after and care for the Wabash rolling stock out there during the strike.

Professor Keintz's City band rehearsed new music last night and will surprise its friends in the spring. There is now talk of getting up a purse to present the band for giving a series of open air concerts in the court house yard summer evenings.

It is just a year this week since the thousands of men employed on the Gould system of roads in the southwest brought the railway business of Texas, Missouri and intermediate and connecting points to a complete standstill by a united strike.

The "Devil's Auction" company show at the Temple to-night. Charley Yale is business manager of the party and outside of the plump ballet girls has several good comedians in his company. THE SENTINEL cannot encourage these attractions as they gather about them women whose morals are remote, and besides they are not in keeping with the fame of the Temple.

The Genuine Belle.

The following dispatch was received by Manager Wilkison last night:

TOLEDO, O., March 12. 1886.

W. M. Wilkison, Manager Academy, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Belle Boyd, who is to appear at your theatre next Sunday evening, is the original and only genuine Belle Boyd. I have known her from childhood.

R. W. HARRIS,
Editor Toledo *Bee*.

'I would not live alway," said the Psalmist in a moment of poetic rapture. "I would not either," says Josh Billings irreverently. So we say—but then while we do live, let us hold on to our health and spirits. The surest way to do this, is to lay in a supply of Dr. Bull's cough syrup. Try it.

Japanese Wedding and Concert.
Japanese Wedding and Concert.
Where! Where! Where!
At the Plymouth Church.
When? When? When?
Thursday and Friday Evenings.
13-2t March 18th and 19th.

Everybody seems to appreciate the way the sale is conducted at the Banner Clothing house at 50 cents on the dollar. 9d 5t w1t

Butter and Eggs Down.

Best roll, 18 cents; good, 10 cents. Fresh eggs per dozen, 12 cents.

4tf FRUIT HOUSE.

For Sale.

I offer for sale the "Home" bar fixtures, consisting of ice box, two side boards and work board, bar with hand and foot rails and five mirrors. The above originally cost $1,200, but, to make room for new furniture, will be sold at a sacrifice. Can be seen at any time at the "Home."

1-tf JOHN MCCAIN.

In this column we will keep the public informed as to what we are doing, who gets the prizes and the great bargains offered this season.

Jacob Gresley, Hoagland, Indiana, was presented with a splendid hunting case gold watch.

One hundred dozen heavy cheviot work shirts, only 25 cents.

F. Weibel, Nine Mile P. O., won a ton of coal.

Twenty spring styles of boys suits at $2.50.

Andrew Anderson, 145 East Holman street, took a ton of coal.

All the new shapes in Spring Hats, choice $1.

G. Krinn, Cedarville, Allen county, Indiana, took a cord of wood.

All wool blue flannel shirts $1.

Ed. Opliger, Wallen, Indiana, was presented with a silver hunting case watch.

See the nobby Cut-away Frock Check suits, twenty-five styles, custom made.

Best Linnen Collars, 10 cents.

Wayne Tilberry, 75 Smith street, was presented with a marble top cherry wood chamber set, costing $65.

We are showing the only entire new stock of Spring Clothing, Furnishing Goods and Hats in the city.

See our fine line of Confirmation suits specially made for our own trade, prices $5 to $10.

Watch our new Prize List, 1,000 in number. SAM, PETE & MAX.

THE SUNDAY GAZETTE.

To-morrow's issue of the *Gazette* will be a notable number in the annals of Fort Wayne newspapers and the best yet published. Some of its special features will be:

Sam Jones' sermon.

A special New York dramatic letter.

Several superbly illustrated articles.

The "Growler" among the boys last Friday.

An illustrated article by Bill Nye on cremation.

A great quantity of exceedingly interesting local matter.

Interviews with prominent citizens on matters of interest.

An article on "The Third Existence or Men Raised from the Dead."

Very full and complete special dispatches on the Graham murder case.

A promised interview with the Hon. Robert Lowry, M. C., on interesting topics.

A very full report of the week's doings in Fort Wayne society elegantly illustrated.

All the news by telegraph from all parts of the world, and local happenings up to 4 o'clock Sunday morning.

The poem, "Ostler Joe," with a portrait of Mrs. Potter, the lady who read it at Secretary Whitney's reception and which so terribly shocked Washington society.

Advertisers will take notice. The newsdealers and newsboys of the city have already ordered over 2,000 extra copies, and the regular edition will be very large. 1t

Ready For You!

TO THE FRONT OF ALL COMPETITION

PIXLEY AND CO.,

The men who MANUFACTURE all their own CLOTHING.

Extend Greeting For the Spring!

And announce the Daily Arrival of their New Spring Styles, in

Men and Boys' Clothing, Hats and Furnishing Goods.

OUR MOTTO: Honest Dealing, Truthful Representation, Security to Buyers. Do not make the great mistake of buying before seeing our bargains.

PIXLEY & CO.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 13, 1886 PRICE THREE CENTS

BLOODY

Work in a Rock Island Express Car.

The Messenger Is Brained by Masked Robbers, After a Desperate Struggle.

The Thieves then Steal $100,000 and Flee---$10,000 Reward for Their Capture.

A DARING JOB.

An Express Messenger Killed and Robbed of $100,000.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

JOLIET, Ill., March 13.—One of the most daring and bloody express robberies ever perpetrated in Illinois occurred on the Chicago and Rock Island and Pacific west bound express last night between this city and Morris. After the train which leaves here at 12:45 had left this city, the baggageman heard a rap at the baggage car door. Thinking it was the express messenger, he opened the door and was met by masked robbers, who covered him with revolvers and demanded the key to the express car. The key was given up. Messenger H. S. Nichols opened the door when they rapped, and the desperadoes entered. The messenger fought for his life and the property in his possession from one end of the car to the other, but at last the murderous blows they rained on his head with an iron poker forced him to succumb, and he was left dead in the car. The robbers took from the safe between $25,000 to $100,000. Checks and valuable packages not containing money were scattered about the floor. Nothing was known of the occurrence until the train reached Morris. The dead messenger was married, lived in Chicago, and had been in the service of the United States Express company about ten years.

$10,000 REWARD.

CHICAGO, March 13.—The Rock Island road offers a reward of ten thousand dollars for the capture of the men who committed the express robbery this morning, and five thousand dollars for the arrest of any one of them.

AN INVENTOR'S LUCK.

History of Telephone Bell and His Millions.

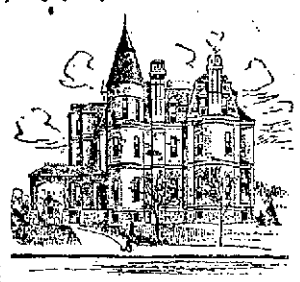
A Career Which Reads Like a Tale from the Arabian Nights--An Unknown, Penniless Teacher, Then the Famous and Wealthy Inventor and Social Figure.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, March 8.—I write to-day of Telephone Bell and his millions. Whether he, Drawbaugh or Rogers was the original inventor of the telephone, I do not stop to question. Bell has reaped the profits of the invention, and his career reads like a tale from the Arabian Nights. Twelve years ago the poor teacher of a deaf and dumb school in Boston, his quarters some second floor rooms in a private boarding house, his pockets empty and his name unknown; now the famed inventor, his home one of the finest mansions in Washington, his check good for millions, and his society courted by savants and statesmen. Then a lone bachelor, without great expectations, and in love with a rich man's daughter, whose dumb lips he was teaching to utter human speech. Now the wealthy husband of this beautiful girl, his home blessed with children, and his invention having increased many times his father-in-law's wealth. Little more than a decade ago he taught the deaf and dumb for the pittance they were able to pay him. Now the wealthy philanthropist, he spends tens of thousands in carrying out his pet theories in regard to deaf mutes, and with all his generosity finds it hard to use his income.

TELEPHONE BELL.

Telephone Bell is now between 40 and 50 years of age. He is a Scotchman, with the dark complexion of a Spaniard. His face is full and regular, and his forehead very high and whiter than the rest of his face. His hair is thick, and its color is that of oiled ebony. His face is covered with a full, black beard, which curls and twists, and his eyes are a soft, velvety black. He dresses usually in business clothing, and he is democratic in his manners. He is not fond of notoriety, and is averse to having his photograph published in the papers. When he was in Paris some time ago an exhibitor requested his picture that a bust might be made of him and placed among those of other celebrities. Mr. Bell refused to give this, and the exhibitor looked up a Frenchman who was said to look like Bell, and modeled a bust from him and announced it as that of the inventor of the telephone. He has never given out a photograph to the newspapers, and the above is perhaps the first accurate picture of him ever published. How it was obtained it is not necessary to say. It did not come from Mr. Bell, and he will be surprised to see his best photograph in print.



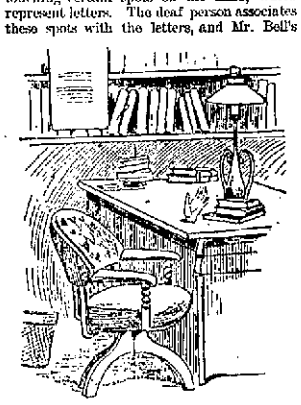
Telephone Bell's house is on Scott circle, in the most fashionable part of the fashionable northwest section of Washington. To the left of it stands the Louise Home for Old Ladies, and to the right is the big palace where Don Cameron so long lived, and just beyond this is Senator Windom's house, in which Blaine wrote the most of his second volume. The Bell house is an immense one, and its material is pressed brick of a Pompeiian red. The front door opens out into the porte cochere, and as you stand, in the evening in front of its stained glass panels, an electric light is burning over your head. The interior of the house is elegant and rich, and its furnishings have been brought from the four quarters of the earth. As the door opens, just in front of you and across a roomy hall appears the entrance to the music room. The portieres of rich hangings are parted, and a marble Psyche, with a bird perched upon her shoulder and singing in her ear, looks out from in front of the grand piano. Telephone Bell is an accomplished musician, and he plays the finest of the classical music at sight. He is passionately fond of music, and his musicales are noted in Washington society.

Mr. Bell is fond of good society, and his wife is one of the most accomplished ladies of Washington. She is very pretty, and though stone deaf she can understand perfectly by noticing the movement of the lips of the persons addressing her. She was the daughter of the rich Gardiner Hubbard, of Boston. She lost her hearing when she was 5 years old, and her father feared she would become a deaf mute. He sent her to school in Germany, to the deaf and dumb professors there, and after she returned to America, at the age of 15, she went to Mr. Bell's school in Boston. Bell fell in love with her, and they were finally married. Mr. Bell once told me there was a romance connected with his invention of the telephone, and though he would not say what that romance was I imagine he stumbled upon its idea when he was trying to teach his sweetheart to talk.

When he completed his invention his father-in-law was taken into partnership with him, and the two organized the gigantic telephone monopoly which now covers the world with its wires and brings its inhabitants mouth to mouth if not face to face. The Bell mansion, however, belongs to Mrs. Bell, and it is a present to her from her father. It cost more than $100,000, and it has a stable in its rear which looks as fine as many a well-to-do man's house.

Telephone Bell's library is in the top of the house, and he works away here night after night when all the world is asleep. His working hours are from 1 o'clock p. m. until 4 in the morning, and he spends these hours in study almost as regularly as the days go round. He is a great student, and his scientific researches take a wide range. He is finely educated, speaks French and knows German.

The library is made up of two large rooms, the walls of which are lined with books. Grate fires burn in each room, and pictures hang here and there upon the walls. Mr. Bell's study is the innermost of these rooms, and the door by which it is entered is so narrow that a Falstaff could hardly squeeze through it. Books are everywhere. An easy lounge lies in front of the fire, and a globe stands in one corner. At a common flat walnut desk, sitting on an office chair cushioned with green leather, Mr. Bell works. The desk is covered with books and papers, and I note that some of the latter are filled with figures. A porcelain hand with letters pasted upon it lies at one side, and this, I am told, is an invention for teaching deaf children to converse with each other by touching certain spots on the hand, which represent letters. The deaf person associates these spots with the letters, and Mr. Bell's



secretary tells me that Mr. Bell can stand back to back with a deaf child of Washington, and by the deaf child's putting his hand behind him so that Bell can touch his palm, he can talk to him at the rate of ninety words a minute. These hands are used in Mr. Bell's private school for the deaf.

The education of the deaf is one of Telephone Bell's hobbies, and he has spent a great deal of money upon it. He had for a time a deaf and dumb school here at Washington, where at his own expense he taught a number of little deaf and dumb children. Some of these children are being taught under his directions yet, though the main branch of the school has been discontinued. This private school of Mr. Bell's is in a little, old-fashioned, vine-covered brick building, just across the circle from his big house. It is surrounded by the most fashionable residences

of Washington and it bumps up against the studio of the artist, Mr. Andrews, who painted the picture of Martha Washington which hangs in the East Room of the White House. It has a large yard, made up of ground which is worth at least $5 a square foot, and this, at certain hours of the day, is filled with children. A kindergarten occupies the lower story, and the upper, which is tastefully furnished, is devoted to the school of deaf mutes. In this school the deaf and dumb children are taught to speak by watching the lips of their teacher and learning to shape their lips in the same way in uttering sounds which correspond to the various words. Mr. Bell's father is, I think, the author of the system used, and there is no doubt that it is a success. The children learn to talk, and they are able to communicate their thoughts, but their voices are generally harsh and loud.

Mr. Bell thinks that deaf children should never be educated with deaf children. And some of his deaf pupils are now going to the kindergarten and associating with children who speak. He does not believe in deaf and dumb asylums, and says that the association of the deaf mutes together in these is rapidly forming a race of deaf mutes in the United States. Deaf mutes marry deaf mutes, and such marriages produce deaf mute children. He tells me there are now 33,878 deaf mutes in the United States, or one for about every 1,500 of population. He states that the vocal organs of deaf people are usually perfect, and that their inability to speak comes from their not being able to hear and thus imitate sounds. He has shown that deaf mutes can be taught to speak. He says that the intellects of the deaf are fully as bright as those of hearing people, and that there are many examples of deaf mutes who by learning to speak have become valuable citizens. His wife, as I have said, was at one time deaf and dumb. There is a patent lawyer in Cincinnati who was once a deaf mute, and there are deaf mute editors, doctors and even poets.

Professor Bell keeps up his electrical experiments, though he is very close-mouthed about what he is doing. His laboratory has been, until last month, in a little dilapidated brick building back among the trees, on Connecticut avenue, within a stone's throw of the palace of the British legation. This laboratory has been known as the Volta laboratory, and it was founded with the Volta prize money of $10,000, which the French academy awarded Bell for the telephone. In it he has spent thousands of dollars and hours of labor in experiments, but no one has bothered him. The aspect of the building is forbidding. It stands high up from the street, and its green blinds are generally closed. Still, great mansions have been springing up all around this, and now Professor Bell has decided to move his workshop to Georgetown. His extreme caution will probably be increased by the late suits, which have cost the Bell company fortunes. In Mr. Bell's library there are three volumes of 800 pages each, which contain the printed testimony of the plaintiff in the Drawbaugh cases, and each of these volumes is as big as a dictionary. Bell's testimony as defendant takes up four volumes of the same proportions, and the abstract of the evidence in the case makes another volume of the same family bible size. The Pan Electric suits may cost fully as much, and however they terminate, they will materially add to the fees of a number of noted lawyers.

Speaking of Bell's caution, he could hardly sleep, I am told, when he was making his first experiment with the telephone, for fear some one would steal his invention before he could patent it. He kept his models in his own room in Boston, and had a box-like case in which he locked them up whenever he went out of his room. At first the stock was sold very low, and there are a number of men about Washington who made fortunes by investing in it. What Bell is worth now no one knows. I heard the figure put at $6,000,000, and I suppose his father-in-law, Gardiner Hubbard, is worth at least as much more.

Professor Bell has the long, high head of the inventor and the mathematician. A reader of faces seeing his portrait, would pronounce him the practical man, and not the poet or the dreamer.

FRANK GEORGE.

EDWARD HANLAN, the oarsman, in speaking of the exercise requisite for an ordinary man to keep his muscles properly developed, condemned gymnasiums for ordinary purposes, as they overdo the thing. Heavy lifting is very pernicious, as it improves one set of muscles at the expense of another. The plain, old-fashioned rubber bands or tubes are best. Fasten them to the wall, about breast high, and then begin. There is no particular formula to go through. Motions will suggest themselves. Exercise the legs by another set lower down. He doesn't believe in plunge or shower baths. Strip in a comfortable room. Wet a towel, wring it out thoroughly, and wipe the surface of the entire body. Wet it again, but leave a little more moisture in it, and rub the body again. Once more, with still more water on the towel, and then rub off dry.

CARMEN

Quit Their Places at Cincinnati.

The Queen City Entirely Without Its Horse Car Service Since Noon To-day.

The Strikers Considering a Slight Advance---Progress of the Southwestern Trouble.

CINCINNATI'S STRIKE.

The Men Want an Immediate Answer.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

CINCINNATI, March 13.—The action of the street car conductors and drivers last night in demanding an answer to their proposition for $2.00 per day of twelve hours, by ten o'clock to-day, has compelled prompt action by the companies, as they are governed by directors who require time for consultation. It has been found impossible to meet the demand for an answer at the hour named. The president of the Cincinnati Consolidated Street Car company and one director have gone to the workmen's hall to consult the committee of the strikers. The consultation is still in progress.

THE CARS STOP.

CINCINNATI, March 13.—The consultation between the representatives of the two parties interested in the street railway trouble has ended without an agreement, and the strike has begun. President Kilgour, of the Consolidated company, offered the men $1.85 a day for twelve hours work, or he would give conductors $2 a day and drivers $1.75 a day for twelve hours work. Both propositions were refused by the committee representing the conductors and drivers, as they took the ground they could only carry out the instructions of the meeting held last night. This action was quickly communicated to the drivers and conductors at work and the cars are already running into the stables. The striking car men are to hold a mass meeting immediately. This strike takes from the streets all cars except those of the Mt. Auburn line and the Covington and Newport. One of the Newport lines is involved with the strikers. The present pay of the men varies from $1.50 to $1.85 per day of thirteen to fifteen hours.

CINCINNATI, March 13.—Promptly at noon the streets were clear of cars except the lines already mentioned as not involved. The demonstration is perfectly orderly. President Kilgour told the committee to-day that his offer was an ultimatum, and that if at their meeting this afternoon, they did not accept it he would ask them to turn in their punchers and receive their pay and discharge. He says, concerning the situation, that he believes the proposition will be accepted and that cars will be running to-day. He made the offer not because the company can afford it, for it entails an additional expense of $65,000 a year, but in the interest of peace and order and in consideration of the unquiet condition of workingmen throughout the country. The number of drivers and conductors at present in the strike is 440.

LOOKS LIKE SETTLEMENT.

CINCINNATI, March 13.—The striking employes of the Walnut Hill line held a meeting at 1 and voted to accept the proposition of $1.85 a day for twelve hours. The Consolidated company's employes are still in secret session, but it is thought they will now accept these terms.

NO GO.

ST. LOUIS, March 13.—Efforts to start freight engines to-day were made twice, but the engineers deserted their posts on request of the strikers.

MINERS OUT.

PITTSBURG, March 13.—The miners of the coke region came out to-day.

LOOKS BETTER.

ST. LOUIS, March 13.—The resumption of freight traffic by the Missouri Pacific railway seems more of a possibility to-day than at any time since the strike began. It is expected that a sufficient number of new men will be hired by next Monday to enable the company to resume freight traffic all along their lines.

THE STRIKERS LEFT.

FORT WORTH, Tex. March 13.—The fact that the Texas Pacific road has reopened business along the entire line from New Orleans to El Paso and that Governor Brown has won the fight so far is very unsatisfactory to the strikers and they will now try another method of crippling the company. The plan is to use the fund raised in the east to buy off the men who have gone to work in in place of the strikers.

THE STUDEBAKER STRIKE.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., March 13.—The men in the Studebaker strike are still out and no attempt is being made to fill their places. They were paid off to-day.

WASHINGTON.

Senator Kenna Makes a Very Strong Speech.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL:

WASHINGTON, March 13.—By far the best speech made in the great political debate now going on in the United States senate was made yesterday by Senator Kenna, of West Virginia, the youngest member of the body.

He began promptly at 2 o'clock. The galleries were uncomfortably crowded, and nearly all the available space on the floor was taken up by members of the house of representatives and others, who availed themselves of the privilege of entering the chamber. In the pew reserved for the executive household sat Miss Cleveland, accompanied by two lady friends and a young gentleman.

The West Virginia senator commenced by reading from the record extracts of Edmunds' argument delivered a few days since, after which he proceeded in a deliberate style with his argument. Figuratively speaking he wiped the floor with the Vermont senator, when he suddenly dropped him and took Senator Sherman, who was in the presiding officer's chair, by the ears, and like Edmunds, convicted him of being inconsistent.

He said that the election of Grover Cleveland a year ago was not on account of the man, but that it meant that the marshals, the collectors, the ministers, the consuls and the postmasters should all go, and turning to his democratic colleagues he exclaimed, bringing his fist down on his desk, "They ought to go."

He defended the position of the administration with precedents which he frequently quoted from a wheelbarrow load of books that lay on the desk before him. He had ransacked the records of the government from 1795 down to the present day. He quoted from Washington, from Jefferson, from Jackson and all of Mr. Cleveland's predecessors, including Grant and Hayes, and each quotation was a home thrust to the republican senators. When he sent to the clerk to be read for the first time a letter written by John Sherman, as secretary of the treasury, peremptorily refusing a request made by Roscoe Conkling, as chairman of the senate finance committee, for the reasons prompting the Hayes administration, for the removal of Chester A. Arthur as collector of customs in New York, one could almost see a cold chill creeping up the backs of the republican senators, so deliberate was this point made.

Kenna paid his respects to Logan by reading an amendment proposed by the Illinois senator years ago to a bill providing for the repeal of the tenure of office act, declaring all offices vacant except judge, so that Grant could make a clean sweep. He made Edmunds turn crimson by quoting copiously from Blaine's book extracts which are in direct opposition to his position, and from these extracts he convicted Edmunds of inconsistency.

SENATOR MILLER'S FUNERAL.

WASHINGTON, March 13.—The remains of Senator Miller will be escorted from the family residence to the capitol by a squad of politicians and a committee of the Loyal Legion. The services will be conducted by Rev. Dr. Leonard, of St. Paul's Episcopal church.

The funeral services were held in the senate chamber to-day and were very impressive.

HOUSE.

Yesterday pension matters were discussed without action, in the house. An evening session was held, and forty-five pension bills passed.

Immediately upon assembling, the house proceeded by the speaker and chaplain proceeded to the senate chamber to take part in the funeral ceremonies of Senator Miller. Upon returning the house adjourned.

Schaefer Has It His Own Way.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

NEW YORK, March 13.—The fourth night of the billiard contest between Schaefer and Vignaux drew a full house. As heretofore, Schaefer had it all his own way. He had scored over 300 points when Vignaux turned his first hundred. When the evening play opened Schaefer had 1,800 points to his credit as the result of the the three nights' work to 1,029 for Vignaux. At the close last night he had 2,400 to Vignaux's 1,372. In order to win Vignaux to-night has before him the enormous job of scoring 1,629 points before Schaefer can secure 600.

A Wrong Impression.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

DECATUR, Ill., March 13.—An erroneous impression has gone out that the United Labor party of America, which had its birth in Decatur, March 6, was organized by members of the Knights of Labor assembly. It was formed under the auspices of the Decatur Workingmen's club, which is entirely separate from the Knights of Labor.

Grace Uses the Veto.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

NEW YORK, March 13.—Mayor Grace has vetoed the resolution granting the cable railway company franchise over thirty-nine routes, covering seventy-six miles of the city's streets.

ABLAZE!

The Toledo Reformatory is Doomed.

The Persecuted Inmates Fire the House to Escape Superintendent McDonald.

Cora Lee and Emma Molloy on Trial at Springfield--Great Crowds Assemble There.

IN FLAMES.

The Toledo Reformatory Blazing at Noon.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

TOLEDO, March 13.—The Toledo reformatory in the out skirts of the city, caught fire in the roof just before noon and will be a total loss. It belongs to the city and cost about forty thousand dollars. There are about eighty boys now inmates of the institution. The fire is undoubtedly incendiary, as a boy visited the tank room immediately under the roof about a quarter of an hour before the flames burst out. Superintendent McDonald is absent attending the legislative investigation of alleged cruelty on his part toward the inmates.

Mrs. Molloy and Cora Lee on Trial.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., March 13.—The preliminary examination of Mrs. Molloy and Cora Lee, charged with complicity in the murder of Mrs. Graham, began yesterday before Justices Rountree and Savage. The court room was crowded to suffocation, and the audience was characterized by marked disorder. The state will attempt to prove that Mrs. Molloy was not in Kansas on the night of the murder, but that she and Cora Lee were following in George Graham's footsteps through Springfield and Newton, and if they did not actually participate in the murder, that they were present when it was committed. Several witnesses for the state were examined, but nothing of a sensational nature was developed.

THE MARKETS.

By Telegraph to THE SENTINEL.

NEW YORK, March 13.—Wheat, ½@¼c higher. No. 2 red, March, 95¾@96¼c. Corn, ½@¾c higher. Mixed Western, 44@49½c. Oats, 38@44c.

Money easy at 1½@2 per cent.

CHICAGO MARKET.

CHICAGO, March 13—Wheat, 85¼@85½. Corn, 40½c. Oats, 32½c. Rye, 57½c. Barley, 60. Flaxseed, $1 11. Timothy, $1 85@1 86. Whisky, $1 16. Pork, $10 15. Lard, $6 00.

LOCAL CHAT

Picked Up Hereabouts by "The Sentinel" Courier.

Angola now talks of a $15,000 hotel.

Stone setting on the new state house will soon recommence.

The city of Indianapolis borrowed another $40,000 from Treasurer Miller, making altogether $103,000.

Hon. Martin Krueger, of Michigan City, is a candidate for the democratic nomination for clerk of the supreme court.

Work upon the government building at New Albany will be commenced May 1. The government has purchased and paid for a site.

An octogenarian, at Mishawaka, Mr. Harlow Varney, while temporarily insane, went into his son's wood shed and hanged himself.

The street railway company of Elkhart is considering the proposition to run their cars by electricity. It will cost $14,000.

Ferdinand Black, the gentleman who received the $10,000 in arrears of pension at Etna Green, is quite seriously ill, and fears are entertained that he may not recover.

A Knights of Labor assembly has been organized at Angola, Steuben county. Assemblies K. of L. are also about to be organized at Auburn, Waterloo and Garrett City.

William Bane of Warren, was arrested on a warrant for arson. It is alleged that Bane fired a stable in Huntington county, several months ago, burning four horses and other property.

John Stevens, a Greencastle boy, was stealing a ride from Fillmore to that city, and on seeing the trainmen, leaped from the train, striking his head against a tie and killing him instantly. Two casualties to the same train inside of ten hours is remarkable.

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Arrival and Departure of Trains

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R

GOING EAST.		GOING WEST.
Ar. 1 30 pm	Express	Ar. 1 50 pm
Lv. 6 10 am	Accommodation.	Lv. 6 45 pm

PITTSBURG, FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO R. R.

GOING WEST.		GOING EAST.
12 30 pm	Lv.—Mail and Ex.....—Ar	5 00 am
5 10 am	" Limited Ex*s..... "	9 00 pm
6 05 pm	" Fast Thro'n Ex*.. "	8 00 pm
1 15 am	" Mail and Ex*..... "	2 05 pm
3 10 pm	" Plymouth Ac.....	
6 00 am	" Local Freight..... "	6 30 am

*Daily. All others daily except Sunday.

WABASH, ST. LOUIS & PACIFIC R. R.

GOING WEST.		GOING EAST.
5 25 am	Lv.—Limited Ex*.....Lv.	8 05 pm
12 15 pm	" *Lafayette Ex*... "	1 20 pm
6 20 pm	" Through Mail *... "	6 50 am
9 30 pm	" Fast Mail*	
	Accom, Freight † "	5 25 am

*Daily. †Except Sunday.

Limited Express, free chair cars. Through Mail, Palace sleeping cars between New York and St. Louis.

INDIANAPOLIS TIME CARD.

LV. FT. WAYNE.	AR. INDI'S.
5 25 am	10 45 am
12 15 pm	6 15 pm
5 30 pm	1 40 am

RETURNING.

Leave Indianapolis at 7:15 am; arrive at Fort Wayne at 1:10 pm.

Leave Indianapolis at 2:15 pm; arrive at Fort Wayne at 7:50 pm.

Leave Indianapolis at 7:10 pm; arrive at Fort Wayne at 6:30 am. Woodruff Sleeper on this train.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

GOING NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.
2 45 am	Lv.—Mail and Ex.....Lv.	1 00 pm
8 05 am	" Trough Ex..... "	6 35 am
3 05 pm	" Express ..... "	12 10 am

Accommodation train arrives from the south at 1:35 p m.

Accommodation train goes south at 5:35 pm. Trains daily except Sunday.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.

[Fort Wayne Division.]

FROM NORTH.		GOING SOUTH.
10 45 am	Ar.—Cincinnati Ex....Lv.	
	Detroit Ex..... "	4 40 pm
3 40 pm	" Detroit Express. "	11 35 am
8 20 pm	" Way Freight..... "	6 40 am

All trains daily except Sunday.

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE

GOING SOUTH.		FROM SOUTH
10 25 am	Ar.—Ind. & Cin. Rr....Lv.	5 00 pm
4 00 pm	" ...Cin. & L. Mail... "	11 00 am
5 30 pm	" ...Freight..... "	5 30 am
5 00 pm	" ...Freight..... "	0 00 am

Trains daily except Sunday.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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CONSUMPTION. I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York

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The Daily Sentinel.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1886.

SABBATH READING:

Gossip About Rev. Sam W. Small.

International Bible Statistics---Christians in the Round House --Rev. Sam Jones on Goats-- The Lords Prayer, Etc.

CHICAGO, March 10.—Mr. Sam Small, the evangelist, has been with us long enough now to form some opinion of his work. He makes an excellent assistant to the Rev. Sam. Jones. For he possesses largely the grace, elegance and refinement which Mr. Jones lacks. To some persons many of the latter's sayings appear coarse and brutal; these will find little to offend in the polished utterances of Mr. Small. He appears to follow in his method the preachers who have preceded him since the beginning of Christendom. As it is sensationalism that takes with the masses it is likely that the Rev. Jones will continue to attract most attention.

SAM. W. SMALL.

Mr. Small having found fault with what he calls "that oblong yard wide gesture sketch," which was published recently, herewith is presented an engraving from a recent photograph. It gives an excellent idea of the energetic character of the man. He is thin, pale and terribly in earnest. FRANK BELL.

The Lord's Prayer.

As it was written in English one thousand years ago:

"Uren fader thic arth ie heofnas, nid gehalgud thin noma; to cymeth thin ric; sie thin wille sue ir in hoefnas and in eorthe. Uren hlaf ofer wirthic sel us to dney; and forget us scylda urna, sue we forgefen scyldurna urum; and no inlead usith in uurtnung. Ah gefrig urich from ifle. Amen."

Two hundred years later the language had undergone such alterations that the prayer run thus:

"Thu ure fader the earl on heofenum. Si thin nama gehalgod. Cum thin ric. Si thin wille on eorthen swa, swa on heofenum. Syle us to daeg urn daegthanlican hlaf. And forgif us ure gyltas swn, swa we forgifath thaim the with us agyltath. And ne led thu us on costnung. Ac alys us from yfle. Si it swa."

There is very little difference between this version and that in the Saxon gospels said to have been translated by King Alfred; but about two centuries and a half after, in the time of Henry II., Pope Adrian, an Englishman, rendered the prayer thus, and sent it over—a curious example both of the progress of the language, and of the versification of that age:

"Ure fadyr in heaven rich,
Thy name be hallye I ever ilch,
Thou bring us thy michell blisse:
Als bit in heaven y-doe,
That in yearth beene it also.
That holy bread that lasteth ay,
Thou send it ous this like day,
Forgive ous all that we have done,
As we forgiveh uch other mon;
No let us fall into no founding
Ac shield our fro the fowle thing. Amen."

Sam Jones on the Goats.

The text was, "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world," etc. "Before I proceed," said Sam, "I want to know how many members of the church there are here this evening. [About three-fourths of the congregation arose.] I see there are yet a great many goats among the sheep. But many of us sheep were goats once, and I dare say that some of us, though apparently sheep, are in reality goats." Continuing, he said:

Now, the first subject under the text that I want to call your attention to is worldliness. Take dancing. The most a young woman can hope to attend is 200 balls. Say she dances four sets at each ball. Now, when she is in hell her only boast will be that she danced 800 sets, but the devil will test her capacity.

The worst old soul that walks can't expect to drink more than forty barrels of Robinson County in a lifetime, and his only boast when he parades up and down the streets of hell is that he drank forty barrels of Robinson County and it never quenched his thirst.

I tell you a man never gets a bargain in a ball-room wife; they don't pan out. God help the poor girl that gets a fellow with an appetite for Robinson County.

When a man buys a house he looks at the title, sees if it's mortgaged, and what the character of the neighborhood in which it is located. Just so when a man gets a wife. He ought to look at her title, see if it's clear, that no worldly sins have a mortgage on her, and in what society she locates herself.

I like to see a man frugal, but not a miser. A man once saved and saved until a neighbor said: "What are you saving for, you old miser?" "I am saving for Sally and the children." Could I see Sally with all her style, and the children with their handsome turnout soon after his death, what would I think of it? I would think that the man was too frugal, and saved up for his Sally and neglected his own soul, and that the money would prove a curse to them.

If I had money in abundance I would lay aside a competence for my wife, but not a cent for my children. Why? Because if they were of any account they could make their own living.

International Bible Statistics.

The following statistics have often been published, but we repeat the publication for some who may not have them at hand:

The books in the Old Testament, 39.

The chapters in the Old Testament, 929.

Verses in the Old Testament, 23,241.

Words in the Old Testament, 592,439.

Letters in the Old Testament, 2,728,100.

The books in the New Testament, 27.

The chapters in the New Testament, 260.

The verses in the New Testament, 7,959.

Words in the New Testament, 181,253.

Letters in the New Testament, 838,380.

The Apocrypha has chapters, 183.

The Apocrypha has verses, 7,081.

The Apocrypha has words, 152,185.

The middle chapter and shortest in the Bible is Psalm cxvii.

The middle verse is the 8th of Psalm cxviii.

The word "and" occurs in the Old Testament 35,543 times.

The word "Jehovah" occurs 6,865 times.

The word "and" occurs in the New Testament 10,604 times.

The middle book of the Old Testament is Proverbs.

The middle chapter of the Old Testament is Job xxix.

The middle verse of the Old Testament is II Chronicles, 22d chapter, 17th verse.

The shortest verse of the Old Testament is I Chronicles, 1st chapter, 25th verse.

The longest verse in the Old Testament is Esther, 8th chapter, 9th verse.

The middle book of the New Testament is II Thessalonians.

The middle chapters of the New Testament are Romans 13 and 14.

The middle verse of the New Testament is Acts, 17th chapter, 17th verse.

The shortest verse in the New Testament, John, 11th chapter, 35th verse.

Verse 21, of chapter 7, of Ezra, has all the letters of the alphabet except "j."

Chapter 19 of II Kings, and chapter 37 of Isaiah are alike.

Christians in the Round-House.

A railroad man never fires up his engine unless he intends that engine to go out on duty, and the Lord never fires up a Christian that is going to stand in the round-house. There are different kinds of Christians just as there are different kinds of engines. There are engines in this town that haven't been out in ten months, and there are others that go out every day in all their power and glory toward Chattanooga. There is your regular road-engine, and your little switch-engine, and that engine there in the round-house that seems to be a matter of show. I have often thought these nice preachers in the city—I don't know whether you ever saw one or not, but when you do you will know *him*—kid-gloved fellows, white-cravatted, and they are the nicest thing you ever saw in the world, more elegant than anything except their sermons—resemble a locomotive. It hurts a man to get up Sunday and preach himself twice, but when he preaches Christ twice a day it doesn't hurt him. I never tried to preach but one big sermon, and then I burst wide open. If you were to say "Hell" right here in that way to one of those preachers you would shock him nearly to death. I have been criticised by these nice preachers, these elegant preachers, and I have said to them: "Brother, I was in this round-house the other day, and as I stood there there came in a locomotive all soiled, and black, and greasy, and dusty, and I asked, 'What is the matter with that engine?' 'O,' he said, 'that grand engine has just pulled in from Chattanooga ten heavily-freighted passenger-cars.' I turned around to another bright, beautiful engine—its brasses shining, its machinery glistening. It had not been out of the round-house for six months." We can excuse dirt and dust if something has been done. And then there are these little switch-engines running in and out, blowing whistles and frightening horses. They remind me of those Christians you never see except at revivals, where they go shouting around. Let us go out to-day and couple on to something.—*Rev. Sam Jones.*

"Think naught a trifle, though it small appear." Just remember, for instance, how you would be dancing around with toothache, if you hadn't bought a bottle of Salvation Oil—Yes, think of that.

ANSWERS ROBERT.

"Nym Crinkle," Attacks Mr. Ingersoll.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, March 9.—The latest and possibly the best antagonist whom Mr. Robert Ingersoll will have to meet in the future promises to be Mr. A. C. Wheeler, a New York journalist, who, as a dramatic critic and feuilletonist has long been known under the name "Nym Crinkle." In a lecture which he recently delivered, entitled, "Skylarks and Daisies," he replied to Mr. Ingersoll's "Myths and Miracles." He commenced his lecture by stating his reason for it. He said he spoke not as one charged to defend the gospel, but as a man of the world, a man of the Nineteenth century, depending on the foundation of the civilization in which he was protected in life and in property, educated and freed. He did not question the sincerity of Mr. Ingersoll. He simply doubted that gentleman's omniscience. He simply believed that that gentleman's faith in himself and his own errors was sufficient to remove mountains. He quoted from the infidel's lecture on "Myths and Miracles" as follows:

A. C. WHEELER.

"All these old fellows were sun gods. There was Samson. He was a sun god. When his hair was cut off he lost his beams of light. There was Apollo, another sun god. He shot the demon of darkness with his rays of light. There was Little Red Riding Hood and there was Christ, another sun god. It won't do. They say he raised people from the dead. Well, why didn't he raise somebody we knew? If you was to go around trying to start a religion by raising people from the dead, you would raise somebody of some importance,- wouldn't you? Why didn't he tell us something of importance? Wouldn't you? Why didn't he tell us something about slavery when he was on the cross? Why didn't he utter those inspired words, 'Liberty, equality and fraternity?' I tell you it won't do."

Mr. Wheeler simply burlesqued this to show its shallowness. He said that in another year, if agnosticism succeeded in getting up a class of pupils, this style would undoubtedly be adopted with effect by the infidel teacher. He could then say: "There was the Goddess of Liberty; she was a sun god. She shot the demon of bondage with her shaft and men worshipped her. There was a Hail Columbia and Uncle Sam, another sun god.

There was the man who struck Billy Patterson, and there was George Washington, another sun god. They said he was the father of a free country. Well, why didn't he abolish slavery, if he was? If you were going round trying to start a free country, you wouldn't own slaves, would you? Why didn't he tell us, in his farewell address, about Mormonism and rapid transit? Why didn't he utter those inspired words, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead?"

The effect of this satire of Mr. Ingersoll's method of mixing up historical and mythical personages was, to say the least, hilarious. He poured all his sarcasm upon Mr. Ingersoll's statement, made in one of his lectures, that he could write a better book than the Bible himself. "If," said he, "you can only get that sentence into the heads of the people they will never bother much with what Mr. Ingersoll thinks of the Bible. They will be too completely overwhelmed with what he thinks of himself." Mr. Wheeler's closing tribute to the spirit of Christianity was worthy of the best pulpit. It was fervid, pictorial, eloquent. He told what a newspaper man in the great metropolis, who had spent the greater part of his life in active journalism, knew about it. He spoke with earnest reverence of that Master whose mission opened with a benediction of peace and closed with a prayer for his own murderers, and then said:

"During twenty odd years of eventful toil in the great city I never found a depth of misery so deep, a poverty so rank, a crime so atrocious, a despair so black, that some humble follower of that Master did not find it out. Into all the holes and corners of wretchedness where vice and poverty, like twin wolves, had hunted down their prey, the policeman and the reporter always found the hooded sister or the missionary ahead of them. They were the first to come. They were the last to go. They stayed and put up their supplication when all else of earth had forsaken the wretch. They followed him to the prison cell, and they stood beside him on the gallows, and they never forgot in all the obloquy of sin and the cry of human vengeance the eternal brotherhood of man. And they wanted no pay, and they got no praise. They were doing that Master's work. True, it was 1800 years ago when He called them and bid them go out and bind up the broken hearts and dry the tears, and thus, with tender touches of tone, they carry out His mission; and in that time empires have fallen and races have become extinct, but these little streams have widened and deepened till they encircle our globe like its atmosphere and sweeten myriads of arid hearts"

These extracts will give an idea of the lecturer's style. In appearance Mr. Wheeler is a quiet gentleman of just 50 years. He speaks earnestly but with admirable control. His new departure is considerable of a surprise to his friends, who acknowledge him to be be the most brilliant of writers and considerable of a philosopher, though unaware before that he was an admirer of the meek and lowly Nazarene. S. H. H.

The Colored Doctor.

Doctor—I'm afraid, Mrs. Brown, dis yah chile is 'flicted with Membranons Croup, and de prognostications all seem to prognostiсat in dat direcshun.

Mrs. Brown—Foak de Lawd, am dat so? I had noticed dat de poah lam's brain was 'fected. Well, yo' cuah him ob de brainousness, an' I'll jis knock dat Croup higher'n a kite wid a dose ob Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein, foh I allus keep a wiar in de cabin.

Notice to Taxpayers.

Notice is hereby given to the taxpayers of the city of Fort Wayne that the city treasurer's office will be open every evening from 7 to 8:30, except Friday and Saturday evenings, from now until the 19th day of April, to receive taxes. Positively no extension of time will be given.

H. C. BERGHOFF,
City Treasurer.

March 8, 1886-1w.

Why does the Banner Clothing house do the leading business? Because they sell their clothing one half less than any other house in the city. 9 d-5t w-1t

SAM JONES.

How He Looks, How He Appears and the Clothes He Wears.

Rev. Sam Jones' revival services in Chicago are now attracting universal attention. The celebrated evangelist is a slight, earnest-looking man, with dark hair, touched with gray, wears a choppy black mustache, and has blocked out a pair of promising side whiskers. Jones dresses as he talks—in a decidedly go-as-you-please way. He wore at his opening service bright brown trowsers of no particular cut, a black broadcloth vest left unbuttoned at the bottom, and a clear-green coat with wide skirts.

Sam Jones is shrewd and sensible, but the secret of his influence with a crowd seems to be his good nature. He leans back against the desk, his hands deep in his pockets and laughs. A moment later he looks as solemn as a country graveyard. If the expected wave of laughter fails to come he steps forward and looks around in a quizzical fashion. "Don't see the idea, eh?" he remarks in an undertone; "well, I'm all right when you understand me."

Mr. Jones was introduced by the Rev. Mr. Goss. Before turning to his sermon the evangelist remarked that he thought a church should be a jolly sort of place, where people could laugh if they pleased. The audience took him at his word and laughed on every possible occasion. Now and then there was a ripple of applause or a burst of "Amens!"

The sermon lasted for an hour, and at its close Sam Jones motioned back Mr. Goss, who was stepping forward to pronounce the benediction. "Just hold on, thar," he said. "I preach at the skating rink at 3 o'clock. Every one of you be there and do your duty. I am not going to do it all. You tote your skillet and I'll tote mine—receive the benediction."

Mr. Jones began in his opening sermon as follows: "I want to say, brethren, in order that we may get the most good out of these services, let us be perfectly free and easy. We are the children of a great and good Father. This is His house. All these people, these little children, and these old people are all the children of the same good Father. We are His children. Now make yourselves free and easy. We come to the house of God to enjoy ourselves. If you would rather laugh than cry, take your choice; there is as much piety in one as the other. If you would do neither, that suits me; but above all things let us wear a pleasant face in the house of God. Nothing will beat a drooping, melancholy, sad congregation of people. God tells us He is our Father and we are His sons and daughters. I know my relations toward my children as a father. If anything gladdens my heart it is to see my children cheerful and happy, and if anything saddens my heart it is to see my children sitting around me drooping, melancholy, sad and mournful.

Now, there are a class of people that ought to look sad. If any of you have stolen anything, been drunk, robbed widows and orphans—when you come into the house of God you ought to put on a very sad countenance. I would if I were you. But if you have lived right, done your duty, carry a smile on your face as broad as heaven, and let the world know that you enjoy yourselves as you travel through this world. A great many people have confounded solemnity and sadness of countenance with piety. That is a mistake. I have looked at preachers and looked at official members of churches in their sad, dejected presentation of themselves, and I have wondered, "Well, now, is that religion?" If it is, I don't want it until just about a minute before I die; I don't want to be troubled with it here in this world. I want it, of course I want it, before I die, but I don't want it until about a minute before I die. No matter how much I may be convalescing I think about a minute of that sort of religion would kill me straight out. I don't want that sort. Now let us be pleasant and free and easy with each other in the congregation; let us be cheerful one with another, and if the preacher touches you anywhere along the line of my life, say: "I will straighten that out." If the preacher points out to me any duty I am neglecting, say: "I will take it up." If the preacher shows me in my life a flaw I will remedy it. This is an honest spirit in the house of God, and an honest soul can afford to smile and laugh in the house of God. They say: "Well, the house of God is a sacred place;" no more sacred than my home, the house my wife and children live in, that is dedicated to God like this church or any other church. I am raising those children under the eye of the Lord; they are the Lord's children, the house is dedicated to Him, and we live and talk in the house, and we don't feel like we are committing any sin either. This is the house of God and we are the children of the Lord, and above all things we say that the greatest bounties of heaven and earth are contributed to make his children happy.

Sayings.

What is infidelity? It is the tomfoolery of the dance. That's all you can make out of it. One old brother said: "I have got no patience with these infidels." An infidel walks up to me and says: "Jones, can you believe that the whale swallowed Jonah?" "Yes, sir, ten thousand times easier than I can take your side and believe that Jonah swallowed the whale." A man has got to believe one or the other, and I believe it is more reasonable to believe that the whale gulped down Jonah. I want our preachers to quit telling these poor little infidels there is no chance for them. They are about the easiest cases the Lord gets hold of. They are soft. Don't be afraid to let Christ buckle a poor little infidel. He can clean him up in one night and start him around doing good.

I tell you, brother, in the worst hours of my life my memory ran back to the home table—to father sitting there with lamp on the table, to mother sitting there, and to brother and sister sitting there, and father opening the Word of God and reading it to us, and asking the blessing of heaven upon us. That sweet picture will never be blotted out.

Scrofula diseases manifest themselves in the spring. Hood's Sarsaparilla cleanses the blood, and removes every taint of scrofula.

TROTTING HORSES.

The year 1824 marks the day when 2.40 was considered a remarkable trotting record for a mile. Maud S., the present champion, came to the front in 1880 with 2.10½, while her record is now 2.08¾. Sporting men claim that the horse will yet be bred which can go a mile in two minutes, while others hold that Maud S.'s time cannot be beaten.

Not less surprising than this rapid reduction in the trotters' time is the speed with which Athlophoros has grown into public favor. As a single instance of its efficacy may be mentioned the case of Mr. W. D. Murphy, of No. 310 Yandes street, Indianapolis, Indiana, who tells this story:

"I first contracted rheumatism in the war, in which I served four years and six months. After returning from service the disease seemed to assume a periodical form. I would have at least two attacks every year, and between these attacks I would suffer all the time. Often I could not walk or get out of bed, and the disease would catch me in the legs, so that while standing I would feel as if I were about to fall. It was one afternoon that I took my first dose of Athlophoros, and then at night I took another. I slept soundly that night. The next morning when I awoke I had no pain. I took a few doses more, but in all used only about two-thirds of a bottle before my rheumatism was gone. That was over a year ago, and since then I have had only a slight twinge. So great is my confidence in Athlophoros that I have recommended it to many different people. Among them is a Mrs. Wright, a lady seventy years old, who was entirely rid of all her pain by the medicine after suffering from rheumatism for fifteen years. In every instance it gave entire satisfaction."

Mr. R. Forster, a dealer in furniture at No. 320 Main St., Terre Haute, Ind., who tells the following:

"I have used Athlophoros with the very best satisfaction. I had neuralgia for years, and used about every medicine for it without obtaining any relief until I began taking Athlophoros. I was told of the remedy by a friend who bought a bottle of it for me, and I took some that same night. The next day I was as free from pain as if I had never had neuralgia. I went out and spent several hours in a walk which the day before would have been misery to me. During the summer months I am never troubled with neuralgia, but if I should be again I would certainly use Athlophoros, of whose merits I am fully convinced. I have a bottle on hand, but have no use for it at present. I have recommended it to several persons, and have yet to learn of a single instance where it did not accomplish its mission of good work.

Miss Kate Warren, of Stockwell, Ind., who says that she has not been able to effect a complete cure in her case because of inability to obtain Athlophoros when she desired to use it, nevertheless gives this testimony to its merits:

"I have used Athlophoros and have been very much benefited by it. I heartily recommend it to all I meet who are suffering from that dreadful disease, rheumatism."

If you cannot get ATHLOPHOROS of your druggist, we will send it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us, as directed. ATHLOPHOROS Co., 112 Wall Street, New York.

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SIMPLE STRONG SWIFT SURE

HAS NO EQUAL.

PERFECT SATISFACTION

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The Mirror is no flatterer. Would you make it tell a sweeter tale? Magnolia Balm is the charmer that almost cheats the looking-glass.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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This shoe stands higher in the estimation of Wearers than any other in the world. Thousands who wear it will tell you the reason if you ask them.

A BIG OFFER To introduce them we will GIVE Away 1,000 Self Operating Washing Machines. If you want one send us your name, P. O. and express office at once. THE NATIONAL CO., 21 Bay St., N. Y. 2-1m

ADVANCING SLOWLY!

Is What Beecher Says of Christianity.

But We Must be First Crushed, Like Clay on the Wheel, Before We Can Know That We Will at the End be a Beautiful Structure.

BROOKLYN, March 7.—Mr. Beecher took for his text Romans viii, 35-39:

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

"As it is written for thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

"Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

"For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,

"Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Not only is this a climax of emotion and thought, but it is a climax growing out of that which is in itself the mystery and the wonder of revelation. It is not strange that when we are told that this whole physical globe has an architect, and that it is wrought out with consummate skill, and that there is a general providence that maintains law and through law maintains existence, and that there are great moral lines and distinctions by which men classify themselves as good or bad, and that there is a self-executing penalty and a self-executing reward attached to the one side or the other, obedient or disobedient—all these things seem quite rational. We have a logic that can hold them together and appreciate their revelations, and on the whole be satisfied; but when it is told us that the central flame of the universe is love, and especially if we have been brought up as I was and many of you have been, to a conception of a sternly just king, who alternatively lends himself to love, but governmentally was bound to defend law and justice, and would make no allowance for sin except abandoned and repented of; to all that had been accustomed to think of love as a state of mind produced by something that was lovely, the wonder of the world, and the wonder of the world to come, will be as of this world it is, that this declaration, made so wide, so various, so intensive, from the very lowest of the earth in ascension to the very topmost heaven, covering time and eternity—this declaration of the strength of the love of God to man, not our love to God, but the love of God shown through Jesus Christ to us. It is certainly necessary, that is to say the state of things in this world makes it of transcendant importance, that we should have this truth made known, if it be a truth. And to a reflecting mind, while the idea is beautiful, the difficulty is in reconciling to ourselves the fact that there is such a central love and that the whole march of the universe is to the tune of love. It seems well nigh impossible to any man that thinks and observes.

With the exception of the Jewish religion I think that I may say without any danger or without danger of erring that there never has been established a religious belief in any nation, early or late, that had risen to any conception of the nature of God. Nor, in the earlier periods, do I see very well how it could have been other than that, since man's ideas of God are not thrust into him as arrows are shot into a mark, but they grow out of knowledges that he has around about him, and he cannot know of God much faster than the knowledge of moral relations, purity, nobility are developed in this world. At any rate, all the gods of antiquity, of the most refined nations, are barbaric essentially; streaked, veined with those selfishnesses, and with pride, and with vengefulness, that belong to the barbaric and savage human nature. I do not recall one single one of all the mythological hosts which represent central, disinterested, pure love. All the Grecian gods had their favorites, and to them benign and protecting; their enemies, and to them devilish. And the interpretations even given to the God of the Christian world have not been far removed; influenced, indeed, I believe, by these notions of the mythological god; we are taught loveliness, admire beauty, are on the whole in favor of virtue once in a while, like justice, but are after all arbitrary, imperious, despotic, easily irritated, requiring placation, and placation oftentimes that is to be made by blood itself. So that in all the world there has grown up from nature but one religion that taught us at first with comparatively feeble voice, but with growing emphasis through the ages, that God the eternal, the one universal governor—His name is love; and that is the teaching and that was the mission that Christ had to this world; to make known the mystery of ages; that the central motive element in this universe was divine love.

Now this seems to strike right against nature itself. Such a conception of God could scarcely seem to bedrawn from the operations of nature. When I consider what the system is upon which life has been established in this world, its elemental forms, its gradual unfolding and development, its consummation finally in the human family, and in the human family the primitive condition of the race out of which they crept very slowly into barbarism from savage state, and out of the barbaric state slowly into the nascent civilization and semi-civilization, and how the world waited thousands and thousands of years for the ascension of its race, and until we came to the present hour, when four-fifths of the human race still are sitting in the region of the shadow of death. When one considers that this is the story that nature tells us, and that by reason of ignorance and untamed passions, by reason of the want of any direct restraining power in governments or in religious beliefs and faiths, the human family has scarcely been better than the prowling beasts of the forests or the devouring insects that overcrawl each other; so that rapine, which is only organized theft, and deceit, and lying, and all forms of excitement of the chase, and all war, where man is the beast chased; all forms of rude violence have been developed in the human race, and that for generations, and again for generations, and still for generations, for years and for centuries, and thousands of centuries, slowly still unfolding, little by little, with torments and bloodshed, and persecutions, and sicknesses, and pestilences, and earthquakes, and all manner of convulsions that had afflicted the human family, I do not wonder that a man stands aloof and says the idea that there is a central motive power anywhere that is governing this world by love is preposterous. The facts are all against it. And if it be a fact, there never was a fact more necessary to be made known by inspiration than that. Nor do we get much relief when we come to look into human life, even in its best estate. We know perfectly well that goodness and rectitude are better than evil and disobedience of natural law; nevertheless, looking over the fates of men, many men go down from violation of natural law, but here is a good man who has risen to power and wealth by justice and industry, but in his social relationship he has been so connected that the fall of other men strikes him down as the fall of a great tree in the forest slays multitudes of those that are around about it; so men strike each other down in the crash of human society. Here is a household on one side of the street where the brawling children, dirty, filthy and vicious, are healthy; pestilence comes into the neighborhood and the good man's children are slain. They that could bring them up to honor and usefulness, lose them, and they that bring them up to vice and violence, keep them. Is there no discrimination to be used toward the good or the bad? And you look through the allotments of society, what we call the ordinary providential events. While we may believe in the generic providence, yet we are stumbled every day in the specialization, and say: "Why did God strike that man? and why did he spare?" Is there anything but an undiscriminating providence after all? This is the wail of antiquity; this is the cry all through the book of Job; this is the cry in some of the Psalms, where the psalmist says that the wicked prosper and that the righteous wrung out tears, as it were fountain of tears, and he stumbled in his whole faith until he went into the sanctuary of God. "Then I saw their end," usually interpreted as the special end of particular people, but I give it a much broader interpretation than that, "saw the end of the whole divine economy." the result and final outworking of that system that God had developed in this world. And that is precisely the feeling also which is developed in this eighth chapter of Romans. It is very evident that the apostle in writing on this subject had in his mind not things as they were at the particular stage at which he saw them, but he had illumination given him, revelation, foresight of what was the meaning of this whole world; of its slow progress, of its gradual ripening and of its relations to the eternal world that lay beyond; and that in view of the past and the present and the promised future, and the eternal fixity of things there, it would appear that God was a God of love, irradiating the whole universe by his presence, and that, therefore, these steps, although not seen by us how they bore upon it, yet by and by it will become plain to men how the steps of pain, through pain, through all mischances, through convulsions, looking at them at large, were steps that were building, building the great universe for the future.

How beautiful that house is, how glow the lights through the windows, how nimble the feet are that bound within. You stop to catch the strains and melodies. And how day and night the house is entered and left; how joyful it seems. And one thinks, wandering along the other side of the street, ill-clad and ill-fed, "Oh, if I only had such a home as that." How was that house builded? Men found in the field banks of clay, and calling workmen they shoveled it out. And doubtless if the clay could have spoken it would have said: "What do you mean? Here I can settle down. It is hard enough to make me as I have been made, but now that I have settled relations here, what are you doing with me? Why are you shoveling me out in that way, beginning with violence?" But by and by it is carried into the yard, and being put on the wheel that revolves and moistened, the wheel crushes it and crushes it until it is ground to mush, and still it cries out: "You told me that I was to be made beautiful, is this what you mean by beautiful? If you are to listen to the voice of the clay when it is under the wheel you will not think of beauty. But it is gathered out from there, and that which lay free and wild in the bank is shut up in little dgt chambers and roughed up in that way. "Oh, give me my liberty again," saith each brick. "Give me my liberty again." And that is not the worst of it again. It is upset and stacked up in the sun and loses its breath and life almost. And that is not the worst of it. It is stacked up in the kiln, and now begins the fire to blow underneath the arches, and as it shoots up through all the way, the clay says, "Where is your prophecy, where is the beauty, where is the happiness, where is anything but misery and wretchedness?" Yet somebody might say, "Patience, patience: you are on the way to beauty; great beauty we are on the way to." And it is gathered and carted out and carried by and by to the hand of the mason, and at last we begin to see the brick, what? Exalted and glorified in each individual brick, made beautiful? It is laid in seamy mortar and rapped down with the trowel and measured and kept plumb every way, and built up and carried up, little by little, and it has nothing in it except new bondage, new oppression, new burdens and weights, until at last the roof is put on it and the windows are placed and the floors are laid, and then the cleansing comes, the water and the scrubbing brush, and then the furniture, and then the romping and laughing children, and the happy family. Now at last the scaffolding all taken away, the rubbish all removed and the plants blossoming and exhaling, and sweet fragrant flowers on every side it is beautiful. But it came to it through a long way of turmoil, turbulence and oppression and suffering. God is building our home hereafter. We are but clay, and we are going through the several processes by which we are fashioned for that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. And as we can see in the transmission of bank clay through all the stages of preparation that that which must seem to it oppressive, cruel, harsh, hard, rough, that there is a final end that will redeem the whole of it, so the apostle's mind seemed to think that looking at the whole creation groaning and travailing with pain until now, that it was not made so from the will of man, it was made so from God's will, because of hope—that is, because of the future. He sees what is the outcome of it. And life is but the beginning of things, and has not been so far unfolded as yet that we can see from the things in us and around us what is the destiny nor what sorrow does, nor what repentance does, nor what oppressions and wrongs do. There is to be a time of disclosure, when the ends have come, and all experiment of unnumbered centuries has been wrought out, and we are all gone from here and become alert spectators of the closing work in the other life. God knows that then the whole interior history of man, and providence, and experience will themselves declare: "God is good and the end crowns the beginning and the whole work."

Well, that is not our only difficulty in this declaration of God's love. If the declaration was that God was lovely, that might be easily expounded and beautifully. But the declaration is that he loves, if it is that he loves the lovely. That we understand perfectly well. Who does not? If the declaration is that he loves the perfect, that we can understand. That is the old Grecian theology; that is the old Calvanistic theology. He loves a man after he has become lovely, and therefore it is the business of every man to get himself out of loneliness into loveliness as soon as possible. But here the declaration is that God loved the world that was lying in sin. For a just man no man would be willing to die. For a good man peradventure some one might dare to die. But God commended His love to us, in that while we were yet enemies, in flagrantia delicto, and in tumultuous passion as the world was, and is, hissing hot with all vicarous elements; yet the declaration is that God over all loves the world.

MECHANICAL.

THE palma christo plant is being extensively cultivated in South Carolina and the sea islands as a substitute for cotton. It is no more trouble to cultivate than corn.

THE experiment of pouring oil upon raging seas continues to be tried with success. One ship captain says that eight gallons of oil will enable a ship to safely run any sea twenty-four hours.

A MANUFACTURER of Breslau, Prussia, is stated to have built a chimney over fifty feet in height entirely of paper. The blocks used in its construction were made of compressed paper, jointed with silicious cement. The chimney is said to be very elastic, and also fireproof.

A FRENCH chemist has brought forward a new method of manufacturing guppowder. The requisite quantity of sulphur is dissolved in sulphide of carbon, and this solution is then mixed with the carbon, which, instead of charcoal, as in other modes of powder making, is cotton or some other cellulose fibre, which is reduced to an impalpable powder. To this mixture is finally added the proper quantity of a saturated solution of saltpetre. The compound is now evaporated and the crystallization broken up, or it is evaporated in a vacuum.

AN economical genius writes the New York *Mechanical News* that the main steam pipe in his mill is about seventy feet long; about fifty feet is boxed up, and the box filled with wood ashes. The remainder is covered with felt, having in it too many angles to admit of boxing. The pipe has two (2) steam gauges, attached, one at the boiler end, the other about ten feet from the engine. The two gauges show practically the same pressure, and there is but little condensation, the cylinder-cocks rarely showing any water, unless there is foaming or priming in the boiler.

THE preservation of scaffold ropes is a matter of great practical importance when scaffolding remains erected for any considerable time, especially in localities where the atmosphere is destructive of hemp fibre. It is suggested that in these cases the ropes should be dipped, when dry, into a bath containing twenty grammes of sulphate of copper per litre of water, and kept in soak in this solution for four days, afterward being dried. The ropes will thus have absorbed a certain quantity of sulphate of copper, which will preserve them from the attacks of animal parasite and from rot.

A FRENCHMAN writes of the style of construction peculiar to American locomotives. "that it is not calculated to reduce the fuel consumption to that of European locomotives. The small proportion of heating surface due to short tubes is as little qualified to utilize the heat produced by means of large grates as the very restricted use of expansion in the cylinders is to obtain the maximum work from the steam. Consequently it is not surprising that, while an average of thirty-five pounds of coal per locomotive mile is not considered low in France, American locomotives still average about fifty-six pounds."

Ten to Twenty Years of Success

For a remedy that has in that time never been wanting in all that is claimed for it, certainly ought to give confidence to those who have not tried Simmons' Liver Regulator. The trial is attended with no inconvenience, no danger, no doubt; if it will not cure you it can possibly do you no harm, and in no case of bilious headache, constipation, liver disease or its attendant evils has it ever been known to fail. Beware of bogus and counterfeit "Simmons" gotten up to sell on the reputation of the genuine.

The democratic candidate for trustee of Indianapolis has been indorsed by the central labor union.

DR. A. C. HOXSIE'S CERTAIN CROUP CURE.—This preparation, a private and original prescription, was extensively used in an unlimited practice for many years, with perfect success by the late A. C. Hoxsie, M. D., of Buffalo, N. Y. Having thoroughly tested and tried this remedy, he had no hesitation in pronouncing it positive, swift and sure to cure Croup in its most aggravated form, when administered promptly and according to directions. Its powerful and direct effect upon the diseased mucous membrane, renders it particularly invaluable to those living at a distance from a physician—as it is seldom necessary to call in professional aid. If the "Certain Croup Cure" is near at hand. Within powerful and effectual, it contains no opium in any form, nor any drug which can have a deleterious or injurious effect upon the system. The most delicate infant may take it, as directed, with perfect safty. Price $1.00. For sale by all first-class druggists, wholesale and retail. dec22-eodawsin

If you are low spirited and have no appetite get a bottle of Nichols' Bark and Iron. It is the safest and most effective Iron Tonic ever presented to the public. 22-4w

STREET CAR STRIKE.

The New York Police Taking a Car Through Grand Street.

NEW YORK, March 9.—The result of the street car strike in New York was a grand triumph for the Knights of Labor and for Labor itself, with a big L. The giant which has been bound so many ages is having things all its own way now. Every strike that is happening is getting its demands answered. Capitalists who are wise will stand from under at once, and get on the right side of this tremendous Knights of Labor organization in time.

The Knights accomplished all their objects by simply acting on a principle as old as the world, only this: United we stand, divided we fall. Sixteen thousand men stood together as one in the street car strike. They gave up deliberately $32,000, their day's wages, that a few fellow Knights, street car men, might get justice.

POLICE TAKING A CAR THROUGH.

At a given time the order was given down all the lines: "Tie-up." No sooner said than done. I went out in the morning as usual to come down town. I looked up and down the street. Not a car in sight. I smelt a mice at once. Two coal carts went thundering by, with great burly drivers.

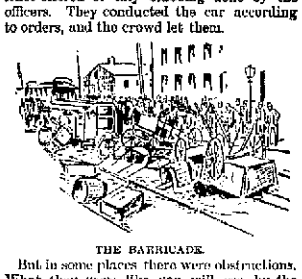
"Lookin' for a street car, lady?" asked one.

"Yes," I said.

"There ain't none to-day." "Lady, there ain't a street car runnin' in New York this morning," said the next one.

Their teeth flashed white through their black faces, as they smiled at the thought of it. Evidently they were Knights of Labor, and though I was three miles away from my desk, I couldn't help smiling back and saying, "Good!"

That was what nearly everybody else said. A distinguishing fact about the affair is the unanimity with which the populace of New York sided with the strikers. Even their employers knew in their hearts they would have to give in. But to fill a legal requirement, it was necessary to push one car over the Grand street line, which was that at first in dispute. It was done by the aid of 450 policemen, themselves no doubt, Knights of Labor, too. How they did it you will see by the illustration. It looks like clearing the way for Gen. Grant's funeral. There was no violence offered or any clubbing done by the officers. They conducted the car according to orders, and the crowd let them.



THE BARRICADE.

But in some places there were obstructions. What they were like you will see by the second illustration. It looks a little like a Paris barricade without any insurrection or firing on the people. Wagons had an unaccountable way of breaking down directly upon the car tracks and of having to be abandoned. There were barrels, there were bread wagons, hand trucks, etc., upset and clinched inextricably in the most astonishing manner. In one instance a fire came bodily off a wheel of one of these gigantic carrying wagons drawn by the huge Percheron horses, so well known here. Such a thing was never known before, but here it happened right in the midst of the strike, and, stranger still, it happened right upon the street car track, and couldn't be got off.

But it all ended happily. The street car employes got their just demands, and all runs on smoothly again.

Our hearts are quite with the labor boys, bless them! They are just learning they are a giant when they hang together. But we are hoping with all our souls that they will use this power wisely and mildly, and not become oppressors in their turn.

ELIZA ARCHARD.

Take It This Month.

Spring rapidly approaches, and it is important that every one should be prepared for the depressing effects of the changing season. This is the time to purify the blood and strengthen the system by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which stands unequaled as a spring medicine, and has endorsements of a character seldom given any proprietary medicine. A book containing statements of the many wonderful cures it has accomplished will be sent upon application to C. I. Hood & Co, Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar.

Over three hundred accessions have been made in the different churches of Tipton county this winter, and revivals are still in progress. Trances are common and four persons have become insane over religion.

RED STAR
TRADE MARK.
COUGH CURE
Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison.
SAFE.
SURE.
PROMPT.
25 Cts.
AN EXPECTORANT AND BALSAM.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

THIS PAPER is on file in Philadelphia, at the Newspaper Advertising Agency of Messrs. N. W. AYER & SON, our authorized agents.

DR. T. J. DILLS
Has his office at his residence
NO. 108 EAST BERRY STREET,
Where he will give exclusive attention to all
DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR,
Office hours, 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Combines, in a proportion peculiar to itself, the active medicinal properties of the best blood-purifying and strengthening remedies of the vegetable kingdom. It will positively cure—when in the power of medicine—Spring Debility, Headache, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, and all Diseases caused by a low state of the blood.

"I suffered three years with blood poison. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and think I am cured." MRS. M. J. DAVIS, Brockport, N. Y.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. RARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Is so vastly superior to any other sarsaparilla or blood purifier, that one has well said: "Its health-giving effects upon the blood and entire human organism, are as much more positive than the remedies of a quarter of a century ago, as the steam-power of to-day is in advance of the slow and laborious drudgery of years ago."

"While suffering from a severe bilious attack in March, 1883, a friend in Peoria, Ill., recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla. I tried the remedy, and was permanently cured." J. A. SHEPARD, travelling agent for Devoe & Co., Fulton Street, N. Y.

Purifies the Blood

"I tried a dozen articles to cleanse my blood, but never found anything that did me any good till I began using Hood's Sarsaparilla." W. H. PEER, Rochester, N. Y.

"My wife was troubled with dizziness and constipation, and her blood has been in a bad order—in fact she has been all run down. Hood's Sarsaparilla is doing her a wonderful amount of good." F. M. BALDWIN, druggist, Blanchester, Ohio.

"I was for five years a sufferer with boils, all run down, and was at one time obliged to give up work. Before taking all of two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, was entirely cured." R. M. LANE, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"I was severely afflicted with scrofula, and for over a year had two running sores on my neck. Took five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and consider myself entirely cured." C. E. LOVEJOY, Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar.

Fruit House Bulletin

Great Reduction in Prices for 1886.

Goods are so low now that it can hardly be expected that there will be any further decline, so that those laying in full supplies will not likely be disappointed.

Coffee Down 2c, Tea Down 10c, Sugars Down 1-2c, Syrups Down 10c, Turkish Prunes Down 1c.

Best Rio Coffee down to 10c a pound; good Rio coffee down to 8c a pound; best Roasted Rio down to 12½c a pound; Government Java, 30c.; Roasted Java 25c.

TEAS Reduced in Proportion.

It is no more a luxury to buy Teas. When they were $1 and $2 per pound then of course the consumption of them was small, but now the price is so low that a good Tea can be bought at 20c per pound then they come within the reach of all.

We are enabled to sell so low simply in consequence of our immense trade. At times we sell two and three chests daily, and buying direct of the importers and selling direct to the consumers, enables us to save our customers the profits of the jobber, speculator and wholesale merchant which is at least 10 to 20 per pound.

Young Hyson, good, 20c; choice, 30c; best 50c; Gunpowder, good, 30c; choice, 40; best 50c; Oolong or Black Tea 20c; choice, 30c; best 50c; Japan Tea, uncolored, 35c; choice, 40; best 50c; English Breakfast, good, 20c; best 50c per pound.

SUGARS---White and Yellow, Down 1-2c.

Cut Loaf Sugar, 7¼c per pound; Powdered Sugar, 7¼c; Granulated, 7; Coffee A, 6½; Coffee C White, 6c; choice New Orleans Yellow, 5c.

Syrups Reduced 10c a Gal.

Best Golden Drip, 40c per gallon; best Sorghum, 40c per gallon; best New Orleans, Molasses, 30c.

SMOKED MEATS AND PICKLED PORKS.

Best sugar cured hams, 10c per pound; Sugar cured shoulders, 6c per pound; Pickeled pork 6c per pound; Breakfast bacon, best, 9c per pound.

SALT AND SMOKED FISH.

White Fish, ½bbl, $3; White Fish in kits, $1; Family White Fish, kits, 50c; Family White Fish, ½bbl, $1.25; Mackerel in kits, 60c; good, $1; best, $1.50; Cat Fish, kits, $1; Cat Fish, ½ bbl., $3; ¼ bbl., $1.

Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Neats Foot Oil, Machine Oils and Head Light

Neats Foot Oil, 80c gallon; Fish Oil, 70c gallon; Headlight oil, 12c gallon; machine Oil dark, 35c gallon; Golden machine oil, 30c gallon.

WINES AND LIQUORS.

Old 76 Whisky for medical use, $2.50 per gallon; two-year old, $1.75; one-year old, $1.40; good now whisky, $1.50 and $1 per gallon; California wine, Muscotted and Angelico, 40c bottle; Port Wine per gallon, $1.25; gallon Catawba wine, $1; gallon Old Tom Gin, 40c; bottle Canada malt, 20c.

Candies Down---Stick and Mixed Reduced 2c per Pound.

Pure Stick Candy, 10c. per pound; French Mixed Candy, down to 10c; Bon Bons, 20c; Gum Drops, 10c; Imperials and Chocolate down to 15c per pound.

The Greatest Reduction of all is on Turkish Pruens.

Who ever heard of them selling at 4c per pound. The crop is so large at they don't pay freight and duty to ship to New York. The very best new fruit 4c per pound; new Valencia raisins, 10c. a pound; seedless Sultana Raisins, 12½c; best Leghorn Citron, 30c; new dried apples, 4c per pound; new dried peaches, 5c. per pound.

CIGARS, PLUG AND SMOKING TOBACCOS.

Bull Dog plug, 50c; Durham plug, 50c; Perfection plug, 35c; Hiawatha plug, 30c; Knights of Labor plug, 30c; Sweet Heart plug, 50c per pound. Fine Cut, 30, 40c, 50, best 75c. per pound. Smoking, 15c, 20c, 25c; best Durham, 45c per pound.

Choice Cigars, $1.25 per box; good cigars, 60c and $1 per box.

Twenty-five cents (25c) on the dollar saved by purchasing at the

FT WAYNE FRUIT HO SE

Would You Have Good DRY WOOD.

Call and see the stock I keep. Hickory, Beech and Sugar, ALL BODY wood, at Lowest Market Price. Yards near Bloomingdale Bridge.

J. M. MODERWELL.
Telephone 54.
Feb, 25-1m

A POSITIVE Cure without the most distinguished physicians in Europe. Established October 31, 1868. One dose will cure the most obstinate cases in four days or less.
Allan's Soluble Medicated Bougies.
No unpleasant doses of cubebs, copaiba or oil of sandalwood that our certain to produce dyspepsia by destroying the coatings of the stomach. Price $1.50. Sold by all druggists or mailed on receipt of price. For further particulars send for circular.
P. O. Box 1817
J. C. ALLAN CO.,
126 John st., New York.
CURE.

FOR FIRST-CLASS LIVERY GO TO
DR. G. P. BARNUM,
Nos. 91 and 93 E. Columbia St.
HACKS, HEARSES, BAND WAGON,
Single and Double Rigs at All Hours.
Hacks for Funerals and Weddings, $3. Buggies for 2 hours, $1.50. Hacks for parties, theatres, etc., at as low rates as anybody. In consideration of the hard times these have been my prices for the past 18 months.
TELEPHONE NUMBER 48.
March 5-dly

RUPTURE
Cured guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer. Exam at once; no operation, or delay in business; located hundreds of cases. Main office, 831 Arch st., Phila. At Custer house, Fort Wayne, 9th and 10th of each month June 24-dawly

SPECIALTIES!
—AT—
T. F. THIEME'S
DRUG STORE.
The Celebrated Liston and Liebig Extracts of Beef and Chicken,
for making Beef Tea and Chicken Broth, at home. Recommended by all physicians.
Wilsonia Magnetic Insoles and Belts.
Waukesha, Lithia and Seltzer Waters, by the glass or gallon.
Hot Soda Water!
Try It! Cor. Wayne and Calhoun Sts.

The Sentinel.

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ADDRESS ALL LETTERS AND ORDERS TO
E. A. K. HACKETT,
FORT WAYNE, IND.

The Daily Sentinel.

OFFICIAL PAPER COUNTY AND CITY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1886.

Mrs. H. C. Moderwell is quite ill at Grand Rapids.

The Carpenters' union meets over the postoffice to-night.

Mrs. John Conger is at home from a visit to Grand Rapids.

Mrs. John R. Hoagland, of Chicago, is visiting relatives here.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers meets to-morrow.

The little son of A. J. Tyler is suffering from a fractured arm.

T. E. Whitmer, Goshen, and G. C. Taber, Logansport, are at the Aveline.

Hon. J. B. Stoll, of South Bend, is in the city. Mr. Stoll has hosts of friends here.

One Swartz, of Huntertown, struck Constable Heppenhammer, and is under arrest.

Carl Meyer has accepted a position with Leitz & Vick, the Calhoun street grocers.

Frank Conz, of Wallen, charges Dennis Madden with assault, in Justice Ryan's court.

Mrs. Capt. Henry McKinnie is visiting at Pittsburg, where the captain has a magnificent hotel.

The Chicago and Atlantic road gave C. A. Brinnt $97 for running through his property at Huntington.

Mrs. R. C. Bell will accompany her sister to Europe in May. They will make an extended tour of the continent.

Mr. Frank Abbott has returned to his home in Portland, Me., after a month's visit among his friends and relatives here.

Hugh Welch, Sam Bloomhuff and Ed McLaughlan were fined $11 each by the mayor for drukenness, this morning, and sent to jail.

The graduates of the High school for 1883 have been requested to select subjects of essays and orations for the coming commencement.

Hon. M. P. Brady speaks at Library hall next Wednesday evening on "The Irish Question." Mr. W. P. Breen will introduce the orator.

Mrs. Adams, of Fostoria, O., who has been the guest of her daughter Mrs. Fred Beach, of East Berry street, has returned to her home.

James Owen O'Connor will present "Othello," "Richelieu" and "Shylock," during his engagement at the Academy the latter part of next week.

A warrant is out for Chas. Stean, of Huntertown, who is wanted to assume parental responsibility by Bertha Gunst, a pretty Fort Wayne fraulien.

Pendleton King, of North Carolina, was yesterday confirmed as secretary of legation at Constantinople. Mr. King lived here during the campaign.

Dr. J. M. Dinnen, the coroner, concludes that Fred Herbst met his death accidentally. He was almost blind and is believed to have walked into the canal.

Judge Brackenridge has denied the motion for a new trial in the case of L. A. Wright vs. Charles Pape and gave Mr. Wright judgment for $2,500 against the defendant.

Miss Katie, the eighteen-year-old daughter of Mrs. Michael Hogan, of Fairfield avenue, died last night from consumption. Her funeral will occur Monday morning from the Cathedral.

William Carver, the life convict, who was pardoned out of the southern penitentiary by Governor Gray, the other day, after having been in prison for twenty years, called at the governor's office yesterday to thank the governor for his liberation.

The trial of M. Cody vs. Robert Lowry came up for trial before Justice Hays this afternoon and was postponed until next June. The claim against Mr. Lowry is a fourteen year old ice bill. Mr. Lowry is confident the bill was paid and during the time before the trial comes up will make a search for the receipt or check. Mr. Cody was a candidate for a position under the present administration.

JOHN B. BLUE.

A Former County Auditor Dies in DeKalb County.

[Auburn Courier.]

John B. Blue was born in Miami county, Ohio, July 19, 1789, and died at the residence of his son-in-law, D. H. Murray, near Newville, February 17, 1886, aged eighty-six years, six months and twenty-nine days. Mr. Blue moved to Allen county, Indiana, in the spring of 1839, and settled on a farm which he cleared and occupied till 1853, when he sold out and went into the mercantile business at Leo. He was justice of the peace for many years, and was appointed auditor of Allen county. For about twenty-six years he has been a member of Mr. Murray's household, and moved with him to this county in the spring of 1862, and resided there till his death. Mr. Blue has been a well known and respected man in the community where he resided for many years, and leaves a large circle of friends and relatives to mourn his loss.

WHICH ROUTE?

Still Unsettled Where the Grand Rapids and Indiana and Muskegon Road Will Run.

People along the routes of the proposed railroad to Muskegon are still in anxious doubt as to which of the two routes surveyed will be selected. The only barrier which seems to be in any way against the construction of the road is said to be the chance of disposing of the bonds. This is not considered by those who claim to know any great drawback as they think there will be no difficulty in selling them as soon as placed on the market. The engineers, it is said, claim that the road can be built the cheapest by the southern route, and it is along that route that the people are actively securing the right of way in the event that the decision of the officers be favorable to them. The examination of the right of way into the city of Muskegon by the railroad officials will have its weight and in a measure determine the route to be selected.

PRIZE FIGHTING.

How the Glove Sport Is Disgraced and Abused.

Every well regulated newspaper has its "sporting editor," but at the present time there is an aching void in that department of THE SENTINEL, although our young man is equal to any emergency. So long as "mills" are conducted as they now are that "want" will be "long felt."

The brutal and inhuman conduct of "the strangler," in wrenching the ankle of "the Jap" from its socket at Chicago, the ghastly and cold-blooded sight of a man knocking a whole row of teeth down his opponent's throat, leaving him lying helpless and bathed from head to foot in gore, while the victor is carried on the shoulders of his friends in triumph, and the malicious and malignant killing of a man as recorded the other day in the dispatches, down in Virginia, has knocked us out, and our "Fuber" is cast up to the ceiling. No! We don't want any more of the "manly." We are now afraid to go to bed in the dark, from reading and seeing these exhibitions of "the art," and we want no more. Avaunt!

There was a time, not long ago, that we would have missed our supper to see two good men handle "the mittens," but not now. "Our goose is cooked" to a turn. Henceforth and forever our undivided attention will be paid to church socials and lawn fetes, and prize-fighting with two-ounce gloves, or the bare "maulleys," will make us leave the town.

Real Estate Transfers.

Olds Bros., real estate agents, room No. 8, Foster block, report the following recorded real estate transfers:

Fred. F. Ninde, trustee, to Peter D. Smyser, by warranty deed, part of lot 49, Chute & Prince's addition, for $250.

Peter Juergenson to John Riedel, by warranty deed, 1¼ acres in section 34, Washington township, for $450.

NORA PERRY has written some reminiscences of Wendell Phillips, in which she thus illustrates his power as a "fascinator:" "In the old anti-slavery days a Southerner, who was visiting Boston, said to a friend that he wanted to hear Wendell Phillips; that he had heard so much about him and his eloquence that he was curious to judge for himself. The friend, with some misgivings, took the Southerner to Faneuil Hall one night when Phillips was to hold forth upon his favorite topic. The Southerner sat stolidly through it all, not an angry gleam apparent in his face, but looking at the orator with a fixed, concentrated attention that never wavered. At the end Boston leaned forward and asked: 'Well, what do you think of him? Of course he must have offended your prejudices—you couldn't agree with what he said.' 'I don't care a —— what he says. I could listen to him all night,' was the unlooked-for response."

The Metropolitan theatre Pleasure party is drawing full houses this week. Next week the renowned Dashington Bro's., all star combination, will appear. Watch for the hangers. 12-2t

A WORD

With Some of the Men We Meet Every Day.

"Yes," replied a wholesale shoe merchant to our interlocutor as we came down the street, "the business outlook is first rate, and will exceed the spring season of '85 at least 50 per cent. We have made large purchases and are in condition to meet the increased trade promptly. Come around at your leisure and we will show you through the stock."

This was cheering news certainly, but the next man we met was a retail growler, always growling, never satisfied, and his remarks fell upon us like a wet cloth. "No! Nothing but expenses and goods sold on credit. Certainly we do, and it is this extra charge for goods sold on credit, over cash receipts, that keeps us going. We buy our goods for cash and the consumer who buys on credit pays a good round per cent. to us because many of our accounts are bad and some one has to make up for this loss. I tell you times are not what they used to be."

"Hello! old boy, How are you?" was the salutation from the man you always meet. "Think it's going to snow or rain? Snow, I guess; these blamed winters are getting longer and longer; wish it would get warm, so I could get rid of this dod gusted cold," As he left us we looked back to see what he was going to do next, but only saw him walking slowly down the street with both hands jammed down deep into his pockets.

"I want to see you a moment," said the mysterious politician whom we next met, as he took us by the lappel of the coat and dragged us back into a dark corner about two hundred feet distant, and looking cautiously about us, said in whispered accents, so low we could hardly hear him: "Do you know that I heard this morning, and my information is direct and reliable, although I am not at liberty to disclose my authority, that if the democrats don't make good nominations when they have their conventions, that the republicans are going to put a full ticket in the field?" This was a "corker," and it was some time before I could get my breath, but when I recovered I said: "Is that true?"

"Hello, sheriff; what's new?"

"Nothing. The efficiency of our officers and the certainty with which crime is punished make it awful dull here; but I am glad to see it, as it speaks well for the city, and strangers can come and go and our citizens sleep with some security, whereas just across the line in Ohio, crime is rampant, and the sand bagger and burglar is in clover. No, I havn't caught the negro burglar yet, he had three days start of me and had money, but I will catch him if he stays this side of the Mississippi river. This is the first burglary or good job turned in a month said the active officer as he hurried across the street to serve a subpoena on a farmer who lives away up in Scipio.

Well doctor, what is the state of health hereabouts?" "Good. There are a few cases of scarlet fever and some malarial fevers, but not many. Our city is in good shape and as a lawyer said to me a few moments ago if we didn't have a panic soon or a revival of business that was food for us, we would be compelled to serve as defendant for several cases. An epidemic to us is as a panic to them. So it goes every day and it is this that keeps us posted on the current events, as time cuts its swathe deeper and deeper."

ALWAYS WELCOME.

A Correspondent on "The Sentinel" and Kansas.

NICKERSON, Reno Co., Kan., March 10, 1886.

EDITOR OF SENTINEL:

I want to say to my friends in Allen county, Ind., that the Fort Wayne SENTINEL is a welcome visitor at our home in Kansas. It gives us all the news and keeps us posted. It gives both republican saints and democratic sinners their portion in due season; so remember we are not so far away that your deeds are not known to us.

I would like to answer some inquiries about sunny Kansas, by your permission. I have not time to answer all the questions asked by my old neighbors. In the first place, this is a very healthy country, with good water and plenty of it. There is no government land in this county. The soil is a sandy loam, easily worked and very productive. Corn, wheat, oats, broom corn, etc., are the principal products. The finest corn I ever saw grew in the Arkansas valley. Farmers here plough their corn but twice, and one man with a good team will plant and cultivate fifty acres of corn. This is also a good fruit country.

But my letter is already long enough to reach the waste basket. I must refer your readers to R. M. Cole, of Nickerson, who will give any desired information. Respectfully,

R. WESTERMAN.

I can most heartily recommend Athlophoros as an excellent medicine to my friends and to the public in general who may be afflicted with rheumatism. E. L. Dimock, of the firm of Dimock & Hayner, insurance agents, Janesville, Wisconsin.

Do not be misled by competitors, as the stock will positively be sold at fifty cents on the dollar at the Banner Bankrupt Clothing House. 9 d-5t w-1t

FORT WAYNE ABROAD.

Hon. Charles McCulloch Visits Kansas City and Pictures the Gateway of the West and its People.---Summit City People Make Fortunes.

Hon. Charles McCulloch has just returned from Kansas City and this morning THE SENTINEL representative stepped into the Hamilton National bank to greet its president and chat about the "future great" on the Missouri border. "What do you think of Kansas City?" put in the reporter.

"Think? I almost *know* to a certainty that as fast as brick can be laid upon brick and stone upon stone by a mighty host of capitalists and workmen it will be the rival of St. Louis and Chicago in size and trade. I saw it ten years ago a small town situated on a bluff with such hills and hollows to contend against that I hardly thought it could be made a suitable location for a large city. However, I find now that the energy of man can overcome great difficulties, provided in the natural order of things there is a reason for his doing so. At that time, from the depot I took an omnibus, and after a long, winding ride around the bluff I was brought into the upper city to the hotel. Now, I step out of the cars, walk up a flight of stairs, say fifty feet, and a cable car carries me on an elevated iron bridge over all the railway tracks, up over all the bluffs, into the heart of the city in less than ten minutes. That shows how easily one difficulty of location can be overcome. I find now that twenty distinct and important lines of railroads have made it a terminus, coming from both the east and the west. Why is this so? Because in the first place the growth of five of the richest agricultural states in the union demanded a central distributing and manufacturing point somewhere on the Missouri river. Kansas City is now the recognized locality. Energetic and shrewd capitalists commenced to improve it, the railroads began to build to it, making it the gateway of the west, and now it is growing faster in proportion than any other city perhaps in the world.

"Sunday I took a carriage and drove out to look at some of the immense packing houses. First I saw Doed & Son's, then Armour's, then Fowler Brothers'. All of these were apparently as large as any in Chicago—immense establishments where last year 80,000 cattle and 1,400,000 hogs were packed—and now Swift, the largest dressed beef shipper in Chicago, is making his arrangements to build in Kansas City. Mr. Armour said to me that as Texas, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Missouri were the great stock producing states, it was necessary for packers to locate there, as the the difference in freights alone gave it a great advantage over Chicago. Last year over thirty-five hundred buildings were erected in the city and suburbs, at a cost of seven million dollars. This year the building will be much greater, for rents are very high, and the increase of population and business demands it. Already have they secured a location for a new board of trade building, that is to cost $300,000, and the large insurance companies of the east have purchased a site on which to erect costly buildings, to be used as their western headquarters. Many of the greatest manufacturing companies of the United States have established large repositories, and are making it the great distributing point of the west. The buildings of Deere, Mansur & Co., Walter A. Wood Manufacturing company, Buford & George Implement company, Moline and Rock Island plow companies, and many others, are as large as any in the big eastern cities. Our own familiar firm of Meyer Bros. & Co. have an immense new building just completed, and are selling over one million dollars' worth of goods a year, with an increase of one thousand dollar sales each day. Three more cable lines will be built this year, as horse cars are too slow for these enterprising men. So there is no more doubt about the rapid growth of the city than that the sun will fail to rise to-morrow. Banks with capitals of $200,000 and $250,000 have over two millions of deposits. The published clearings of the city show a steady gain each week and last year they were over two hundred and twenty millions."

"Who of our friends did you see out there?" asked the newspaper man.

"Well, I met Mr. George W. Strope, who went there ten years ago with a few thousand dollars, and is now estimated at $150,000. He sold one piece of ground eighty by forty-two feet for $42,000 cash a short time ago. I called on Colonel Nelson, editor and proprietor of the *Star*, a paper started six years ago and now having over 16,000 circulation and advertisements of $7,000 per month. The colonel (for he goes by that title entirely) is as genial and jovial as he always was, a bright man and a capital friend, as popular and well known as he was in Fort Wayne. I think he has a fortune in his paper if he keeps on as well as he has done in the past and I rejoice at his success. I saw the gallant Captain Suttermeister of the 12th Indiana Battery. He also has made money and has his hands full of work. His delightful family have grown up about him so that his boys keep on the business and his daughters are well educated girls, brought up to make themselves useful as well as ornamental in society. My wife also met some old Beloit friends who have done well. I really think it is the best city for an industrious young man to go to that I have ever seen, for from other cities I have come back to Fort Wayne well satisfied with our pleasant city, but now I must confess that I wish I could move my bank and my business interests to Kansas City."

THE WAY TO CHURCH.

Remember the Sabbath Day and Keep it Holy.

Take your wife and little ones and go to church.

Services at the First Presbyterian church to-morrow, morning and evening. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m. All invited.

Trinity church, Rev. W. M. Webbe, rector. Services to-morrow at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. All cordially invited.

There will be the usual services at the Wayne street M. E. church to-morrow, at 10:30 and 7:30, by the pastor. You and your friends are cordially invited to attend.

Services at the Congregational church to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Young people's meeting at 6:45.

Rev. D. S. Kennedy, pastor-elect of the Third Presbyterian church, sends classmate and friend, Rev. Mr. Dodd, to fill his pulpit to-morrow morning and evening. Sabbath school at 2 p. m.

The morning and evening services at Christian chapel, to-morrow, will be conducted by Rev. J. H. O. Smith, of Edinburg, Ind, who is the evangelist for the Christian church in the state of Indiana.

To-morrow will be another grand day for the Baptists of this city. Please be prompt at morning and evening services and you will secure a seat. Come with your friends and neighbors.

The Sabbath services at the Railroad Reading rooms have of late been very interesting. The meeting to-morrow at 3:30 p. m. will be led by W. T. Ferguson, M. D. All railroad and factory men and all other men are cordially invited.

Services at Simpson M. E. church to-morrow at 9:30 and 10:30 a. m.; Sabbath school at 2:30 and evening service at 7:30 p. m. Elder Meredith will be with us in the morning and Rev. C. C. Albertson will preach in the evening. A cordial welcome to all. Remember our grand musical entertainment on next Friday evening.

There is increasing interest in the Wayne street M. E. Sabbath school. The school is thoroughly organized and teachers and scholars are evincing great enthusiasm in the study of the scriptures. New scholars are coming in from Sabbath to Sabbath. You are invited and will be warmly welcomed. School begins at 2 p. m.

Second Presbyterian church, West Berry street. Services to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Preaching by the pastor. Reception of members at the morning service. Quite a number have been received on profession. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Services will be continued all the coming week. You are welcome to all these services.

The services at Grace Reformed church to-morrow will be of unusual interest. In the morning there will be quite an accession to the membership. At both morning and evening services the pastor will speak on the important theme: "The Mystery and Reasonableness of Christ's Atonement." Those who have difficulty on this question of the atonement are especially invited to be present. Come and welcome

ORIENTAL AND OCCIDENTAL.

A little Western prodigy, of a religious turn of mind, aged three years, has given forth the following moral lecture in the shape of a story:

"Once there were two colts. One of them belonged to a man who didn't have any God. One of them looked over the fence, and didn't have anything to eat. His man didn't have any God. The other colt ate lots of grass in his pasture, and he grew, and grew, and grew, until he got a tail and a buggy to him. His man had a God."

But it is a Boston small boy who remarked the other morning, after his mother had had a laborious siege with his buttons: "I wish God would sew buttons on my skin, so I could button my clothes right on and not have 'em come off."—*Boston Record.*

Civil service reformers hold that continuance in office depends on fitness. But whatever changes take place in the administration, St. Jacobs Oil retains its hold on the people, because in every case it conquers pain.

NERVE-LIFE AND VIGOR restored in men and women by using Gilmore's Aromatic Wine.

WHEN DOCTORS cannot help you then take Gilmore's Magnetic Elixir for your throat and lungs.

MIDDLE-AGED MEN who lack vigor and vitality can be cured by Gilmore's Aromatic Wine.

JAMES SULLIVAN of Salem, Oregon says he was cured of the Asthma by Gilmores Magnetic Elixir.

THE WIFE, MOTHER AND MAID who suffer from Female weakness, will find Gilmore's Aromatic Wine a positive cure.

For sale by Dreier & Bro's, and G. H. Gumpper.

For the Sporting Fraternity.

I have constantly on hand a fine assortment of boxing gloves, dumb-bells, and Indian clubs. The finest stock in the city. C. H. MILLER,
9dw-1w 24 West Main Street.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT.—House of nine rooms, good well and cistern, gas and waterworks, 123 East Main street. Enquire at 19 Lafayette street. 2-1f

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—A genuine Seal Skin Cap in splendid condition. Cost $15.50 when new. May be had very cheap. May be seen at Adams express office. tf

FOR SALE—Magnetic Battery, Davis & Kidder make. Splendid thing for a physician. It cost $12. Will sell cheap. Inquire at Adams express office. tf

FOR SALE—Old papers at this office.

WANTED.

If you WANT money in sums of $1,000 or over, at 6 per cent. interest—if you WANT money in sums less than $1,000, at 8 per cent. interest—if you WANT fire insurance—if you WANT accident insurance—if you WANT life insurance—if you WANT money loaned—if you WANT rents collected—if you WANT taxes paid—if you WANT a notary public—if you want services of any kind, done reasonably and well, call on D. L. HARDING,
6eodtf Room 26, over Postoffice.

WANTED.—Two painters. Steady work. Keating M'f'g company. 11-4t

FOR SALE—One fine set of DOGS. Well broken in field or house. Apply to C. B. Miller, 24 West Main street. 11-3t

WANTED—A good girl for general house work in a small family, at 143 West Berry street. 4-tf

WANTED—Immediately, a first-class baker. Apply at S. Hewitt's Bakery. 1-tf

WANTED—To sell a frame house on the corner of Jefferson and Calhoun streets. I propose to build on the property and will sell the building at a reasonable price.
LOUIS FOX.

RENTS Collected, Taxes Paid and Repairs to property promptly attended to for a reasonable compensation, by
S. C. LUMBARD,
Jan 26-3m 36 Calhoun Street.

NOTICE.—Business men are sensible of the fact that office appliances that save labor and dispatch business generally are desirable to have. In this respect the Amberg Cabinet Letter File ranks high. No one once using it would be without it. Send for catalogue.
Cameron, Amberg & Co. Jan6-1y

WANTED—All persons to know that you can get books bound in fine style and on short notice at the Sentinel office.

PERSONS having money to loan can find a safe investment for the same by applying to the undersigned. Loans made by me are secured by first mortgage on improved property, worth three times amount of loan. Rate of interest from 6 to 8 per cent. according to amount of loan. Abstract of title furnished in every case, and property insured for benefit of mortgagee during term of loan; no expense to the lender.
S. C. LUMBARD,
Jan 26-3m 36 Calhoun Street.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

TOWNSHIP TRUSTEE.

To the Democrats of Wayne Township:
In compliance with the wishes of my friends and democrats generally, I have decided to be a candidate for trustee of Wayne township before the democratic township nominating convention in April next.
Truly yours,
HERMAN F. A. GERKE.

To the Editor of THE SENTINEL:
Please announce my name as a candidate for the office of Trustee of Wayne township, subject to the decis on of the Democratic nominating convention in April next.
JEFFERSON SCOTT.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

To the Editor of THE SENTINEL:
I hereby with submit my name as a candidate for the office of Justice of the Peace of Wayne Township, subject to the decision of the Wayne Township Democratic Nominating convention.
HARRY F. FRANCE.

To the Editor of THE SENTINEL:
I hereby announce my name as a candidate for the office of Justice of the Peace of Wayne township, subject to the decis on of the democratic nominating convention in April next.
WILLIAM J. FITZGERALD.

Please announce my name as a candidate for Justice of the Peace of Wayne township, subject to the decision of the Democratic township convention. DANIEL RYAN.

GEO. R. BOWEN,

Plumbing,
Steamfitting,
Sewering.

Particular attention given to

Sanitary Plumbing
and Sewering

ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

Bath Tubs, Boilers, Water Closets, Sinks, Hydrants, Yard Hose, Brass Trimmings for Engines, Etc., Etc.

NO. 110 CALHOUN ST.

SIGNS SIGNS

Have them painted by

JOS. H. BRIMMER,

The only Practical

Sign Painter and Hanger

In the city.

Prices to Suit the Times.
Feb. 25-eod1m

ONE BENSON'S CAPCINE PLASTERS is worth a dozen of any other kind. Between the numerous varieties of porous plasters there is but one choice. Benson's plaster is more rn, scientific, prompt in action, safe, pleasant to wear, cleanly, and cures ailments in a few hours which on others are able even to relieve. This is certified to by 50 U. physicians, pharmacists and druggists, voluntarily, and over their own written signatures. Imitations of Benson's plaster, under the names of "Capsicin," "Carsicum," "Capsolin," "Capcine," &c., are offered for sale. There are shameless. Purchasers may protect themselves against imposition by examining the nrll le tendered by the dealer. Ask for Benson's Plaster and see that the "Three Seals" trademark is on the face cloth and the word "Capcine" is porcused in the middle of the plaster itself. 23-1w

SOMETHING FOR DYSPEPTICS.

A Deluded People.

(From the Phila. Medical Record)

We do not mean to intimate that all the so-called remedies for dyspepsia are valueless, but human credulity is so strong, that some unscrupulous persons trade upon the fears of the weak and debilitated. Among the things which appeal so strongly to this weakness are Bitters. The very name is in their favor. The mode of life of the average American is of such a character, that he is constantly in need of a tonic. He is rushed at his business, swallows his meals hastily and without any thought as to the capacity of his stomach for digestion, takes little rest, and necessarily feels hipped; is subject to headache, and takes often a gloomy view of things generally. In such cases he resorts to bitters, under the delusion that they will act on the secretions of the stomach and give the system new strength and energy. The writer recently purchased samples of four of the most widely-advertised bitters in the market, and the simple chemical analysis to which they were subjected showed that they contained about 30 per cent. (the amount the Government allows) of the most poisonous and adulterated alcohol, and that the residuum consisted of various foreign substances, which were simply added as flavoring extracts, to disguise the taste of the original compound. The poorer the grade of the alcohol the more vicious is the compound. The value which so called bitters are supposed to have is of a purely fictitious character. In fact, in time they irritate and injure the delicate membrane of the stomach and so vitiate the taste that the palate soon cannot distinguish between good and bad. These decoctions are consumed principally by the debilitated, the convalescent, the depressed and particularly by aged people and weak women and others to whom a stimulant is indispensable. Now, while alcohol, especially in the form of whiskey, is acknowledged to be the best known stimulant, and is prescribed and used by physicians for this purpose everywhere, we can't conceive why people will insist upon taking the alcohol in the form of a decoction, the compounding of which they know nothing and which, as shown by analysis, contains fusel oil, vitriol, catechu and poisons of the most deadly kind. It would be far better for them to come out boldly and use the pure article, something made from malt in which there is no fusel oil. There may be a little difficulty in obtaining an article of this kind, as there is only one firm in the country i.e., the discoverers of Duffy's pure malt whiskey, which distils it and which combines food and stimulating qualities.

AMUSEMENTS.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

ONE NIGHT ONLY!

Saturday, March 13!

Coming in regal splendor with a wealth of gorgeousness surpassing, in grandeur the far famed carnival of Imperial Rome, W. J. Gilmore's

DEVIL'S AUCTION

CHAS. H. YALE, Manager.

Employing for its transportation a special R. R. train of 3-sixty feet cars.

Box office opens Thursday.

Prices, 25, 50, 75c and $1.00.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

BRADY & GARWOOD.....Lessees and Managers
W. M. WILKISON.....Business Manager

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, March 15, 16 and 17.

With Tuesday and Wednesday Matinees, The Young Austrian Tragedian

Edward Wodiska,

Supported by Miss

MADELINE MARSHALL,

And a Strong Dramatic Company.

Monday Night—"Lady of Lyons."
Tuesday Matinee—"Marble Heart."
Tuesday Night—"Fool's Revenge."
Wednesday Matinee—"Fool's Revenge."
Wednesday Night—"Hamlet."

With special scenery by the celebrated Artist, W. E. Bloom.

PRICES, - 10, 20 and 30c.

Ladies and Children admitted to any part of the house at matinees for 10 cents.

Reserved seats at Woodworth's drug store without extra charge.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights with Friday and Saturday matinees, James Owen O'Connor and his excellent Shakesperian company, in "Othello," "Richelieu," and "Shylock." Week of March 22, "Silver Spur."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

—SPECIAL.—

Sunday Night, March 14, 1886.

BELLE BOYD

THE FAMOUS REBEL SPY,

Will deliver her intensely interesting lecture entitled,

Dark Days, or Reminiscences of the War.

Admission, 25 cents to all parts of the house.

Reserved Seats on sale Saturday morning.

PRINCESS SKATING RINK.
Corner of Main and Fulton streets

POLO!

TO-NIGHT.

RESERVES AGAINST PRINCESS TEAM.

Ladies admitted free.

FOOTE & O'CONNOR, Props.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of H. W. Matson, Architect, until the 20th day of March, at 1 o'clock p. M., for building a Parsonage for Rev. Gatch, in Madison Township, Allen county Ind. Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the Architect, No. 32 East Main Street.

All Sorts of

hurts and many sorts of ails of man and beast need a cooling lotion. Mustang Liniment.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

Home as a Test of Character, Home as a Refuge,

Home as a Type of Heaven, Home as a Political Safeguard, Home as a School.

BROOKLYN, March 7.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage delivered his ninth address to the heads of families, this beautiful spring-like morning.

The main flat and galleries, aisles and vestibules were crowded when the preacher ascended the platform.

After the great congregation had sung the doxology, Mr. Talmage opened the services with prayer:

"Come Lord Jesus with all thy fire to comfort us, to bless and save us. Let there be no preliminary exercises in this service, but from the first step, into the last step, may we be in the full tide of the divine blessing, and as we begun with the doxology, so may we have doxology all the way through. Unto him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins with his own blood, and made us kings and priests, unto God forever.

O, God, we rejoice that we have been permitted to gather this morning at the marriage of the King's Son; that the invitations have gone forth. We thank Thee that the chapel is so large that all nations of the earth or heaven may come in and sit at the table, one God, one faith, one baptism, one God and father and one Lord Jesus Christ, one cross, one doxology and one heaven. We thank Thee, that the invitation is so large that it includes all those who are athirst, and all those who are hungry, and all those who are weary, and all those who are persecuted, and all those who are sick, and all those who are dry, and that such vast multitudes have accepted the glorious offer of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Since the wise men brought their gifts to the manger, we thank thee that so many of the wise men of the world have followed them, and that gradually all scholarship, and all art, and all literature, has come to the feet of Jesus, and that he is going to reign to the ends of the earth. Holy! most holy!

We thank Thee for all that Thou has done to save us from sin and death. We thank Thee that we have the honor of being the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us. Thou hast given us the family name and hath promised us the family inheritance, and that there are everlasting dividends to be declared. We have no words this morning to express our gratitude.

Now, O Father, lead us up, until we reach the shining gate and go in and join the dear ones who have preceded us into the blessed country, where there are no tears, no partings, where there can be no death; and the glory and the honor and the victory shall be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever and ever. Amen.

Mr. Talmage read for his morning lesson the Twenty-third psalm, which he called a "pastoral poem."

The preacher read a list of eighty-one names of persons who joined the church today. This makes a total membership of 3,350 The new members were arranged in a semi-circle just under the gallery and after reading the covenants of the church the preacher descended to the floor and extended to the new members the right hand of fellowship.

This being communion Sabbath, the musical service was especially elaborate. After extending an invitation to "all who love Christ, of whatever creed, to join in the celebration of the Lord's supper," the quarterly collection for the poor of Brooklyn was taken, and while this was being done Mr. Peter Ali, the cornetist, most beautifully rendered Gounod's "There is a green hill far away."

THE SERMON.

Text—Mark v, 19: "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee."

There are a great many people longing for a wide field of usefulness. They admire Luther at the Diet of Worms, and wish they could have some occasion on which to display their power. They admire Paul making Felix tremble, and wish they could, on some such occasion, preach righteousness and temperance and the judgment to come. All they want is the opportunity. Now, says Christ, in my text, and says Paul in other parts of the Bible, I will show you a sphere where you can illustrate all that is good and grand and glorious in Christian character, and that is the domestic circle. If one is not faithful in a small sphere he would not be faithful in a resounding sphere. If Peter won't help the cripple at the gate he will never be able at Pentecost to preach three thousand souls into the kingdom. If Paul won't take the trouble to instruct in the way of salvation the Phillipia jailer he never will make Felix tremble. He who is not faithful in a small skirmish would not be faithful in a great battle.

The fact is you and I are placed in the sphere where we can greatly serve God, and instead of being bothered about some sphere that we might gain after a while, we had better be absorbed in the one question, "Lord, what wilt thou have me," now and here to do.

Our thoughts will this morning revolve around one word of this text, and that word is "home." If you should ask ten different men what home is, they would give you ten different answers. Home to one man is love at the hearth, plenty at the table, industry at the workstand, intelligence at the books and devotion at the altar. Peace, hovering like glorious joy clapping its hands in laughter; life, a tranquil lake pillowed on the ripples; sleep, the shadows.

Ask another man what home is and he will tell you it is want looking out of a poor, cheerless fire grate; need and hunger in an empty bread tray; the damp air shivering with curses; no bible on the shelf; children thieves and murderers in embryo; obscene songs their lullaby; no wave of Sabbath voices rolling over the door sill; shadow of the infernal wall; a furnace for forging chains; fuel for an impending funeral pile. Under these circumstances home is an awful word displayed with curses; it weeps with the ruin, it chokes with woe; it sweats with the death agony of de spair. The word home in one case meaning everything that is bright, and in the other case everything that is terrific.

As God may help me this morning I want to speak to you about home as the test of character, home as a refuge, home as a political safeguard, home as a school and home as a type of heaven. Yes, my friend, home is the test of our character. Our disposition in public may be in gay costume, while in private it is in dishabille. As play actors may be very different on the stage from what they are behind the curtain, so our private life may be very different from our public life. Private life is often public life turned wrong side out. You sometime find a merchant who in business circles is kind and peaceful and suave and plausible and obliging all day long, damning back his sullenness and his irritability and his discontent; but at nightfall when he goes home the dam bursts, and scolding pours forth in floods and freshets. There are those who in public are full of plausibility, but their hearts are a swamp of nettles. Their life is a magnificent show window for a wretched stock of goods.

Their lips drop myrrh and aloes and frankincense, but they have a cowardly way of going home and dropping all the discontent and irritability in the domestic circle. Reputation is only the shadow of character, and a very small house may cast a long shadow. There are those who seem so kind and amiable and gentle in public, but who in their private life are most detestable. The reason men don't display their bad temper in public is for fear of being knocked down. They do not display their bad temper for the same reason that they do not let their note go to protest—it don't pay. For the reason they don't want men in their company to sell stock too cheap—it depreciates the stock. As at sundown, sometimes, after a very sunshiny day, there may be a tempestuous night, so many a man in public has been a philanthropist, while in private life he has been a Nero, with respect to his slippers and his gown. Audubon, the naturalist, took gun and pencil and visited all the great forests of America, to bring down and sketch the beautiful birds, and after an infinity of toil and exposure came back to Philadelphia with his manuscript complete, and he put them away in a trunk, expecting to be absent for some time to gather recreation and rest. But when he came back he found that the rats had devoured his manuscript and the work of many years, and then, without discomfiture, he again took his gun and pencil and visited all the forests of America and reproduced his immortal work. How many a man with a thousandth part of that love would have been utterly irreconcilable! Aye, some men over the loss of a pencil have blown as long and as stout as a northeast storm.

My friends, let us show piety a home. If we are not plausible, bright and kind in the domestic circle we are making a fraudulent and overissue of stock, and are as much to blame as a bank that has four or five hundred thousand dollars of bills in circulation, but no specie in the vaults. If we have all the graces in public and none of the Christian graces in private life, then our behavior in the world is merely because of a fear of the world; or it springs from the rooty, stagnant, frog-inhabited pool of our own selfishness. What we are in our home is our genuine character—that is, the character we have everywhere, whether we demonstrate it or not.

Again I speak to you of home as a refuge. Life is the United States army on the national road to Mexico. A long march with ever and anon a skirmish and a battle. At night-fall we stack arms, we pitch the tent, we hang up the war cap, we slumber on the knapsack waiting until the morning bugle calls us to marching and to action. Oh, it is pleasant in the eventide after the victory and surprises of a day to talk it all over by the still campfires of the home circle. This life is a stormy sea with shattered masts and torn sails and hulls aleak, and we put into the harbor of home; that is the dry dock where we go for repairs. The candle that shines through the window of the poor man's home is the lighthouse by which he is guided into the harbor. Children go out to meet their fathers, as outside the Narrows pilots take the helm of the ship. The drawbridge over the heavy load is lifted. Oh, that is the place where we can talk about what we have done without being charged with self-adulation. That is the place where we can love without being thought ungraceful, that is the place where we can express affection without being thought silly. For lorn life—no home. Better die. It is better; the grave is broader and more cheery than the world, with no tent for marching, with no harbor from the cyclone, with no place to rest from the sin of gouge and greed and loss and gain. God pity the wretch that has no home.

Again I speak of home as a political safeguard. The safety of the state is built on the safety of the home. Why can't France come to be a blessed republic? Why will an inflammatory placard on the stone wall in the republic throw all Paris into consternation? Because France has not enough Christian homes yet. The Christian hearthstone is the corner stone of a republic. Confounded be all those labels of iniquity which would overpower and overshadow the home. The same storm that upsets the boat in which the family sail will sink the frigate of the constitution. Penitentiaries and jails and armies and navies are not our best national defense. The door of our home is the best fortress. Household utensils are the best artillery, and the chimneys of our houses are the grandest magazine of national power and strength. No home! No republic!

Again I speak to you of home as a school. The ground must be turned up by the subsoil plow, and harrowed and rharrowed, and then grubbed. New ground requires much less culture than old ground, and all the things planted there come up luxuriantly. All your smiles of approval for your children, all your geniality and behavior will have its effect, and be reflected back from the child's disposition.

All your admissions of temper, all your loss of equipoise, all that is irate in disposition, will make a very bad fire in the character of your child forty years after you are dead. You unduly praise your child's intelligence, and in a little while you will find in him annoying affectation. You unwisely praise his beauty, and before long you will find him on the chair before the flattering mirror. Children are apt to be a second edition of their parents, and it is not always a "revised" or improved edition. Abraham begat Isaac, and so good goes from generation to generation; but Herod begat a wicked son, and so infamy may be transmitted. Oh, the responsibility, the infinite responsibility of parents! Make your home the most attractive place on earth. There is only one way in which you can keep your children home, and this is by making the home more attractive than any other place. Do not turn the blinds the wrong way. Do not expect little feet to keep steps to a dead march. If you have pictures do not cover your walls with the picture of "Death on a Pale Horse," or the "Massacre of the Innocents." If you have pictures let them rather be the "Mill by the Mountain Stream," or "Vacation Days," or "Children Amid Flowers," or "Saturday Night Marketing." Have you no hint of cheerfulness, grasshopper leap, and lambs frisk, and quails whistle, and streams chasing each other over the rocks at the top of the mountain clear down to the foot. Now it comes looking for a steep place to leap off at and talking just to hear itself talk. What if all the skys circle with tempest, or everlasting storms rage over the sea, or the mountain streams were frothing mad, frothing with mad and foam at the mouth, and there were no lark's carol, nor humming bird's trill, the water falls dancing amid the wolf's howl—then we might, perhaps, afford to have our disposition and our homes filled with shadows, but God has strewn such beauty and glory and sunshine all over the earth and all over the heavens. Let us be happy.

A dark home makes bad boys and bad girls in preparation to be bad men and bad women. Mark that. Above all, take Christian principles into your home. Is there in any of the homes of this congregation one family in which the voice of prayer is never heard? What, no supplication at night for protection? What, no thanksgiving in the morning for care?

What, O father and mother, will you answer to God and to judgment in regard to your influence over your children? Do you not know that in the tenth chapter of Jeremiah God says, "I will pour out My fury on the families that call not upon My name," and after you, O father and mother, are dead and gone, and the moss covers the inscription on your tombstone, will your children be able to take up the family Bible and see the marks and tears of contrition, and tears over consoling promises; tears wept by eyes long since closed in darkness? Why, father and mother, unless you warned your children against sin, unless you invited them to holiness and to God, unless you inculcated into their souls Christian principles, and they, after a while, fell into dissipation, and wandered out over the great Sahara desert of infidelity, I tell you plainly that on their dying bed and in the day of judgment they will curse you. How would it be if the parents standing in the room at home saw coming out of the wall the mortal and immortal history of their children. But I tell you the parent is now writing the history of the child, composing it into a song, or tuning it unto a groan.

My mind runs back this morning to one of the best of early homes. Prayer hovered over it. Peace, like an atmosphere, was in it. Parents, the personification of faith in trial and comfort in darkness. The two pillars of the home long ago crumbled into dust, but shall I ever forget that early home? Yes, when the flower forget the sun that warmed it. Yes, when the mariner forgets the star that guided him. Yes, when love dies at the hearth's altar, and memory empties its urn into forgetfulness. Then, home of my early childhood, I will forget thee. Family altar; father's importunity and mother's tenderness, the voices of affection; the funerals of our dead father and mother. With interlocked arms like the interlocking branches of trees, making a perpetual harbor of love and peace and kindness, then I will forget, but not until then. Oh, you who have such an early home you will never get away from the influence of it, and if you had a bad home you will never get away from the influence of that either.

I remark also that home is a type of heaven. Christ's love is home. Oh, how far He came to take us to our home. There came a time in the history of heaven when its most illustrious citizen must absent himself. He was not to go from beach to beach as you and I have often done. He was not to go from hemisphere to hemisphere as one of us have done, but he was to go from world to world out, and out, and out, and on, and on, and on, and down, and down, and down, until there was but one to greet him. Not even a hostler with his lantern went out to the King. Oh, how far he came to take us home. How far he travelled from his home. It is 95,000,000 miles from here to the sun, the astronomer tells us, and they tell us that our solar system is only one of the smaller wheels in the great machinery of the heavens, and that all this machinery turns around some greater center, which is supposed to be heaven. If this is so, oh, how far from home Christ came to take us to our home, and how homesick he must have been. We have been homesick sometimes a few miles away. Christ was so far that ninety-five million miles was only a short part of the distance. You have been homesick after a few days' absence. Christ was absent from his home thirty-three years. You sometimes are homesick amid picturesque surroundings, but Christ lodged in humble cots, and was on his way from being born in another man's barn, to be buried in another man's grave. Oh, how homesick he must have been. There has been other exiles, but none like this. Abraham in exile, John in exile from Epepus, Coseraki in exile, Emmet in exile from Ireland, Victor Hugo an exile from France, Kossuth an exile from Hungary; but O this expatriated our the Lord Jesus Christ. How far from His home did He come to fetch us home! I tell you, my brother and my sister, that this world is not our home; heaven is our home. No death will ever come within that gate; in all that land there will not be a single grave. Oh, what a home that will be! We parted with our friends at the door of the sepulcher; we will meet them again at the door of immortality face to face. Corruption, incorruption; mortality, immortality. The capstone of amethyst gates of pearl; but all this does not affect my soul so much as the thought of home. Once there, let the world roll like an everlasting sea; home, let thrones fall and empires scatter; home, let the world die in earthquakes, struggle and be buried amid falling spheres; home, let infinite ages roll on in irresistible sleep; home, sweet home; final home; home with God; home with the angels; home with each other.

Some time ago at the close of a very tiresome day I laid down on a lounge in my house to rest, and my children were in the room full of romp and hilarity and sport. While they were in there and I lying on the lounge resting, half asleep and half awake, I dreamed this dream: I was in a far-away country. It was not Persia, although more than oriental splendor crowned the place. It was not in the tropics, although more than tropical luxuriance filled the curtains. It was not Italy, although more than an Italian softness filled the air, and I went forth and I looked for the nettles and I found none; and I saw the sun rising and I wondered when the sun would set, and it sank not; and I looked out and I saw all the people were in holiday apparel, and I said, when will these workmen change their garb and put off this holiday attire, and again delve in mine and weld at the forge, but they did not put off their holiday apparel. And then I went into the suburbs of the city to see where the dead slept, and I saw castles and temples, but not a monument or a sarcophagus or white slab could I find. And I entered the great chapel, and I looked around and I said: Where do the poor sit in this chapel? Where are the hard benches? And the answer was, There are no poor in this land. Then I wandered along through the parts of the city where I thought I might find the homes of some that were destitute, and I found palaces of amber, and palaces of ivory, and palaces of gold, and not a sigh could I hear, and not a tear did I see, and I found that just as soon as any one reached that land he was rich irrespective of his earthly condition. And I went and sat down under the branch of a great tree, and I said to myself, where am I? and who am I? and whence did all this scene come? And then out from among the leaves and beds, and flowery paths, and across the bright stream there came a brilliant throng, and when I saw their steps, I thought I knew it, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew it, and so gloriously were they arrayed, so beyond anything I had ever imagined, that I bowed as a stranger to a stranger. After awhile they shouted welcome, welcome, and the whole mystery vanished, and I found that time had gone and eternity had come, and we were all together in our new home, in heaven; and I looked around and I said are they all here and the voices of many generations answered, "all here;" and while tears of gladness were running down our cheeks, and the cedars of Lebanon were clapping their hands and and all the bells of the city were chiming their welcome, we began to leap and shout and sing home! home! home! home! home! home!

DURABILITY OF RACES.

Dr. Schliemann's recent discoveries in the prehistoric Grecian city of Tyrns bring to the surface again that old question of from what race were those primitive inhabitants of the Mediterranean called Pelasgians? Perhaps Bayard Taylor's description of race characteristics of the population now inhabiting the mountainous districts of Greece, and the concurrent testimony of the characteristics of the people inhabiting the entire Alps, Carpathian and Pyrenean ranges of Europe, is as true as any, especially as it is borne out by the probabilities of the case that they were purely Celtic, with a mixture of Norsk and German. All race characteristics are at fault, if the art models of ancient Greece, in features, cranial development, complexion and hair are not those now more pertaining to Western Europe and nowhere common nor indigenous to Asia. Egyptian, Phœnician and Chaldean sculpture is as definitely characteristic of the salient features of the races of Asia to-day as they undoubtedly were 3,000 years ago. No one who has noticed the contour of a Babylonian statue but can see the familiar characteristics of the Hebrew strongly written. The sensuous type of Asia Minor is as strongly apparent in Phœnician relics as it is striking in the descendants of that one day Southern race. Egypt's massive Abysinian contour is also indelibly impressed upon their stone records and pictured in their earlier hieroglyphics. Just as typical and just as representative of North German, Scandinavian, and Iberian race-features is the statuary of Phidias, and as true as an indication, at least, of traditional origin, as the regular feature, blonde hair, and rosy-cheeked Grecians described by Bayard Taylor as the inhabitant of Mt. Athos to-day, and which is peculiar only to the races which Cæsar found inhabiting Spain, Great Britain, and the marshes of the Nervii, now included in Belgium, Holland and the Baltic provinces of Germany. Italian is to-day not so much Latin as Pelasgic, and the Italian language is believed by Max Muller to be more a survival of the ancient language of Italy than as an evolution from the Latin and Gothic. It serves to indicate how permanent race types are to certain localities. A conquering army or horde has never quite succeeded in eradicating the peoples indigenous to a certain soil, but, on the contrary, where they have not been driven out, they have become absorbed and disappeared in the indigenous characteristic, and whether this is due to the superior strength of the original blood of prominent race types, or to climatic influence that molds all types alike according to a natural condition that produced the characteristics of the original race, the question presents a curious and interesting view of race possibilities. Almost the only exception to this law has been in the settlement of America, where the incoming race has driven the indigenous race from the soil; but even this was due to want of numbers, and the purely nomadic character of the Indian race. Had it been ordinarily fecund, and attached to the soil by agriculture, it is probable the case would have been far different; but even as it is, the round, massive, rosy-cheeked Englishman has changed into the tall, lank, straight-haired, sallow and high-cheek-boned New Englander, in the space of two centuries, and leads to curious speculations as to what he will become in twenty centuries.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

Tennyson's May Queen.

Who knows but if the beautiful girl who died so young had been blessed with Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" she might have reigned on many another bright May day. The "Favorite Prescription" is a certain cure for all those disorders to which females are liable.

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A TEMPEST IN A TEA POT.

How Mrs. James Brown Potter Shocked Washington Society.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, March 9.—Mrs. James Brown Potter, who has so scandalized this city and hurt its little feelings by reciting "Ostler Joe" at Mrs. Secretary Whitney's reception, is a beautiful woman and a leader of fashionable society in New York. She is one of the few fashionable New York women who seem to have brains enough to strike out and do anything out of their own heads. Mrs. Potter is perhaps 25 to 30 years old; is tall, slender and as graceful as a lily. She has blue eyes, dark brown hair and rosy cheeks. She is a more beautiful woman than Mrs. Langtry.

If she had had to earn her own living, she would have made a successful actress. But she is rich, therefore there was no question of that. Young, talented, rich and beautiful, with a noble health and flow of high spirits, time hung heavily on her hands. She had to do something or burst. So she turned her attention to elocution and amateur theatricals.

The picture represents the lady in her box at the opera. It is from a photograph. Let me hasten to say that this is the fashionable New York and Washington costume for a lady who sits in a box at the opera. It's English, you know.

MRS. POTTER.

Instead of going on the regular stage Mrs. Potter began to work up amateur theatricals in New York society. In this she was very successful. Some of the amateur performances of the circle to which she belongs are nearly as good as professional ones of a respectable class of talent. Much interest is manifested in this sort of amusement, and very pretty entertainments are given for charitable and other purposes.

It seems as though all the fates have combined to shower good fortune upon Mrs. Potter. She is as popular in society as she is rich and pretty. Her life has floated on like a white-winged bird down a lily-fringed lake until she came to Washington. Here she ran against a snag. Society here has got its back up bristling, and hisses like an old cat. Mrs. Potter is very good natured. She gives poems and recitations at evening receptions in society. They have added to the pleasure of the occasion, for the lady recites extremely well, and they were always greatly applauded until she came to Washington.

One of the poems she recites is named "Ostler Joe." It is by George R. Sims, an English writer. It narrates how a vain and pretty girl married a homely, honest hostler. After two or three years of happy married life the wife ran away with somebody else and left her husband and baby. She led a wicked life, sank to the lowest depths and was dying in "humble lodgings." Joe, the hostler husband, went to her, forgave her and she died in his arms. He buried her and placed upon her grave a headstone which "bears the honored name of wife."

Mrs. Potter read this at Mrs. Secretary Whitney's, as she had often read it before in New York, where it was praised.

Shu! Shu! says Washington society, and gathers up its skirts, tosses its head and marches out of the room. Knowing Washington society as I do, to me this is the most stupendous joke in five years. What Washington society can't stand in the way of things and people that are off color is hardly worth mentioning. Why it should have pretended to be shocked at this poem I cannot understand, unless it is because the wind was in the wrong quarter last week. The spectacle of Washington society being shocked at anything is an edifying one.

SARAH KING.

The Capitol Turned Crimson.

Heaven knows if Washing has yet finished blushing. About a week ago the face of polite society in that simple, Jeffersonian city was so suffused with the hue of outraged innocence that the dome of the Capitol glowed as if sunrise had been mispinched, and the most abstemious citizens mistook themselves for topers. Nor was the hue of shocked propriety more widespread than its cry that went up all over the land. Old women of all genders in the social circles of the greatest altitude gasped with as much energy as the rare atmosphere they live in allowed, and the lady newspaper correspondents dipped their pens in gall and red ink and sent the prevalent shudder vibrating toward the Mississippi.

It was not a very terrible thing that raised all this clamor. A young matron of talent, whose home is in New York, took part in a charitable entertainment in another lady's house and read a poem which shocked the delicate sensibilities of her audience. But it is safe to assert that if the Washington people never hear anything more shocking to their moral senses than "Ostler Joe" they will be in great luck. A mountain has been made out of a molehill, and of rather a modest molehill at that.—Life.

The ride through Belgium on the way to Cologne again renewed our acquaintance with precision. But not that alone impressed us. At first we said that more was wasted on one farm in America than in the whole of Belgium. And very soon we declared that more was wasted in one American kitchen than in the whole Kingdom of Leopold II. Every foot of ground is cared for as few gardens in the New World are cared for. There is no room wasted by fences, only occasionally a narrow hedge marks a boundary. Slight depressions as drains divide one piece of land from another, while, in the late fall and winter, large areas lie wholly under water, and no lines are distinguishable. We learned that these lands are the most valuable, since here the grass grows earliest in the spring—so early that a third crop is cut in October. Women mow the grass with a small scythe, and we realized how carefully every blade was hoarded when we saw one girl fish out a handful that had fallen into a pool of water. The strips of land, few of which are large enough to be called fields, are as closely shaven as our city lawns, while it is one of the rarest sights to see a tree standing alone. The trees are either along the roads or in the spaces set apart for a forest. One wonders in seeing the hard, clean roads, if the leaves have not dared to fall, and presently a heap of leaves, which have been carefully swept together, will come into view.

No fewer than 164 members of this Congress were collegians.

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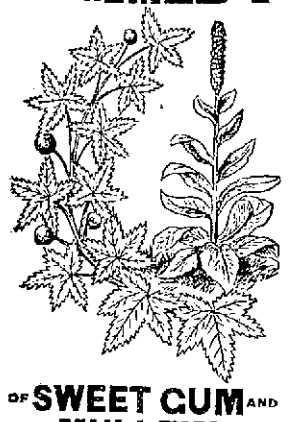

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The Daily Sentinel.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1886.

THREE SUITORS;

—OR—

My Face is My Fortune,

—BY—

GEORGE W. AINSLEE,

AUTHOR OF "HER LIFE'S ROMANCE," "THE ADOPTED ONE," "A MUTUAL WRONG," ETC., ETC., ETC.

"usl," interposed a gentleman, standing by, with a glance at the speaker which pointed his words, "as the most charming women are invariably flirts or coquettes."

"Mr. Charteris—or Tom Charteris, as he is popularly called—is both a flirt and a fortune-hunter, as I suppose you know," the young lady went on, observing the covert accusation of her admirer only by a quick silencing motion of her fan, and a slight arch of her accurately-pencilled eyebrows.

"Where did you meet him, Miss Melfort? In the country? How odd! I wonder what he was doing there? Visiting a relative—a gentleman? Perhaps the gentleman has a daughter? If there is an heiress-cousin in the case Mr. Charteris may throw over Miss Craven. No heiress?—his cousin not married? And old gentleman, perhaps, whose heir he expects to be? No, again,"—with a laugh; "then I can't imagine what takes him to the country, unless his relative is a fast man. He has been trying desperately for the last three years to marry his cousin, Henrietta Craven, who is immensely rich, but very young. Her mother has been trying as desperately to prevent it, and has taken her off to the south of Europe now. Mr. Charteris won't get that fortune if Lady Craven can prevent it. You understood that it was a family arrangement, did you? So it is on the part of Mrs. Charteris and her son; but the Cravens don't like it. Mrs. Charteris has been moving heaven and earth in favor of the marriage; but I don't think she will succeed."

This was the burden of many conversations with many different people; and if Constance had been seeking, instead of as much as possible shunning, proof that Charteris was "nothing if not a fortune-hunting flirt," as another of her young lady friends expressed it, she could not but have been satisfied with the success of her quest for information. But it was the instinct of love—whether it be true or false love, genuine passion, or any of the counterfeits that often deceive the lover himself—to be incredulous of all accusations against its idols; and this instinct had been strong with her throughout the whole course of her acquaintance with Charteris, notwithstanding the counter-current of secret doubt alluded to.

She listened to the gossip she could not avoid hearing, just as she had listened to Fred's warning, with repressed indignation and annoyance, and also with some wilful blindness. With an acknowledged feeling that there was truth—if even partial—in what was said, she still believed that jealousy on the part of Fred, and envy and ill-nature on that of the gossiping people she met, had much to do with the matter. And so, up to this time, she had never willingly thought evil of her fascinating lover.

Now, however, as she stood motionless by the table with her eyes fixed on vacancy, she was thinking of the many almost disreputable things concerning Charteris which she heard unwillingly, and as unwillingly remembered now; and the hope she had always cherished that he would ultimately prove the injustice of it all—prove that he loved *her* better than he did his cousin's fortune—this hope was shaken to its foundation. There was something like contempt in her face as she turned away and walked to a window.

Glancing aimlessly out, she saw Fred and Mr. Carington standing on the gravel walk before the house. The latter was putting on his gloves, and the next minute mounted a horse a servant was holding for him, nodded to Fred, and rode away.

Constance watched Fred, with a look of indecision, as he came up the steps, entered the house, and was evidently taking his way up-stairs. He had passed the door of the sitting-room, when suddenly a resolution was taken, and she turned after him.

"Fred!" she said, rather hesitatingly, "Are you going to see Major March now?" she asked, as he turned and paused at the sound of her voice.

"I was going, but I am not in a particular hurry if you want anything with me," he answered, coming to her side.

"No," she said; but added, almost immediately, "Yes, I do. I want to ask you a question. Come here a minute, please."

As he followed her into the room, she pointed to the letter lying on the table.

"How did that come here?" she inquired. "Do you know who wrote it?"

Fred looked a little surprised, more at her manner than at the presence of the letter, which he took up as he answered, "No; I did not observe it before."

He glanced at the superscription, and there was a sudden gleam of intelligence in his eyes; but he only said, in a matter-of-fact way, "This is Belmont's writing. If you remember, he told you yesterday morning, when we met him, that he intended writing to Mr. Charteris soon, so I suppose he filled up his leisure time last night by doing so, and forgot to take his letter away this morning when he left."

He tossed the epistle carelessly back on the table as he added, "Now I shall go up to see March, and will come back and let you know how he is getting on. The doctors are still with him."

"You will find me in the garden," said Constance. "I am going to gather some roses for him."

CHAPTER XXIV.

When Fred went, half an hour afterwards, to look for Constance in the garden, he was not a little shocked to see, as she glanced up at the sound of his approaching footsteps, that her eyes were full of tears. She was sitting in a listless attitude; the roses she had been gathering were heaped beside her on the rustic seat she occupied; altogether, her appearance gave the idea of profound dejection.

Such a mood seemed to Fred to be so unnatural to Constance, so unprecedented in all his experience, that he looked aghast for an instant, and then advanced impulsively, exclaiming, "What is the matter? It is not possible that you are crying, Constance?"

"Yes, I have been crying a little," she answered, with a smile that looked as unfamiliar as did her air of depression—a smile half assumed, half sad. "But pray don't be alarmed," she went on. "There is nothing serious in the matter, I assure you. I was only dropping a few tears over what I am afraid is a lost illusion. How is Major March?"

"Better," was the answer, "I suppose the danger is over for the present, if he can be prevailed on to be prudent. But I am afraid that will be difficult with a man not at all accustomed to illness or confinement of any sort."

"You suppose the danger is over for the present," said Constance. "What do you mean? I don't understand."

"Why, you know there is a charge of shot scattered under and about the shoulder-blade, which ought to be removed, but as any further loss of blood just now would be certain death, there is nothing to be done but to allow the wound to heal without touching it. Then, when his strength is entirely restored, these pellets will have to be extracted—some of them at least. The doctors were torturing his shoulder when I went in; that is Fairbrother was replacing the bandages which were necessarily put on so hurridly yesterday evening as to cause great pain. The wound is doing very well, they say, and there is no indication, as yet, of fever. But old Chalmers is so strenuous in his orders about quiet, that I see they are afraid it may come on."

"How does he look?" asked Constance.

"Deadly pale," answered Fred. "Literally there is no more life-color in his face and hands than there is in that linen," pointing to her handkerchief, which lay on the bench beside the roses. "Of course his bronze skin is not precisely that tint, though, comparatively speaking, it is very white; which," he adds, "is not at all surprising, considering the amount of blood he has lost. I didn't think there was so much blood in a man's whole body as flowed from his wound."

"Does he talk much?" asked Constance.

Fred shook his head. "He doesn't talk at all; he is too weak. He kept his eyes shut while they were handling his shoulder, and showed no sign of what he was suffering, except that his lips were compressed. The pain must have been very acute."

"How dreadful all this sounds!" said the girl, with something of a shudder. "I can't imagine Major March in such helpless condition. Oh, I am so sorry for him, Fred! To think of being shut up in a dark room, with two physicians mounting guard over one. "And I suppose it will be some time before he is perfectly well again?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Fred.

He spoke rather absently. He was wondering what "lost illusion" Constance was weeping over.

Reclining at her feet on the grass, which was still soft and green in this soft shady spot, he looked up at her, thinking to himself, while mechanically answering some more questions which she asked about Major March, "It is something about the puppy she is in love with, no doubt. She doesn't like his intimacy with Belmont. Heaven grant she may discover in time that her fancy for him has been only an illusion! At all events she cannot marry him while he is engaged to another woman. And I hope Grace is right in her belief that *he* cannot, or will not, marry a woman without fortune."

If Constance could have read this last thought she might have considered it a selfish one, perhaps; but she would have been mistaken. It was prompted by no jealous lover's feeling.

"Yonder comes Grace," said Constance, a few minutes later; and glancing towards the wood which is in sight from this place, Fred saw the small slender figure approaching. He sprang to his feet.

"I could not tear myself away while you were alone!" he said, with a laugh. "But I ought to go; and I shall go now, and see what I can do in the way of making Fairbrother and Chalmers as comfortable as possible. They are both going to remain to-day, to look after their patient; and I fear they will find it dull business."

"They might entertain each other, I think," said Constance. "But if you are going, take these flowers to the house, please, and tell Mary to put them in water," gathering up her roses and placing them in his hands. "And this afternoon, if Major March still continues better, you shall take them to his room, and tell him how sorry I am for him.

The next morning the gallant Major was pronounced very decidedly better.

"Not out of danger," said Doctor Chalmers, at the breakfast table. "The least imprudence would bring on fever—and the worst sort of fever—a low typhoid form. But he is progressing favorably, so far; and if he will be very careful, avoid all exertion and excitement, why, he will do very well now. Don't let him talk about business," this to Mr. Carington. "I see he is inclined to be unruly on that point. He asked for you yesterday; said he must see you about some business matter of urgent importance, and we had no little difficulty in putting him off. I was glad you were not here; and the best thing you can do will be to go to town again without seeing him this morning. He must not talk, or think even, about anything exciting—I mean anything that would excite his mind to active thought. Perfect quiescence of mind and body is what he needs at present, Mr. Osborne" (to Fred), "I wish you would remember this. Don't talk to him, or let him talk to you. As to his diet, Mrs. Pennel will attend to that, and will give him what little medicine he must take. She is a capital nurse. It's very fortunate she happens to be here."

"I shall do my best," said Fred, smiling. "But I agree with you in thinking that your patient is inclined to be wilful. You must not hold me responsible if he injures himself. If he insists on talking, what can I do to prevent it?"

"Tell him that's against my orders, and then walk out of the room."

"You are always for high-handed measures, Doctor Chalmers," said Constance, laughing. "You always do treat your patients as if they were refractory children."

"Only when they *are* refractory," answered the doctor, "and then they deserve to be treated so. When a man calls me in as a medical practitioner, it is my business to tell him what to do, and his to do what I tell him."

"But human nature is weak," said Constance, "and when one is ill it is very hard to be patient and reasonable, I think."

"Very hard indeed," said Doctor Fairbrother, looking at his colleague with a smile. "Doctor Chalmers will conceale that, I am sure."

"It is necessary," responded Doctor Chalmers, uncompromisingly, ignoring the fact that he is himself the most impatient of men when he is ill; "and such being the case a man of sense will be reasonable whether he be patient or not."

"I'm not sure of that," said Mr. Carington. "There's as much difference between Philip sick and Philip well as between Philip drunk and Philip sober. For instance, I flatter myself I am a mild-mannered man when I am well and not a fool, but let my familiar demon Ennui lay his finger on one of my cheek-bones, and I am as irascible as any fool you will find, and as intractable to control."

"I can certify to the truth of that statement," said Doctor Chalmers, dryly; "but there is some excuse for a man's irascibility when the dolorcaux is gnawing his facial nerves. Major March will have no such pain as that to endure—no pain at all to speak of—unless he should bring on fever by some inexcusable imprudence. All he has to do for the present is to keep quiet—perfectly quiet."

"Will he not be more likely to satisfy you in that respect," asked Fred, "if he is allowed to see Mr. Carington and say whatever it is he wants to say than if he is kept from doing so? I should think it might be more injurious to a sick person to be thwarted in his humor than to make a temporary exertion in gratifying it."

"You are right," said Doctor Fairbrother—"eh, Chalmers?"

The latter hesitated a moment; but then he replied a little reluctantly, "Well, yes: he ought not to be thwarted, certainly, for *that* is the sort of thing to irritate and excite him. If his mind is set upon it, I suppose he must have his own way. I'll see, however, if I can't induce him to put off attending to his business until he is able to talk."

Accordingly, when he paid his parting visit to Major March after breakfast before leaving for the day, Doctor Chalmers endeavored to convince that gentleman of the propriety of letting his business matters take care of themselves for the present.

The more entirely you discharge your mind of all thought whatever," he said, the better it will be for you. Every exertion you make, whether physical or mental, accelerates the circulation, and hereby increases the danger of fever, you see. Now is it merely fever we apprehend, though in your weak state that would be dangerous, to say the least. But besides this we have another thing to consider. We find that a stray shot glanced from the direction which the others took, and lodged in the armpit, in close proximity to the brachial artery. This is serious. We have not yet ascertained its exact place, because it is impossible to do anything about it at present, and it would be useless therefore, as well as injurious, to harass you by an examination. The moment that your strength permits we shall see to it, as we fear the formation of an aneurism. I need not explain what the result would be if not attended to in time."

"I understand," said the wounded man, in a faint voice. "I heard what Doctor Fairbrother said on the subject yesterday morning, and that is why I am so anxious to accomplish this business, which is important. He is to make my will."

"To do so, I hope and believe it is unnecessary," said Dr. Chalmers, with great gravity. "If I see reason to change my opinion on that point, I shall give you immediate warning of the fact."

Major March smiled faintly.

"Let me see Carington for five minutes," he said. "I shall not excite myself, I assure you. A few words will explain all that is requisite; and when the thing is done, my mind will be tranquil."

"Very well," said the doctor: "A wilful man must have his way, I suppose. I shall go and send Mr. Carington here; but recollect, I warn you distinctly that in exerting and exciting yourself you are risking your own life."

He put his finger on the pulse of the hand that lay like a piece of marble on the coverlet, and found it, though very languid, increased, perceptibly in strength since he felt it but about two hours before.

"Your pulse is improving," he exclaimed, with a glow of satisfaction. "You are doing very well indeed; so well, that I can conscientiously assure you that you may safely let the making of your will stand over for the present. However, since you are so set on it, it may be better for you to get it off your mind."

Major March proceeded to do this in the most expeditious manner possible when, a few minutes afterwards, Mr. Carington appeared at his bedside. He was never a man to waste words needlessly about anything; and on the present occasion he said tersely, speaking slowly and with evident effort, "Mr. Carington, I want you to make my will."

He paused an instant, took breath, and then proceeded: "Being of sound mind, but apprehensive that I may die of the wound from which I am suffering, in the name of God, I make this my last will and testament. I give and bequeath everything—both real and personal estate—of which I may die possessed to Constance Melfort, her heirs and assigns, and constitute my two friends, Frederick Carington and Alfred Melfort, my executors."

Another pause. Even the exertion of uttering these few sentences have tired him too much. But he had not finished. He motioned to his friend to wait, and closed his eyes.

Mr. Carington remained silent, looking at him with an expression of some doubt and anxiety, but not thinking it worth while to remonstrate against further effort; and at this moment Mrs. Pennel came in softly, and approached the bed.

"Here is your beef-tea," she said. "I am sorry to disturb you, Major; but the doctor charged me that you must take it regularly."

She lifted his head and held a cup to his lips, and he swallowed willingly the tea and wine that he hoped would give him the strength he needed, and especially wished for just now.

"Thank you, Mrs. Pennel," he said, as he laid his head back on the pillow. "I am very glad to get it."

Then when she left the room as noiselessly and as quietly as she had entered, he looked up at Carington, and resumed his instructions: "I desire that she—Miss Melfort—shall enter into immediate possession of the property, and enjoy the uncontrolled possession of it, so long as she remains unmarried; but that when she marries, her estate shall be settled on herself in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of its alienation from her, even by her own act."

He drew a deep breath, as if of relief, as he concluded; then, after a moment's silence, to rest, said, "Put that into legal form, old man, and let me sign it. Fred Osborne and Mrs. Pennel can witness it."

Mr. Carington assents.

"I shall go down stairs and write it out," he says; "and you shall go to sleep meanwhile.

"Don't loose any time, Carington."

"You may depend on it that I shall not, for I see you won't be satisfied until it is done, and I shall get it over as soon as possible."

He kept his word. In a very short time he returned, read over the instrument he had prepared to the testator, who approved it. Fred and Mrs. Pennel were summoned, and it was signed and witnessed.

CHAPTER XXV.

As Fred had predicted, his letter to Mr. Melfort, written the day after the accident occurred, was not received for two or three days. As soon as he did receive it, however, that gentleman hastened home, and was more than glad on his arrival to find the wounded man much better than he had dared to hope.

Major March was still confined to his bed, but was beginning somewhat to regain his strength; and though his face was perfectly colorless, his smile and voice were quite natural as he extended his hand when, on awaking one morning, he saw his friend and host standing by his bedside

"This is kind of you, Melfort," he said; "but I am sorry you should have been at the trouble and inconvenience of coming back so soon after you had left, on account of this awkward escapade of mine. Mrs. Melfort and the rest of the family are well, I hope?"

"Upon my word," said Mr. Melfort, with a smile, "I call that a warm welcome to give a man who has been traveling all night posthaste to see you! No, the children are not well, or my wife would have come with me."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Major March, "I am extremely sorry to hear it!"

"I am glad to hear such favorable accounts of you."

"Thank you," said Major March; "but I don't feel as if I deserved any sympathy. And if I had had my wits about me, I should have requested Fred not to disturb your visit by mentioning the matter."

"I am afraid I could not have regarded such a request as that, Major, even if you had made it," said Fred, who was standing by. "I knew Mr. Melfort would wish and expect to hear of it."

"Unquestionably!" responded that gentleman.

"And you would have heard of it through the newspapers if I had not written," said the young man.

"Yes," answered Mr. Melfort. "The same mail that carried your letter brought the *Osborough Gazette*, which contained a most circumstantial account of the affair. My wife and I were terribly shocked, my dear March.

"Pray don't be concerned on my account," said Major March, smiling. "Fred has proved an excellent host. You see how well I am coming on under his care."

"With every disposition to make myself useful, there has not been much opportunity for me to do so," he said, "except in the way of a watch-dog to keep your room free from all invasion of friendly visitors."

"Well," remarked Mr. Melfort, "the result is highly satisfactory, whoever deserves the credit for it. I must write to my wife by this evening's post to relieve her and Ethel's anxiety."

Constance and Grace were sitting outside that evening in the gloaming, when Fred joined them. He had just come from Osborough, whither he went with Mr. Melfort to see him off by train.

"Papa got off all right, I suppose?" said Constance, when Fred had returned.

"Yes," was the reply; "although, as usual, he was sure he would be left behind until he was actually standing on the railway platform."

Constance laughed, but it seemed to Fred that the sound lacked its accustomed ring of genuine and enjoyable mirth. She had been very subdued in manner during the past week, whether from anxiety about Major March, or because of the house being necessarily very still and dull, or from uncertainty about Charteris the young fellow had not been able to decide in his own mind.

As he settled himself now at the feet of the two girls, half-reclining on the lower step, was fluttering himself that at last he was about to secure himself a little of her society. Grace would be going home presently, he knew, and feeling himself off duty at the time, he was at liberty to attend her, and, of course, Constance would go also. He was so happy in the anticipation of this coming pleasure, that the disappointment was correspondingly great when a chance interfered to prevent his enjoying it, after all.

Grace always went home early, and as soon as the soft purple half-light of the gloaming was gone, she rose from her seat, saying, with a sigh, "This is very pleasant, but I must tear myself away. You will both walk home with me, won't you?"

"Of course, if you will go," answered Constance. "But it is early yet; why should you be in such a hurry? Do sit down again."

But Grace demured to this.

"I had much rather stay longer if I had the choice," she said, "but it is time to go."

Constance did not press the point further, but rose and went with her friend into the hall.

Fred was standing at the hall door, gazing at her with all his heart in his eyes, when there was a step on the stair rather a heavy step, and, looking up, he saw Mr. Carington descending.

He, too, was much struck by the appearance of Constance. For the first time he was half inclined to think there might be some little excuse for what he always considered poor March's infatuation about this girl. "It is well he cannot see her as she stands just now," she is certainly very handsome, very brilliant-looking," he said to himself.

"I have a message for you, Miss Melfort," he said to her, stopping her as she was turning to leave the hall, "March says he knows that it is your custom to sing every evening at this hour, and he begs you will not refrain from doing so on his account any longer. It will not disturb him in the least; on the contrary, he would like, he says, to hear some music."

"Would he?" said Constance simply. "Then it will give me great pleasure to sing or play for him. But I assure you it is not an *invariable* custom with me to open the piano of an evening; and if you think there is the least danger of disturbing him, please tell me, Mr. Carington."

"There is not," was the reply. "It would really give him pleasure, I feel quite sure."

"Oh, then, I shall be glad to do that!" she exclaimed. "I have been wishing ever since he was hurt that there was something I could do for him."

She spoke quite unaffectedly, and with such evident sincerity, that Mr. Carington smiled on her quite cordially.

"You will have to excuse me Grace," said Constance, "unless you will wait a while. You cannot? Then good night!"

She went into the drawing room to the piano, while Grace and Fred passed out into the open air.

It would not be difficult to imagine what the subject of conversation was between them as they walked slowly onward. This was the first time they had had an opportunity to be alone together since Fred's return, and Grace did not wait for him to ask the questions which she knew were coming to his lips. She told him at once, for his comfort, that Mr. Charteris was not now a pedestal of reverance, or even respect, in Constance's opinion. Not that the latter had said so to her in words. But Grace was too shrewd not to be able to read signs as well as words, and too sympathetic not to understand the fluctuations of Constance's feelings.

(To be Continued.)

BILIOUSNESS

Is very prevalent at this season, the symptoms being bitter taste, offensive breath, coated tongue, sick headache, drowsiness, dizziness, loss of appetite. If this condition is allowed to continue, serious consequences may follow. By promptly taking Hoods' Sarsaparilla, a fever may be avoided or premature death prevented. It is a positive cure for biliousness. Sold by all druggists.

Frank Wyatt, of Shelbyville, a young man who stole $100 from his father, Samuel Wyatt, came into court yesterday morning, and on a plea of guilty was given three years in the penitentiary.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE Cod Liver Oil, With Hypophosphites, Especially Desirable for Children.

A lady physician at the Child's Hospital, at Albany, N. Y., says: "We have been using Scott's Emulsion with great success, nearly all of our patients are suffering from bone diseases and our physicians find it very beneficial."

Fire of an unknown origin destroyed the freight and passenger depot of the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago railroad at Mitchell. A large amount of freight and baggage was destroyed.

Coughs and Hoarseness. The irritation which induces coughing immediately relieved by the use of *"Brown's Bronchial Troches."* Sold only in boxes.

The investigation of a scandal in the Floyd county poor asylum resulted in the expulsion of an old pauper of seventy-five years and a partially paralyzed female pauper of thirty years.

I think Ely's Cream Balm is the best remedy for catarrh I ever saw. I never took anything that relieved me so quickly and I have not felt so well for a long time. I used to be troubled with severe headaches two or three times a week, but since using the balm have only had one and that was very light compared with the former ones.—A. J. Alcorn, agent U. P. Ry Co., Eaton, Co.

I find Ely's Cream Balm good for catarrh of long standing.—M. N. Ludley, 1934 West Chestnut St., Louisville.

Work upon the government building at New Albany will be commenced May 1. The government has purchased and paid for a site.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferers at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Jan. 19-eodawly.

Free gravel road bonds to the amount of $7,500 will be redeemed by Montgomery county on April 13.

Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Incipient Consumption, and relieves consumptive persons in advanced stages of the disease. Price 25 cts. Genuine. The genuine Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is sold only in white wrappers, and bears our registered Trade Marks to wit: A Bull's Head in a Circle, a Red Strip, Caution Label, and the fac-simile signatures of John W. Bull & J. C. Meyer & Co., Sole Props., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Chew Lange's Plug—The great Tobacco Antidote!—Price 10 Cts.—Sold by all Druggists.

KEMP'S BALSAM FREE.

Call at our store and get Free sample Bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the most successful Cough and Lung Remedy ever sold. YOU WILL see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Large size 50 cts. and $1.

KEMP'S BALSAM FREE.

Respectfully,
DREHER & BRO.

march 12-ly

THE LADIES.

A Column of Chat About Mothers, Old Maids and Young Maids.

THE SEXES DRIFTING APART.

Evil Effects of a Too Thoughtless Use of Slippers—Fishing by Ladies, Etc., Etc.

The Maiden's Suitors.

SUITOR NO. 1.

Sweet maiden with the face so fair,
And eyes that like the diamonds shine,
Bright maiden with the queenly air,
Once more I ask, wilt thou be mine?
Oh, give consent and be my wife,
Some pity kindly show to me;
I love thee better than my life,
And cheerfully would die for thee.

THE MAIDEN.

Oh, do not tease me now, I pray;
Talk love to me some other day.

SUITOR NO. 2.

The reason why I've called to-day
Is this—er—well, upon my life,
I scarcely know just what to say—
And—er—well, will you be my wife?
You'll never know life's cares or ills,
In silks and jewels you shall shine,
I'll foot your millinery bills,
And—well, in brief, will you be mine?

THE MAIDEN.

This is so sudden! But—oh, la!
I think you'd better speak to pa.
—*Boston Courier.*

A Woman of Business.

A woman entered a second-hand store on King street and said: "What do you buy here?" "Most everything," replied the proprietor. The visitor had a dried-apple pie under her arm. The pie was minus a good-sized bite. "Well," said the visitor, "I bought this pie of a baker. I don't like it. I will sell it to you for money enough to get me some soda crackers." She failed to strike a bargain and passed into the street remarking, "You find more humbug in the world every day."—*Troy Times.*

She Misunderstood Him.

"I would like," said the timid lover to the maiden who had just accepted him, "I would like, since we cannot marry at once, to keep our engagement a secret for the present."

"Why?" asked the astonished damsel.

"Why, the fact is my parents would disown me—"

"Disown you! Am I not worthy to be their daughter? Is my family not as good as yours? Am I not—"

"One moment, darling; one little moment. You are mistaken."

"Mistaken! I would not marry you—"

"Stay, I implore you. You, my own, are better than I. You are rich; I am poor. My parents would disown me—if I got left this time."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The Sexes Drifting Apart.

But I tell you what some Boston women would like. They would like a temple consecrated to them and dedicated to Diana, where they might carry out the scheme of Tennyson's princess—where they could teach and yet conceal their ignorance, where they could be listened to forever, and without interruption, and where all the hardly concealed intellectual ambition of a certain class might have room and opportunity for constant display. It is a strange fact that with the progress of civilization there come always two distinct results. First, the intercourse between men and women becomes easier and pleasanter; second, there is a tendency on the part of both men and women to separate their interests and even their pleasures.

A certain portion of the day and of the evening is given up to common pleasures, but there is a large part of each day when both men and women prefer to be apart. I think myself it is a good thing, and so long as what separates the sexes is their distinctive duties, it is well enough. But among the growing leisure class in the East, who have no duties, these hours of separation are devoted to amusement. You would be astonished to know how many society women in New York and Boston both smoke and drink. To have nothing to do is a curse to men, but it is a deadly poison to women. They are not, as a rule, so capable of self-amusement as are men, and they are prone, as in the matter of smoking and drinking, to temper with the coarser "passe-temps" of men. Out of this grows a boldness, a carelessness about the minor delicacies of social life, which is noticeable the moment one touches the borders of society in Boston, New York, or Washington.—*Boston Letter in Kansas City Times.*

Women's Slippers.

A gentleman who had traveled a great deal and spent some years in England was speaking of English women and expatiated, as usual, on their good health as compared with American women, and the long walks they took, and finished with the remark: "But the English ladies never wear their thick shoes in the house; they always change and put on slippers." This idea seems to prevail to a great extent among American women also, that it is a proper thing to wear slippers in the house. This may be a good plan for those who live in houses kept at a summer heat at all times and never go out except when attired for visiting, shopping, or something of that kind. It is also a relief to the housekeeper who has been on her feet all day to sit down in the evening with her slippers on.

But the practice of wearing slippers in the morning, when one is liable to be called on to step out doors at any moment while the grass is wet with dew, is productive of wet feet, which in its return is one of the most fruitful causes of colds and all the evils that follow in their train. In the fall and winter months, too, the floors are cold in the morning, and a good thick-soled shoe is much more comfortable than a low-cut slipper, even though the latter may appear a little more like house dress. The fact that they can be so much more easily and quickly put on than a shoe may perhaps be one reason for preferring them, but that should not be considered as a reason.

We are not speaking of the wear of slippers during the hot and sultry months of summer, but the common practice among women of wearing them exclusively around the house. Men are fond of donning the dressing gown and slippers in the evening after the chores are done, but they do not wear them around their work. Although they may be a rest and change then, something that will support the ankles is very useful and essential. It is a great inconvenience, too, to be obliged to change one's shoes to go out on an errand or to step out doors. Women would often be more willing to take walks were it not for the trouble of getting ready. Not to dispense with slippers altogether, for, as we have said, they are often useful, we think the general health of women would be improved by wearing high shoes more and slippers less.—*Toronto Mail.*

Fishing by Ladies.

That fishing with the fly is not in greater favor as a ladies' amusement is matter for regret. Where the use of a hook is practicable, there is no earthly reason why they should not derive the same mental, moral, and physical benefit from it as do men. It is a gentle pursuit, and a cleanly one, and affords an ample field for the exercise of that manual delicacy and skill for which women are pre-eminent; while at the same time, unlike almost every other out-of-door sport, no great muscular exertion is required, nor over-fatigue incurred.

Whether the ladies really have their fair share of the amusements of life may well be questioned; while it is beyond dispute that the directions in which custom now permits them to seek recreation are not, to say the least, to their physical advantage.

It is a mistake on their part if they suppose that gentlemen think them in the way at such times—always provided they are reasonable. Some there are, as full of whims as an egg is full of meat, whose sole aim and object seem to be to keep half a dozen men skipping about on frivolous errands. Excluding such from the enumeration, men not of vicious tastes and habits have, to put it mildly, not the slightest objection to the companionship of ladies in an out-of-door amusement in which they are physically qualified to take part; nor will it be other than a pleasure to an angler to afford them all necessary assistance and instruction.

I have seen several ladies accompany their husbands to, and take part in, fly-fishing. Could they and their lady friends but overhear the terms in which other anglers then present spoke of them—unless I am mistaken in supposing that ladies do not altogether despise the good opinion of men (I speak with diffidence, being a bachelor) - and that others should envy their husbands the great good fortune which has fallen to them in their wives is not displeasing, then the former would not become confirmed in, and the latter would at once begin to cultivate fly-fishing.

Men hope for something from women beyond seeing to the boiling of the potatoes and maintaining discipline among children, and that is companionship; and she who is companionable may feel confident that she has a valid mortgage on the admiration of all decent men, on which not one will make default in the payment of interest.—*Wells' Fly Rods and Fly Tackle.*

SOMEWHAT CYNICAL.

"Pa, what do ministers wear them white things for?" inquired a little Stockton boy who had attended services at an Episcopal Church.

"To add to their dignity, Johnny."

"What's dignity, pa?".

"Dignity, my son, is respect and reverence."

"Oh, I see. That's why all the girls in summer wear white gowns, ain't it?"

"You are mistaken. The girls wear them to look pretty and keep cool."

"Why, don't the ministers wear 'em to keep cool?"

"No, my son. Why do you ask?"

"'Cause they are always talking about a hot place, and they keep mighty cool about it."—*California Maverick.*

LITTLE DIFFERENCE.

"Doctor, I have been terribly bitten by—"

"Ah, indeed? Well, you must take the first steamer for Paris, and—"

"But, doctor, it was not a dog that bit me, but a snake."

"Oh, I see. You must take the first canal boat for Paris, Ky."—*Philadelphia Press.*

LETTER FROM ST. LOUIS,

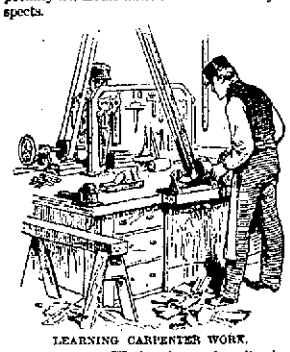
ILLUSTRATING HOW THE BOYS LEARN IN THE MANUAL SCHOOL.

Merry Young Carpenters, Busy Blacksmiths and Machinists in the Manual School of Washington University—St. Louis Ahead in Education.

[Special Correspondence.]

ST. LOUIS, March 10.—St. Louis is a quiet sort of city compared with Chicago, or even with Cincinnati. It does not have riots, and not very often strikes. It does not make much fuss about anything, but goes on prospering and minding its own business. But still this city has some features which other towns, both east and west, would like to imitate. For one thing, her newspapers earn more money than those of towns which make twice as much noise. The Globe-Democrat divides a cool $120,000 a year profit, it is said, among its stockholders. Mr. Pulitzer's Post-Dispatch, from being as decrepit a concern as ever wobbled, has become a handsome paying property. St. Louis merchants advertise liberally, and there is where the newspapers get rich.

The president of Washington university here is known the world over as a thinker and educator, and from this center many ideas worth knowing have radiated through the country. In educational matters especially St. Louis takes the lead in many respects.

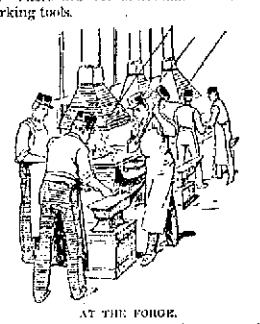


LEARNING CARPENTER WORK.

Attached to Washington university is a branch particularly worthy of note. It is a manual training school. It is not called a manual labor school, you will observe. Its plan is to give handiness by practice in the use of tools, carpentry, wood turning, pattern making, iron chipping and filing, forge work, brazing and soldering and the use of machine shop tools. The training stops just short of giving a lad a trade.

The principal of the school is C. M. Woodward, a graduate of Harvard university and a doctor of physics. He has a staff of eleven assistants. The institution will accommodate 244 pupils, and it is almost full at present.

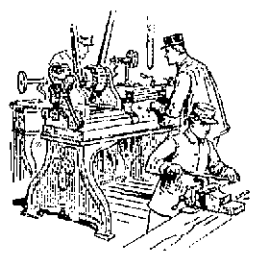
There are shops for each of the different trades, where their rudiments are taught in the most skilled and scientific way. There are two wood working shops, which are very popular. Each pupil has a drawer of tools to himself, which he is required to keep in order himself. The carpenter and wood working shops otherwise contain forty-eight speed lathes, forty-eight carpenter's benches, vises, etc. There are 144 individual sets of wood working tools.



AT THE FORGE.

Illustration No. 2 tells how the young fellows play at blacksmithing. The school occupies a large and substantial three-story building. The first floor is given up to metal work, blacksmith and machine shops. There are twenty-two forges and anvils, and tools for smiths and helpers. It is a steam blacksmith shop, the blast being run by a great power blower. But in order to familiarize pupils with the vanishing order of things there is also kept in connection with one of the forges an old-fashioned hand bellows as well.

The iron-working implements in the machine shop are very interesting. Children going into a machine shop are confused by the noise and dazzled by the gleam of flying metal wheels and points. But the sight is very fascinating to them withal. It is also so to the boys who learn iron working in the St. Louis school. Here are the moving chisels, lathes for sawing and planing iron, drills, shapers grindstones, etc. Perhaps the reader has seen the sparks fly when iron is ground upon an emery wheel. The machine shop at the university has a double emery grinder, so that the grinding iron makes great circles of sparks. The machinery of the whole building is run by a fine Corliss engine, with a four-teen inch cylinder and a forty-two inch stroke.



IN THE MACHINE SHOP.

The course of study occupies three years, and the hours of work are equally divided between study and manual labor. Tuition the first year costs $60, the second year $80 and the third $100. To enter a boy must not be under 14 years of age, and he must be moderately well up in the ordinary English branches. Besides the manual instruction the boy is taught in mathematics, drawing, common branches, and French and Latin. He has three of these lessons a day, studying them at home. Then he comes to the school and practices mechanical drawing an hour every day. After that he has two hours' shop work.

The advantages of this course of instruction are very many. The pupils learn first of all to mix brains with their work. When they go into trades afterwards, the difference between the ordinary, stupid, dirty mechanic's 'prentice and one of these intelligent, handy, clean, gentlemanly lads is as that between night and day.

The boys are not allowed to choose their own trades, but each must take the course. The first year class learns woodwork, the second forging, the third and last takes in the machine shop.

MORTIMER WARREN.

THE CHILDREN.

Useful and Interesting Reading for Our Young People.

TROUBLE CAUSED BY THOUGHTLESSNESS.

Ivy Green—A Story of Faith—Winter Sports in Canada—Talking Back.

The Story of Faith.

A rustle of robes as the anthem
Soared gently away on the air—
The Sabbath morn's service was over,
And briskly I stepped down the stair;
When, close in a half-illumin'd corner,
Where the tall pulpit's stairway came down,
Asleep crouched a tender, wee maiden,
With hair like a shadowy crown.

Quite puzzled was I by the vision,
But gently to wake her I spoke,
When, at the first word, the sweet damsel
With one little gasp straight awoke.
"What brought you here, fair little angel?"
She answered with voice like a bell:
"I tum tos I've dot a sick mamma,
And I want oo to please pray her well!"

"Who told you?" began I; she stopped me;
"Don't nobody told me at all;
And papa can't see, tos he's cryin';
And 'sides, sir, I isn't so small;
I'se been here before with my mamma—
Wo tummed when you ringed the big bell—
And ev'ry time I'se heard you prayin'
For lots o' sick folks to dit well."

Together we knelt on the stairway
As humbly I asked the Great Power
To give back her health to her mother,
And banish bereavement's dark hour.
I finished the simple petition,
And paused for a moment—and then
A sweet little voice at my elbow
Lisped softly a gentle "Amen!"

Hand in hand we turned our steps homeward;
The little maid's tongue knew no rest;
She prattled and mimicked and carolled—
The shadow was gone from her breast;
And lo! when we reached the fair dwelling—
The nest of my golden-haired waif,
We found that the dearly-loved mother
Was past the dread crisis—was safe.

They listened, amazed at my story,
And wept o'er their darling's strange quest,
While the arms of the pale, loving mother
Drew the brave little head to her breast.
With eyes that were brimming and grateful
They thanked me again and again;
Yet I know in my heart that the blessing
Was won by that gentle "Amen!"

Talking Back.

Contradicting is the Latin of it. Some boys and girls have a bad habit of doing this. The habit grows upon them till they become quite unconscious of it. Whatever is said to them by parent or teacher, in the way of requirement, advice, expostulation, reproof, these boys or girls have some defense or objection to make. What they ought to do, is to receive admonition in silence, or else with a thoughtfully spoken assent.

There are children that never seem to regard a direction from father or mother as binding on them if they can only think of something to say against it. And generally they can. The direction must be repeated, or they consider themselves free because they have talked back.

Boys and girls, don't "talk back." It is a miserable habit. Ask your friends if you do it; for, if you do, it is probable you are not aware of it. So ask to be reminded when you talk back. Then stoutly say nothing in reply to the reminder, except, "Thank you," and bite your lips in silence. Make your lips bleed rather than "talk back."

Winter Sports of Children in Canada.

Canada is the place for winter sports. The snow comes in November and stays till March. It is pretty cold, I know, when one cannot go out without danger of freezing his nose or toes. But the people know how to dress for Jack Frost. Blanket coats, knitted caps, furs, mufflers, and mittens! The sleighs here are jolly; great, big ones, some of them are, with such pretty furs, and glorious horses!

The sleigh the little ones like best is a low, long one, almost flat on the ground, with a tandem team. A great many can pile into it. Doesn't the snow scrunch under the runners! The driver's whiskers and your fur ones are soon white with frost. The best fun of all is "tobogganing." You don't even know what a toboggan is, do you? It is a long, flat, thin piece of light wood, curled up at one end for a dashboard. The little ones sit on it in Turkish fashion. The one who steers jumps on the end when he starts it, and guides it with his foot. Some of the toboggans have cushions. All have a rim along the side to "hold on" to. This is called the national sport of Canada. In other places people snow-shoe, or play lacrosse, or skate and coast; but in Canada the toboggan is king.

Tobogganing is just splendid. But you will find yourself in a snow-bank if you don't steer right. You don't know what fun there is in coasting unless you have flown down the hill on a toboggan. The best fun is racing on skates or on snow-shoes. The girls in Canada can run on snow-shoes, skate, and steer a toboggan as well as any boy. Snow-shoes are made of strips of thin wood, laced together in a round shape. You wear moccasins on your feet instead of boots. You put your toes through a strap on the snow-shoe, and tie it from this around your ankle. Deer-hide thongs are used for the net-work. The Indians hunt moose and deer on snow-shoes. The Canadians have clubs, and go on tramps through the country and have jolly times. The little ones have carnivals as well as older people. They go to the rink in fancy dresses. The scene is very pretty, and there is plenty of fun. They make famous snow-men, balls, and forts.—*Our Little Ones.*

Ivy Green.

Who would think, who saw the pretty face and winning ways of Ivy Green, that she was such a thorn in the flesh sometimes? An only child, with everything for her happiness, she spoiled her own pleasure and that of others by that dreadful stumbling block, "didn't think," which often tripped up the whole family.

"Be sure to close the piano, Ivy, when you finish practicing," cautioned her mother as she started for a drive.

"Yes'm," answered Ivy, promptly.

She remembered it all through the first measure of "Corn Flower Waltz," then she heard a chirp, and threw open the window to see what bird was outside. She saw the flash of golden crocuses at the foot of the garden and ran out, piano and open window forgotten until a sudden shower drenched the handsome spread and ruined the cherished pictures on the table near.

"There's no use trying; I cannot remember things!" she said one day to her mother, the tears chasing each other down her cheeks.

"Because you constantly forget that we have no power of ourselves to help ourselves, and do not ask for Divine assistance," answered her mother. "You are too 'wise in your own conceit,' and make yourself and others miserable."

Ivy was sure her trouble was greater this time, even, than when she left the cage door open and a prowling cat ate up her precious canary.

"I don't believe you would have remembered to turn off the water, mamma, if you had seen how purple and goose-pimply Katy was," said Ivy, dolefully.

Katy was the 2-year-old daughter of the cook, and her mischievous little fingers got her into all sorts of difficulties. A basket of eggs was left within her reach, and she was delighted with the pretty playthings until the chubby hands crushed a cracked shell, and her hands and face were coated with stickiness.

"I'll take care of her," cried Ivy, dancing in from the garden; and the busy cook was glad not to be interrupted.

She took her to the bathroom, and so enjoyed seeing her splash the water with her fat little hands, that she decided to give her a bath. The room was very cold, but the thoughtless girl never heeded till Katy began to shiver and cry. She turned on the hot water, but it made no difference in Katy's shrieks, so she gathered her up and ran to her mother's room, scattering her clothes all along the way. She forgot to turn off the water, and the result of her thoughtlessness was an attack of croup for Katy, and much damage to ceiling and walls from the overflowing bath-tub.

Mrs. Green was suffering with a severe headache one day.

"Lie down, mamma, and I will be your nurse," said Ivy. So she brought cushions and pillows, arranged her couch, and bathed her head till the pain was soothed and she fell into a quiet slumber. Ivy sat quite still for a little while, but it was hard work for the active child. Presently her eyes fell upon a beautiful case of scissors, that had been presented to her mother a short time before.

"Mamma said the large ones were not properly sharpened," thought Ivy. "Johnson left the grindstone out by the arbor yesterday after he sharpened his pruning shears, and I'll just step out and fix up mamma's."

So she tiptoed out of the room, leaving the door open and the cold wind blowing upon her sleeping mother. She slipped through the house and out under the trees in her thin dress and slippers. She set down the large pitcher at the foot of the tree, after splashing the water over the stone and herself.

The wheel whizzed round and round, each revolution helping in the work of destruction. Drops of dirty water spotted her delicate dress and an unlucky slip ground her hand upon the rough stone. The harder she worked, the worse they looked, and when she tried to cut, alas and alas! she could do nothing with them. She hurried to her room to change her dress.

"I'll go and tell mamma all about it. Why didn't I wait and ask her?" thought the repentant Ivy.

She went slowly down stairs. Her mother's headache was but the beginning of a long sickness. At the bedside Ivy formed many good resolutions, and although she sometimes "forgot" and scorched the toast she begged to make, and left the sugar out of the lemonade, she struggled bravely to mend her careless ways, and gradually overcame the thoughtlessness that caused so much trouble.—*Young Folks' Friend.*

PROLIFIC WEEDS.

A botanist has attempted to estimate the number of seeds found upon some of the most obnoxious weeds of this country. For shepherd's purse he makes the number 37,500 per plant; dandelion, 12,108; wild pepper grass, 18,400; wheat thief, 7,000; common thistle, 65,366; camomile, 15,920; butter weed, 8,587; rag weed, 4,366; common purslane, 368,800; common plantain, 42,200; burdock, 38,068.

THE GREAT REGULATOR

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

PURELY VEGETABLE.

Are You Bilious?

The Regulator never fails to cure. I most cheerfully recommend it to all who suffer from Bilious Attacks or any Disease caused by a disarranged state of the Liver.
KANSAS CITY, Mo. W. R. BERNARD.

Do You Want Good Digestion?

I suffered intensely with *Full Stomach, Headache,* etc. A neighbor, who had taken Simmons Liver Regulator, told me it was a sure cure for my trouble. The first dose I took relieved me very much, and in one week's time I was as strong and hearty as ever I was. *It is the best medicine I ever took for Dyspepsia.*
RICHMOND, Va. H. G. CRENSHAW.

Do You Suffer from Constipation?

Testimony of HIRAM WARNER, Chief Justice of Ga.: "I have used Simmons Liver Regulator for Constipation of my Bowels, caused by a temporary Derangement of the Liver, for the last three or four years, and always *with decided benefit.*"

Have You Malaria?

I have had experience with Simmons Liver Regulator since 1865, and regard it as *the greatest medicine of the times for diseases peculiar to malarial regions.* So good a medicine deserves universal commendation.
Rev. M. B. WHARTON,
Cor. Sec'y Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

☞ { THERE IS BUT ONE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR!

See that you get the genuine, with the red Z on front of Wrapper, prepared only by

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
SOLE PROPRIETORS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ARE STILL TRIUMPHANT!

For fifteen years, they have steadily gained in favor, and with sales constantly increasing have become the most popular corset throughout the United States.

The G quality is warranted to wear twice as long as ordinary Corsets. We have lately introduced the G and R—H grades with Extra Long Waists, and we can furnish them when preferred.

Highest awards from all the World's great Fairs. The last medal received is for First-Degree of Merit, from the late Exposition held at New Orleans.

While scores of patents have been found worthless, the principles of the Glove-Fitting have proved invaluable.

Retailers are authorized to refund money, if on examination, these Corsets do not prove as represented. For sale everywhere.

Catalogue free on application.

THOMSON, LANGDON & CO., New York.
March 4-sodiwâm

A. HATTERSLEY & SON,

PLUMBERS

Steam and Gas Fitters.

—DEALERS IN—

GAS FIXTURES!

Main Street, East of Clinton,
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Brass Work Iron and Lead Pipe

Lift and Force Pumps,

Sheet Lead, Bath Tubs, Wash Bowls Rubber Hose, etc.

Old gas fixtures regilt, bronzed and made equal to new.

NERVOUS
DEBILITATED MEN.

You are allowed *a free trial of thirty days* of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of *Nervous Debility*, loss of *Vitality* and *Manhood*, and all kindred troubles. Also for many other diseases. Complete restoration to Health, Vigor and Manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet in sealed envelope mailed free, by addressing
VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

Jan. 8sdwâm

MADAME MORA'S CORSETS.

MOST COMFORTABLE AND PERFECT FITTING.

Madame Mora's Corsets give better satisfaction than any corset they ever sold. Dressmakers pronounced them for their fine shape. Cannot break over hips. Are particularly liked by Ladies of full figure. The "CONTOUR" and "ALDINE" have the PATENT THUMB BACK, which covers the open space and prevents distortion. The "LA REINE" has the popular DIAGONAL STEELS, which can be instantly taken out, WITHOUT CUTTING OR RIPPING. If Clothes, ask for MADAME MORA'S CORSETS. No others have the celebrated Pronele Curved Hand. Beware of imitations offered to deceive the public. For sale by all leading dealers. Manufactured by

Madame Mora's Contour, Madame Mora's La Reine, Madame Mora's Aldine, Madame Mora's Comfort Hip.

L. KRAUS & CO., Birmingham, Conn. J. H. Fitzpatrick & Co., 71 Leonard St., N. Y.

DENTISTRY.

GEORGE A. LOAG.

Office Corner of Calhoun and Columbia street, Over Graffe's Jewelry Store.
Oct 25-tf

TROY STEAM LAUNDRY,

E. L. JONES & CO., PROPRIETORS,
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA.

Office and works at 60 Pearl street. Central Office at
GOLDEN & MONAHAN'S, 63 Calhoun Street.
Our wagon will call for and any part of the city free of ch

The Carpet Trade

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With promises of being the largest known for years.

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NEW CARPETS

Ready For Inspection.

Wiltons, Moquettes,
Body Brussels,
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3-Plys, Ingrains, Rag
and Hemp Carpets.

We have in Our

Large Carpet Department

The Choicest Patterns

of every well-known make,

In Larger Quantities

Than can be found anywhere else in Northern Indiana, at our

LOW POPULAR PRICES.

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Solicited. It will richly repay you.

ROOT & COMPANY

Pyke's Grocery,

80 Calhoun Street.

Finest Coffees Roasted Fresh every day.

TEAS

English Breakfast,
Formosa Oolong,
Young Hyson,
Japan Fried,

No finer goods to be found in any market.

Fine groceries and Bottle Wines always on hand.

Aug 1-ly

GEMS FROM THACKERAY.

We forget nothing—the memory sleeps, but wakens again.

The blows which wound most often are those which never are aimed.

'Tis strange what a man may do and a woman yet think him an angel!

When one thinks of country houses and country walks, one wonders that any man is left unmarried.

If you said grace for your feast yesterday, is that any reason why you shall not be hungry to-day?

A person always ready to fight is certain of the greatest consideration amongst his or her family circle.

The scorn and weariness which cries *vanitas vanitatum* is but the lassitude of the sick appetite pallid with pleasure.

Compared to the possession of that priceless treasure and happiness unspeakable, a perfect faith, what has life to offer?

I suppose if one lives to be a hundred, there are certain passages of one's early life whereof the recollection will always carry us back to youth again.

"Taking the greatest depth of the ocean as five miles and the height of the highest mountain as five miles above the level of the sea," says *The Engineer*, "and remembering the globe itself has a diameter of eight thousand miles, the comparative insignificance of all the surface inequalities of the earth is at once forced on our attention, but it is better seen if we take a circle sixty-six feet in diameter, having on its surface a depression of one inch, or a globe one foot in diameter with a groove on its surface one-sixtieth of an inch in depth, which would represent on a true scale the greatest inequality of mountain height and ocean depth on the surface of the earth."

Ain't You Glad to Know

That the drawing does not end till August 1? See new list of prizes.

Since November 16, the opening date of the Great Presentation Benefit, we have distributed among our patrons:

42 Ladies' and Gents' Fine Gold Watches, valued from $15 to $25.

60 Gents' Hunting Case Silver Watches, valued from $10 to $15.

1 Olds' Best Custom-made Wagon, worth $75.

1 Zollinger Wagon, cost $75.

2 Newest Improved Singer Sewing Machines, worth $45 each.

1 Celebrated Gendron Rubber Tire Bicycle, worth $35.

85 Tons of Coal, worth $340.

100 Cords of Fire Wood, worth $500.

1 Marble-Top Cherry Wood Chamber Set, worth $65.

Making a grand total of over $3,000 worth of gifts to date; and don't forget it, every prize of the first original list always in the box.

New goods arriving daily. No dull times at the Star.

SAM, PETE & MAX.

m18-mfsw-1m

The Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1886.

THE CITY.

The streets are horribly muddy.

Eli Snyder will open a livery stable here.

Mrs. Col. F. F. Boltz is at home from Gibson City, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Ross have returned from Grand Rapids.

Miss Ella Evans is at Lancaster, Pa., on a visit to friends.

Mr. Chas. Deubler, of Detroit, Mich., visited here this week.

Walter Wells, of the postoffice news depot, is at home from Michigan.

Judge Hench is suffering from a severe cold and held no court yesterday.

Herbert Tiger has accepted a position as proof reader at the Newspaper Union.

J. Frank Snyder, the new postmaster at Lagrange, was in the city last evening.

Miss Laura Woodworth gave a delightful high tea to her friends yesterday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Bash, of this city, were guests of the Palmer house, Chicago, yesterday.

Miss McClelland, of Valparaiso is visiting her friend, Miss Annie Lowry, of West Berry street.

There were vesper services at the Cathedral last night and Rev. J. F. Lang recited the way of the cross.

Mr. J. D. Leighty, of St. Joe, DeKalb county, has been the guest of Mrs. E. S. Philley, during the past week.

A couple of "chippies" and an usher made a disgraceful spectacle of themselves at the Academy last night.

Rev. George P. Slade, pastor of the Christian church begins a revival this evening near Portland, this state.

A Japanese wedding and concert will be given at the Congregational church next Thursday and Friday evenings.

Messrs. A. D. Cressler, of this city, and C. L. Olds, of Indianapolis, anticipate a business trip south very shortly.

"F. Kinley and family are now residents of Fort Wayne, having moved there last Tuesday," says the Monroeville *Breeze*.

A Hudson correspondent says that George Frederick, of Fort Wayne, will build a barn on his farm, just north of town, this spring.

"Mrs. Carrol, who was in Fort Wayne for a week or two, visiting her son, who has been sick, returned Friday," says the Middlebury *Record*.

After you have finished reading today's issue of The Sentinel, hand it to your friend or neighbor, who do not take it. It will do them good.

Ross H. Hench, of Perry county, Pa., arrived in the city yesterday and is the guest of his brother, George R. Hench, foreman of The Sentinel office.

O. E. Jenkins, southwestern traveling agent of the New York Central and Hudson River railroad and the Boston and Albany railroad, is in the city to-day.

W. J. Hawksworth is now booked to fight Jim Dailey, of Grand Rapids, in this city. Hawksworth is going to give sparring exhibitions at suburban villages.

"Miss Mamie Cadwallader, of Fort Wayne, has been in the city this week, the guest of her brother, J. A. Cadwallader, and wife," says the Winchester *Democrat*.

Bishop Borgess, of Detroit, who recently visited here, has begun legal proceedings to eject Father Kolanski and his armed guard from St. Albert's Polish Catholic church.

Edward Wodiska, the Austrian tragedian, who has been playing Indiana towns for a month, opens at the Academy, Monday evening in "Lady of Lyons," "Fools Revenge," "Marble Heart" and "Hamlet."

Jerry Wyant, a typo on the Bluffton *Banner*, was in the city to-day.

The Wabash pay car is announced for Monday, but not in an official way.

The Wabash company is laying new steel rails along the line west of this city.

Rev. M. C. Cooper, of this city, will preach at the New Haven M. E. church to-morrow.

Billy Butts, a pugilist remembered here, is giving sparring exhibitions at Grand Rapids.

Mr. Will Pratt, the brilliant and handsome editor of the Logansport *Journal*, was in the city last evening.

Dan Sully's "Corner Grocery" is doing a fair business this week at the Chicago Standard. It did nothing here.

Jake Halderman, the western land agent, will soon take a colony of Pennsylvania farmers to Southern Kansas.

The Bennett Matlack combination closes a week's engagement at the Academy to-night, in "A Celebrated Case."

G. C. Evarts, father of Mr. Evarts, of the Muncie road, died at Robinson, Kansas, yesterday, and will be buried to-morrow.

Street Commissioner O'Brien has removed the fixtures from the old street gas posts and has stored them away in the old market house.

General Foreman Frank Tyrrel, of the Wabash shops, left last night for Springfield, in answer to a telegram from General Master Mechanic Barnes.

James Reilly's specialty company and Mr. Reilly, in "The Widder" recently at the Academy are attracting good patronage at the Olympic theatre, Chicago.

Mr. Harry Mayell, a clever gentleman, formerly with the R. W. Bell Soap Manufacturing company, is now engaged by the successful Summit City Soap company.

A Bohemian oat agent was done out of $1,400, by some Fort Wayne sharpers the other day. Diamond cut diamond," remarks the Kendallville *Standard* in great glee.

Wm. Meyers and Louis Niemeyer returned from Chicago yesterday, having purchased a complete and elegant line of gents furnishing goods for their opening, St. Patrick's day.

Brauntmeyer & Co., the foundry men, have contracted to furnish the Fleming Manufacturing company with about four thousand dollars worth of castings for the "Boss" road grader.

"Leo Pottlitzer returned this morning from New Orleans, where he has been attending the Mardi Gras. From there he sent a picture of the parade of the fire boys to the Columbia street fire department," says the Lafayette *Courier*.

Miss Stella Lawrence will have charge of the musical entertainment to be given at the Simpson M. E. Church, on Friday evening, March 19th. Miss Lawrence will also be one of the principal soloists in the presentation of "The Naiad Queen."

"While at Fort Wayne on business last Friday, Gus. Schlegel was taken dangerously ill. He was brought home by the assistance of friends, and is doing well at this time, with fair prospects of an ultimate recovery. That was Gus's birthday," says the Decatur *Democrat*. He celebrated.

Alonzo Griffin, keeper of the hotel near the Wabash depot at North Morenci, sold a farm, realizing $900 in cash. Thursday night some unknown parties broke into the hotel and stole the money from its place of deposit in the office. Travelers tell of the theft.

The funeral of Frederick Herbst will occur to-morrow afternoon, at 2 o'clock, from 507 East Lewis street. Friends of the family are invited without further notice. Rev. Bucker, of St. John's Lutheran church, will conduct the services. The remains will be interred in St. John's cemetery, near the poor farm.

It was Mr. Louis Rastetter who drafted and first signed the petition for the Broadway park, but even before that Councilman Michael and City Attorney Colerick had received assurances that Hon. Hugh McCulloch would donate the old cemetery to the city. This gives honor to whom it is due, as they ask for it.

Springfield still finds the Graham affair a fruitful source of sensation. The local papers are persecuted by the importunities of correspondents who wish to discuss the guilt or innocence of the persons involved. Graham seems the most indifferent of all and occasionally sends out from his cell a scrap of smoothly penned literature to set the current of excitement in a ripple again.

A prominent merchant infers that many of our people go to neighboring cities to do their trading. "Many," he says, "who could not carry on their business without the support of our people, have the audacity to spend their money in other cities." He says if the railroad companies would only shut down on the pass business, much more money would remain at home and our merchants would be better patronized. We agree with the merchant. If you can buy what you need in Fort Wayne, do not go elsewhere. Keep your money among your friends and neighbors. Always patronize them first.

Don't fail to read sermons in to-day's issue.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bond will soon remove to the Hamilton house.

Mr. James Hewes is better and has resumed the foremanship of the Pittsburg boiler shop.

Miss Georgia Fleming and Mrs. Tony Trentman have returned from a pleasant visit to friends at Chicago.

A permit has been granted to F. Harting to build a frame stable on lot 303, Hanna's addition, to cost $75.

Mrs. Lillian Cothrell, the divorced wife of Will Cothrell, the sporting man, will return to her former home at Kalamazoo.

Mr. B. T. McDonald returned this morning from New Orleans, where the Jenny light brightens up the exposition buildings.

"B. L. Thomas, the Star clothier, was in Fort Wayne several days this week, his former place of residence," says the Manchester *Journal*.

J. Frank Snyder, of Lagrange, emphatically denies that he refused to put Judge Lowry's name in his *Democrat* until paid money two years ago.

"Wm Bruny, one of the Fort Wayne Lumber company's teamsters, had his arm broken last week by a kick from a horse," says the Corunna *Headlight*.

Mrs. L. A. Griebel entertained the English Lutheran social last evening in great splendor. Fully 200 people attended and had a most enjoyable time.

Mr. and Mrs. Al. Durnell left last night for Lima, Ohio, in response to a telegram announcing the death of Mr. Durnell's mother, Mrs. Schwab, of that city.

Prof. W. F. Yoqum, president of the Fort Wayne M. E. college, lectured on education at the M. E. church at Corunna last evening and again this morning.

The Hanna street sewer, between Jefferson and Wayne and Jefferson and Madison streets, caved in this morning and Street Commissioner O'Brien sent his men to repair the breaks.

Mr. Henry C. Graffe, Hon. Fred Hayden, John Shoaff, Ed Hunsaker and Harry Hammill leave the last of this month for Clear Lake, Steuben county, on a big fishing expedition. The gentlemen talk of erecting a club house at the lake.

W. S. Buck, for over sixteen years past local agent for the responsible life insurance company, the Equitable, has been appointed general agent for the state. This will necessitate his removal with his family to Indianapolis. We rejoice at his promotion.

Miss Katie, the five-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Summers, died last night at the home of her parents. The little one died from diphtheria and was privately buried this afternoon from the Cathedral. Mr. and Mrs. Summers have the sympathy of a wide circle of friends in their loss.

Christ Kohlmeyer, who lives out on the Aburn road, reports that thieves stole ten bushels of corn from him a few nights ago. They left two bridles in his stable and he believes a raid on his horses was anticipated. A big log chain was locked across the door and they could not break it off.

These deaths occurred in Fort Wayne since last Saturday: John G. Kayser, aged 54 years, consumption; Henry Finke, 9 years, lung fever; Fred Herbst, 61 years, drowned; Harriett P. Kuhns, 45 years, consumption; Sarah E. Fordney, 45 years, exhaustion; Richard Pitton, 40 years, dropsy; Charles E. McGeohan, 19 years, consumption; Katie Summers, 5 years, diphtheria; Katie Hogan, 18 years, consumption.

"J. D. Fredline, of Allen county, gave this office a pleasant call last Monday. John is one of the company C., 11th Indiana cavalry boys, and was calling upon his old comrades. At the battle of Nashville the rebs shot low and only succeeded in giving John a flesh wound in the foot, and one for which he has never yet asked for nor received a pension. He is one of Allen county's prominent farmers, and is well pleased with his situation," says the Decatur *Democrat*.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Waltz desire to thank most earnestly all those who prepared and attended the pleasant entertainment Thursday night, given in the interest of their afflicted boy, for all their loving work and patronage, and they do not forget those who sent into the parsonage in advance substantial tokens of regret. They wish also to say that they feel gratitude they cannot express for all the tender sympathy of a host of friends in and outside of the church, many of whom have been ready to lend a helping hand, or watch beside the afflicted whenever opportunity offered. While they cannot see the end of this sorrow, their cheering trust is in God, and they are comforted and sustained through the prayers of their friends.

Japanese Wedding and Concert.
Japanese Wedding and Concert.
Where! Where! Where!
At the Plymouth Church.
When? When? When?
Thursday and Friday Evenings,
13-2t March 18th and 19th.

Dr. J. S. Irwin was quite sick this week.

The Fort Wayne Rifles will wear a white belt.

A son of Judge Zollars, of the supreme court, is dangerously sick at Indianapolis.

Belle Boyd, the famous rebel spy, will lecture at the Academy, to-morrow night.

Hon. H. C. McDowell, Hon. Dennis O'Day and Esquire Shaff, of Lake township, were in the city to-day.

The county commissioners visited the St. Joe hospital to-day and found that institution in most excellent order.

Hon. R. C. Bell has secured General Manager Williams' private car for the excursion of the city council to Niagara Falls. Mr. Williams' cook will accompany the party to serve meals in the elegant dining car.

C. H. Hubbard and E. G. Wightman, Hartford City; Harry Keck and wife, Kendallville; H. T. Buchanan, Hillsdale, and B. F. Fisher, Van Wert, are in the city.

The indications for the lower lake region, as reported by the weather bureau at Washington to The Sentinel, are as follows: Cooler northerly winds; rain or snow.

Say? When we have Lent
And Evil is sent
From all our hearts far away;
Will the sweet pretty girls
Untangle their curls,
Stop waltzing and kneel down to pray?

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Shoaff, of Huntertown, celebrated their golden wedding at their home out there yesterday. These good people were congratulated on their happy matrimonial voyage by hundreds of friends.

General Master Mechanic Barnes and Charley Lape took a big force of men to the Missouri Pacific shops, west of the Mississippi river, the fore part of this week, to look after and care for the Wabash rolling stock out there during the strike.

Professor Keintz's City band rehearsed new music last night and will surprise its friends in the spring. There is now talk of getting up a purse to present the band for giving a series of open air concerts in the court house yard summer evenings.

It is just a year this week since the thousands of men employed on the Gould system of roads in the southwest brought the railway business of Texas, Missouri and intermediate and connecting points to a complete standstill by a united strike.

The "Devil's Auction" company show at the Temple to-night. Charley Yule is business manager of the party and outside of the plump ballet girls has several good comedians in his company. The Sentinel cannot encourage these attractions as they gather about them women whose morals are remote, and besides they are not in keeping with the fame of the Temple.

The Genuine Belle.

The following dispatch was received by Manager Wilkison last night:

Toledo, O., March 12, 1886.

W. M. Wilkison, Manager Academy, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Belle Boyd, who is to appear at your theatre next Sunday evening, is the original and only genuine Belle Boyd. I have known her from childhood.

R. W. Harris,
Editor Toledo *Rec.*

"I would not live alway," said the Psalmist in a moment of poetic rapture. "I would not either," says Josh Billings irreverently. So we say—but then while we do live, let us hold on to our health and spirits. The surest way to do this, is to lay in a supply of Dr. Bull's cough syrup. Try it.

Japanese Wedding and Concert.
Japanese Wedding and Concert.
Where! Where! Where!
At the Plymouth Church.
When? When? When?
Thursday and Friday Evenings.
13-2t March 18th and 19th.

Everybody seems to appreciate the way the sale is conducted at the Banner Clothing house at 50 cents on the dollar. 9d 5t w1t

Butter and Eggs Down.

Best roll, 18 cents; good, 10 cents. Fresh eggs per dozen, 12 cents.

4tf Fruit House.

For Sale.

I offer for sale the "Home" bar fixtures, consisting of ice box, two sideboards and work board, bar with hand and foot rails and five mirrors. The above originally cost $1,200, but, to make room for new furniture, will be sold at a sacrifice. Can be seen at any time at the "Home."

1-tf John McCain.

In this column we will keep the public informed as to what we are doing, who gets the prizes and the great bargains offered this season.

Jacob Gresley, Hoagland, Indiana, was presented with a splendid hunting case gold watch.

One hundred dozen heavy cheviot work shirts, only 25 cents.

F. Weibel, Nine Mile P. O., won a ton of coal.

Twenty spring styles of boys suits at $2.50.

Andrew Anderson, 145 East Holman street, took a ton of coal.

All the new shapes in Spring Hats, choice $1.

G. Krinn, Cedarville, Allen county, Indiana, took a cord of wood.

All wool blue flannel shirts $1.

Ed. Opliger, Wallen, Indiana, was presented with a silver hunting case watch.

See the nobby Cut-away Frock Check suits, twenty-five styles, custom made.

Best Linnen Collars, 10 cents.

Wayne Tilberry, 75 Smith street, was presented with a marble top cherry wood chamber set, costing $65.

We are showing the only entire new stock of Spring Clothing, Furnishing Goods and Hats in the city.

See our fine line of Confirmation suits specially made for our own trade, prices $5 to $10.

Watch our new Prize List; 1,000 in number. SAM, PETE & MAX.

THE SUNDAY GAZETTE.

To-morrow's issue of the *Gazette* will be a notable number in the annals of Fort Wayne newspapers and the best yet published. Some of its special features will be:

Sam Jones' sermon.

A special New York dramatic letter.

Several superbly illustrated articles.

The "Growler" among the boys last Friday.

An illustrated article by Bill Nye on cremation.

A great quantity of exceedingly interesting local matter.

Interviews with prominent citizens on matters of interest.

An article on "The Third Existence or Men Raised from the Dead."

Very full and complete special dispatches on the Graham murder case.

A promised interview with the Hon. Robert Lowry, M. C., on interesting topics.

A very full report of the week's doings in Fort Wayne society elegantly illustrated.

All the news by telegraph from all parts of the world, and local happenings up to 4 o'clock Sunday morning.

The poem, "Oatler Joe," with a portrait of Mrs. Potter, the lady who read it at Secretary Whitney's reception and which so terribly shocked Washington society.

Advertisers will take notice. The newsdealers and newsboys of the city have already ordered over 2,000 extra copies, and the regular edition will be very large. 1t

Ready For You!

TO THE FRONT OF ALL COMPETITION

PIXLEY AND CO.,

The men who MANUFACTURE all their own CLOTHING.

Extend Greeting For the Spring!

And announce the Daily Arrival of their New Spring Styles, in

Men and Boys' Clothing, Hats and Furnishing Goods.

OUR MOTTO: Honest Dealing, Truthful Representation, Security to Buyers. Do not make the great mistake of buying before seeing our bargains.

PIXLEY & CO.